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EDITORIAL: Suggestion for expressing gratitude to China

ALMOST two and a half years ago—on that day that the headlines announced the fall of Bataan—we wrote a piece for this page, entitled “Way of Atonement for all Late Sleepers,” asking for funds for United China Relief. You’ve probably forgotten it; we had ourselves, until we were reminded of it the other day by the United China Relief people, in a letter asking us whether we’d be willing to do another editorial on China. That other one, they told us, had done them a deal of good. People had sent in copies of it, with checks attached. But this time, they hastened to explain, we needn’t solicit funds, in fact we needn’t even mention United China Relief; all they wanted was a nice birthday message, on this page, conveying greetings and good wishes on the occasion of the thirty-third anniversary of the birth of the Chinese Republic, which falls on October tenth, the day that is to the Chinese what the Fourth of July is to us.

So we promised to devote this page to that purpose this month. We asked our Research Department to dig up a few facts on Dr. Sun Yat-sen and the early days of the Chinese Republic, because our own memory goes back only to the second president, Gen. Yuan Shih-kai, whose newspaper picture we recall copying with a pantograph that somebody had given us for the Christmas of 1912. Well, Research promptly obliged us with a raft of impressive data and we were all primed. But, much as we hate to go back on our promise to the people at United China Relief, who were so nice about not even wanting to be mentioned, we’re afraid we just can’t stick to it. With the turn that the war news has taken since then, we’re sorry we made any such promise for this page for this month.

* * *

This is written on the day of Rumania’s defection from the Axis; the day after the liberation of both Paris and Marseille. If history chooses to repeat itself, then by the time this achieves print the flickering candle of the Prussian will-to-war should have just about guttered out. So what kind of time is this to be thinking about China’s birthday anniversary, when so much more immediately important news is apt to be abroad in the land? Wouldn’t we all much rather be thinking about ways and means to celebrate Hitler’s defeat?

Against a background of bad news, it’s easy and natural to think of other people’s troubles. Misery loves company. But who wants to take time out, now, to think about the millions of starving Chinese, at a moment when our own war news is so good, when vengeance is so sweet? Who wants to dwell upon such a continuing unpleasantness as the bombing of Chungking, when there is such a dizzyingly enjoyable spectacle to contemplate as the sight of once-

arrogant Nazis in headlong inglorious flight?

Nothing is easier to bear with fortitude, as Somerset Maugham reminds us somewhere in his latest book, than the misfortunes of others. By that token, the bombing of Chungking should never be less disturbing to us than right now when it has at last become virtually certain that we shall not be bombed ourselves.

At the moment of writing, the radio is punctuating its breathless announcements of almost incredible Allied victories with a succession of pronouncements, predictions and more or less informed guesses concerning the date of the European War’s ending. And the newspapers are filled with feature stories concerning the plans and precautions for the celebrations of V-Day. Bars will be closed and churches open, they say, lest joy become altogether too unconfined.

But if a sobering influence is sought, to offset an excess of delirium over Hitler’s defeat, what could possibly serve the purpose better than the mere thought of China? For in contrast to the actual and accomplished liberation of France, China still stands today, after three years of common cause with us, with precious little to show for our company, beyond a pocketful of dreams and a handful of promises. Yet China was in agony for three long years before the fall of France. Through four years of our deep sleep, before the dread awakening at Pearl Harbor, China’s breast was the bulwark, and China’s blood the moat, of our first line of defense against our implacable enemy, the unspeakable Jap.

Throughout this century, ever since our waiving of indemnity after the Boxer Rebellion, China has been our friend. And as the price of being our friend, China has been beaten up by the Japs almost continuously ever since. We began making promises of aid to China, against the Japs, promises that for one reason or another we couldn’t keep, as far away and as long ago as the Manchurian Incident in 1931. And ever since Pearl Harbor we have enlarged our promises steadily.

That we were unable to make

good at once is understandable. We have been heavily engaged elsewhere. The Chinese have been understanding, too; far more so than some segments of our own populace. They have shown a remarkable ability to comprehend that this World War is truly one war in one world, and their resultant patience has been magnificent in view of the desperation of their own plight.

Under the circumstances, it would be doubly cruel to forget them, even for a moment, in our joy at a German defeat.

* * *

None of the foregoing is meant, in any way, as a criticism of our military action, or lack of action, in China to date. Military decisions are best left to the military, as everybody must realize by now, including those who howled prematurely for the Second Front. But all of it is meant as a reminder that China’s need for help is more than military. The Chinese today are literally starving by the million. China’s need for food and for medicine is beyond our ability to comprehend, or even to imagine.

So it occurs to us that it might be a nice idea to make a gift to the Chinese a token of our joy at beating the Germans. It’s not such a novel idea, of course. It’s as old as Christianity and the concept that it is more blessed to give than to receive. So what we’re leading up to, by this more or less devious approach, is the suggestion that if you want to be happy on V-Day, you make a token payment on your happiness by a gift to the still unrescued, still unliberated, still bombed and starved and dying but still undefeated Chinese. If you can’t go into a bar on V-Day and hoist one or two or six, then why not pay the bar bill that you would have had in the form of a contribution to United China Relief? Translated into Chinese dollars, you’d be surprised how far the price of a few drinks can be stretched.

Maybe we are overdue to apologize, at this point, for turning this into a perhaps impertinent suggestion as to what you should do with your money on V-Day, when

it was supposed to be a polite peroration on the virtues of the Chinese Republic on the occasion of its thirty-third anniversary. But the bald bare truth is that we don’t care a hoot about the virtues of the Chinese Republic, as such; we don’t care whether its political morals are better or worse than, for instance, Russia’s; nor do we especially care whether, in this its infancy as a republic, Chiang Kai-shek may more accurately be considered its Thomas Jefferson or its Alexander Hamilton. What we care about is the fact that we Americans, all of us as individuals in a still-embattled world, owe a great debt of gratitude to the 400,000,000 human beings who, whether or not they may some day become our best customers, have been our best friends against our worst enemy, and have paid a fearful price in terms of their national health.

We feel that debts of gratitude may be recognized, but never paid, by speeches. We would cheerfully trade the finest after-dinner speech, or for that matter, the finest editorial that could be written on a page like this, in tribute to the Chinese Republic, for the price of a dinner for one hungry Chinese child.

As Clarence Darrow once said, the answer to the question of “How can we ever thank you?” has never been open to doubt since the day the Phoenicians invented money.

So we beg you, as the only truly fitting tribute to the Chinese Republic for its “Fourth of July” on October 10th, and as what we think would be a most appropriate V-Day present, from you to yourself, to send a check to the United China Relief.

We can only say again, as we said two and a half years ago, “whether or not the drive for funds for United China Relief is officially over in your community, this is a permanent organization, with a need that’s never over, at least until long after this war has been won.” The nine private relief agencies that formerly sent money and goods to China are pooled as the United China Relief, Inc., 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. Checks may be sent there or, in case you forget or mislay that address, in care of this magazine.

* * *

Far from apologizing for this direct appeal to your generosity, we are now going to throw our meanest curve. As you have undoubtedly read or heard, the Postmaster General is on record to the general effect of saying that this magazine appeals only to the baser instincts of people who presumably lack any finer instincts. Hundreds of you have written in asking whether there was any way you could be of help in combatting what you believe to be his utterly unjust and unjustified attack on this magazine. Well, here’s your chance. You can show how wrong he is. Send a check to United China Relief.

A Note on Esquire’s Special Christmas Gift Rates

Each holiday season Esquire has always offered special Christmas Gift subscription rates.

And this year is no exception. For, although wartime restrictions have limited Esquire, like all magazines, to less paper, we have eliminated subscription promotional efforts during the rest of the year in order to be able to bring you special Christmas Gift Rates... so that you, in turn, may continue to send the Esquire-brand of entertainment to your friends at Christmas time.

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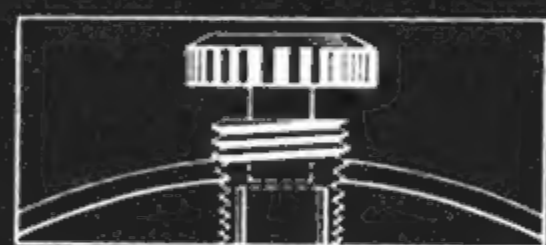
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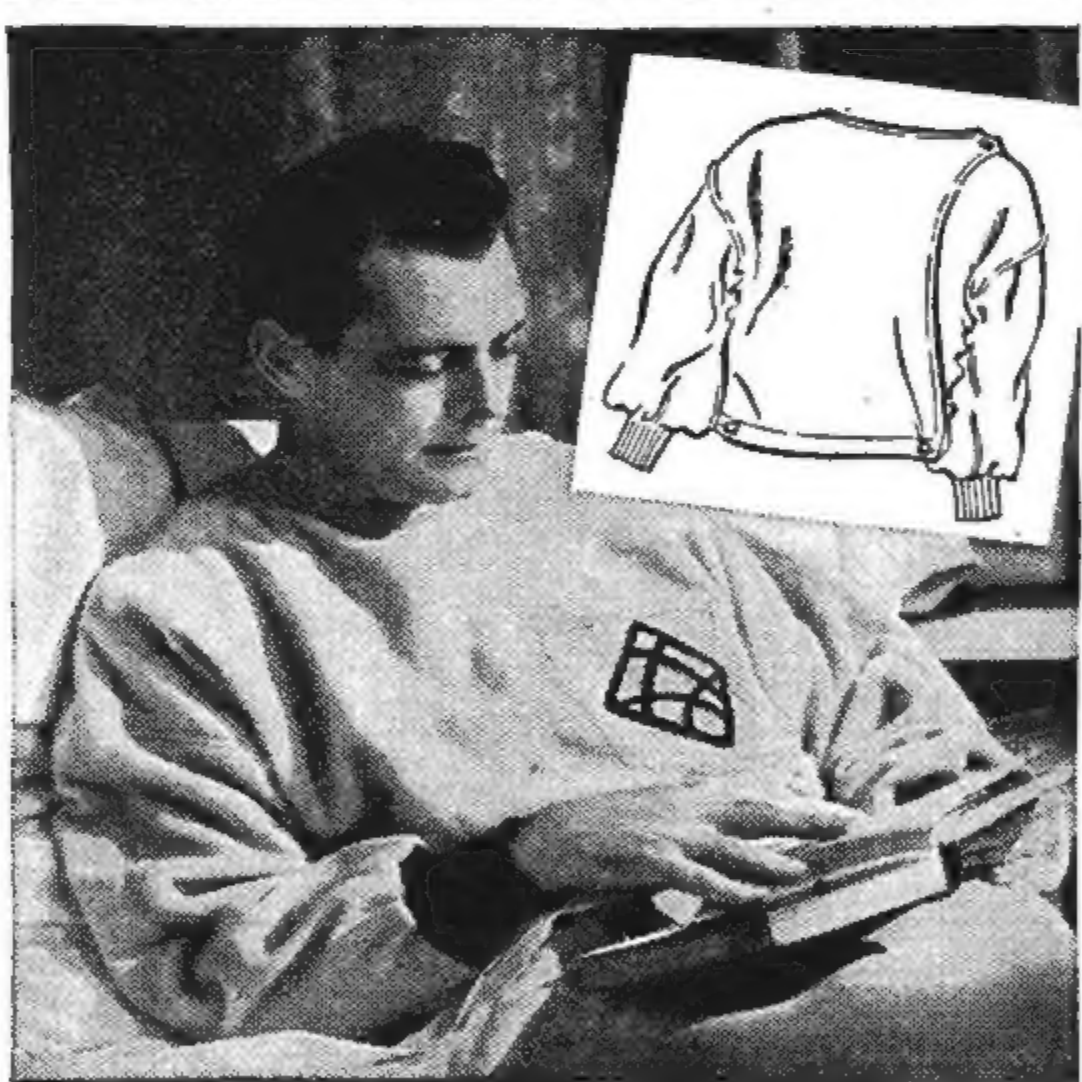
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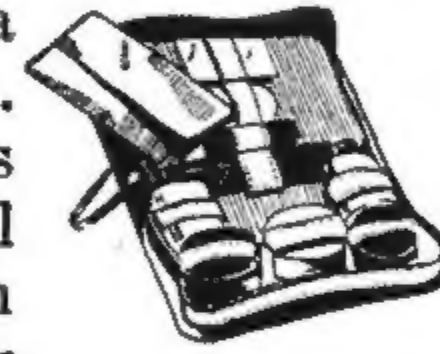


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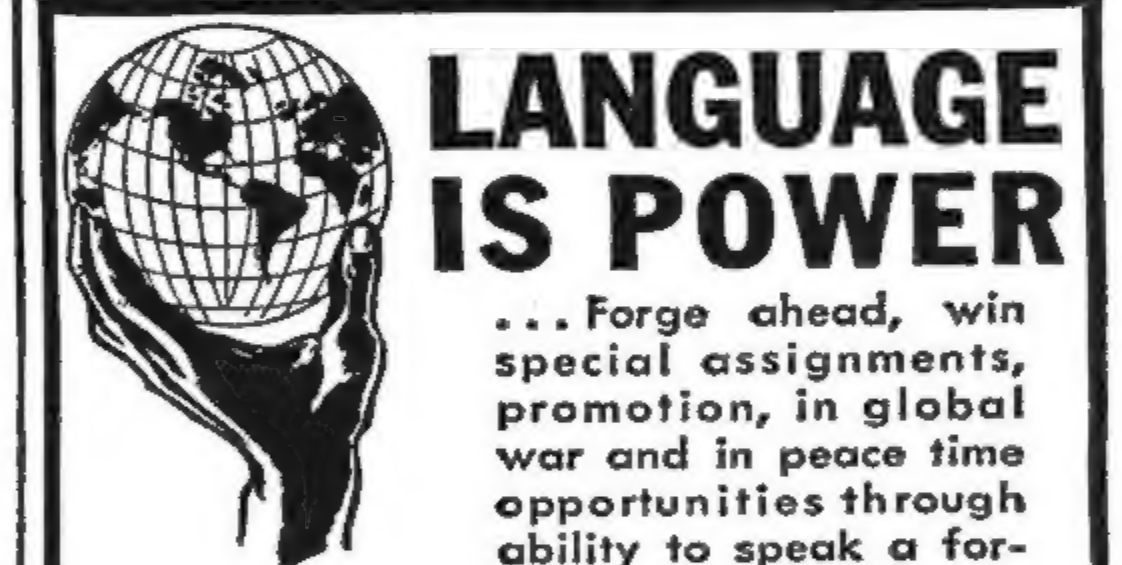


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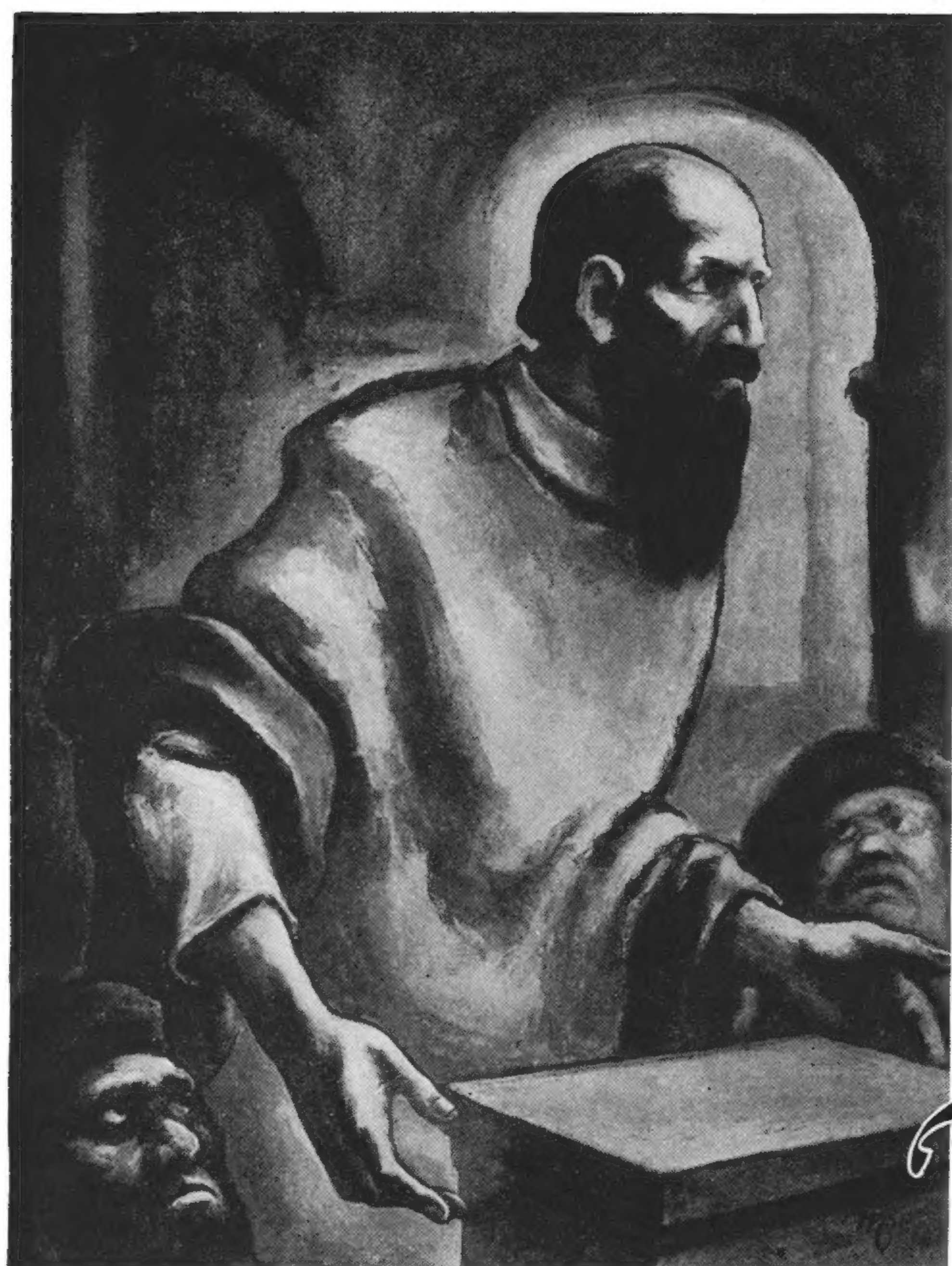
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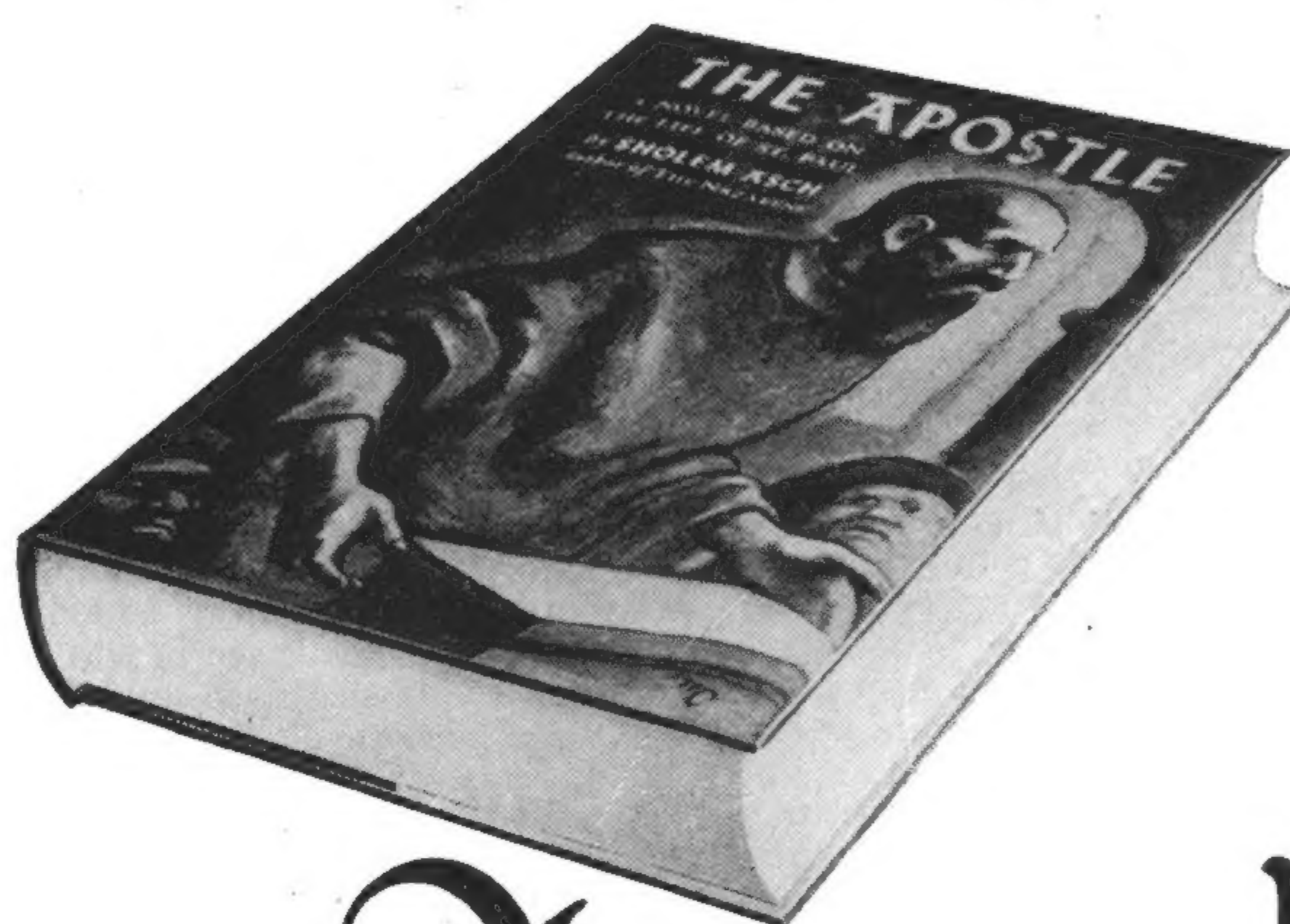
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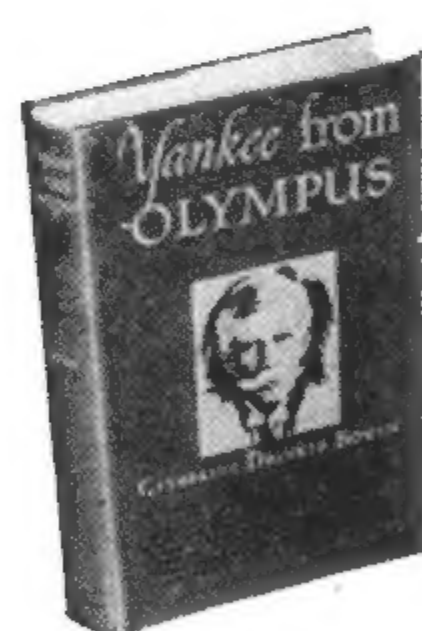
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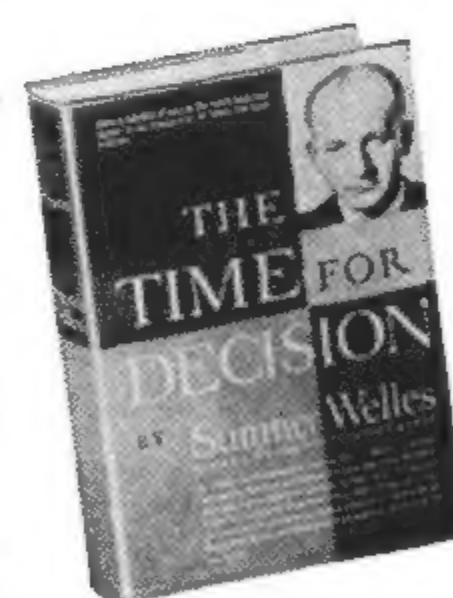
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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

MEANEST MAN'S AMEN CORNER

My heartfelt admiration of and appreciation to Samuel W. Taylor for his article in the August Esquire. I am one of the "meanest men in the Army"—a member of that lowly sect—the supply sergeants.

Not once but hundreds of times since I have taken over this godforsaken job have I been told, "You're riding the gravy train, bud; what have you got to bitch about?" I have never even attempted to offer a rebuttal to this comment because I wouldn't have known where to begin.

However, Mr. Taylor gives about 75% of the answer and gives it well. Would that this article could be made required reading for every person in this man's Army.

Perhaps then I would no longer have to froth at the mouth at an unearthly hour on Sunday morn when I am catching up on my lost forty winks because I've been awakened by one of my suffering brood—suffering from the lack of a pair of shoelaces or from the want of a piece of wrapping paper to wrap a gift for the one and only.

Oh, well, we'll survive I guess. And we'll really begin to appreciate civilian life. It will be wonderful to walk down the street and not have every third person yell at you, "When's salvage day, Sarge?" "Is the dry cleaning back yet?"

Thanks again.

Sincerely yours,

JULES ELFENBEIN

Minneapolis, Minn.

GRIM WARNING TO COY COPYWRITERS

Laboring under some weird delusion, designers of men's clothing, judging from recent announcements, are making prognostications of marvelous inaccuracy concerning the average soldier's post-war wants. "The post-war warrior, returning to civilian life," assert the misguided copy men, "will

demand a more rugged life. He'll want to spend more of his time out of doors. He'll want a hard mattress under the stars and he'll probably prefer to hike to that fishing trip

rather than motor. Once there he'll undoubtedly prefer to sleep in a pup tent rather than check into a near-by hostelry."

The wrongest prognosticators in the world promise that the men's furnishing stores stand ready to supply us with all these hard mattresses, thick-soled shoes, plain khaki clothes of rugged cut.

We can't begin to guess on what theory these grotesque assumptions are based but we go on record as promising to beat over the head with a blunt instrument the first salesman who even shows us a pup tent after the war. And our only reaction to a suit of plain rugged khaki would be a whoop of mad Russian laughter.

We'll coldly inform the first salesman who tries to sell us thick-soled high-top walking shoes to close our account after which we'll turn him into the management for gross rudeness and inefficiency.

When post-war dreamers think we're going to prefer a hard mattress under the stars to comforts of a hostelry their innocence borders on the imbecile. We've had hard mattresses for an entire hitch now and come post-war we'll settle for nothing less than a two-feet-thick, swan's-down, fleecy-fluff, super-springy, marshmallow-soft pad and we'll have it de-

signed about eight feet square so that we can roll for five minutes without finding one knee and elbow on the floor. And the only stars in which we'll be interested will be those in our eyes as we check into the hostelry and settle down for an evening of filet mignon musically sizzling in mushroom sauce sauté.

As for plain khaki clothes we intend to even stop using mustard.

(Hortense, you may turn down our bed now and fluff out that southern corner where there seems to be a slight semblance of firmness. And before you leave blow some more air into the pneumatic cushions.)

JACK WARFEL, (Tech. Sgt.)
Perry Air Field, Fla.

CUTE PICTURE TO END CUTE PICTURES

Enclosed is a snapshot of our little boy. So many of our friends have asked and suggested to us to mail this to your magazine to see if you would be able to publish this in some section. This is a picture of Baby Craig; his



father is in the Marines and also an ardent reader of Esquire. If you care to use it we will be very happy. Thank you.

MRS. D. E. PALMER

Elgin, Illinois

LITTLE ESSAY ON THE HAWK AND THE SQUARE

Allow me to extend my congratulations to your Gilbert Seldes, on the occasion of his joining the long list of distinguished writers on jazz who do not know what the hell they are talking about.

In his article *My Neck Out on Swing*, in your July issue, Mr. Seldes demonstrates his total ignorance of just what the real purpose of jazz music is. He deplores the extensive use of solos in jazz, never pausing to consider that this deviation from the written score is what makes jazz new and fresh, as opposed to the classical forms of music, wherein the score must be adhered to faithfully, making for a certain monotony which I do not think I will ever be able to appreciate.

I'll mention as an example one of the greatest virtuoso performances in modern jazz, Coleman Hawkins' *Body and Soul*. I do not see how anyone who professes to know music can fail to find a certain fascination in this performance. Hawk's facility in weaving lovely variations (yes, Mr. Seldes, I said *lovely*) around the chords of this swell old tune is really remarkable. And also, anyone who could fail to follow the *melody of Body and Soul* in this performance should proceed post-haste to the nearest sheet metal shop to have his ears examined!

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES C. SORDS

Pittsburgh, Pa.

BILL LOUVANE'S BLUES

Rambling through the August number of Esquire Magazine, I came upon an article titled *So You've Written a Song* by Gilbert Seldes which proved, for me, very profitable reading, and I thought I wanted to elaborate somewhat on the subject and assure Mr. Seldes of the truth of his contentions, and may this article save some one trying to get a song published whatever moneys he might invest in this field.

It was two years ago one Sunday afternoon while alone, listening to my radio, I heard a song which contained, in my estimation, no particular merit as a song... still it was on the radio. Like any progressive person, with an open mind to self-betterment, the idea struck me... "WHY CAN'T I COMPOSE THE LYRICS FOR A SONG?"... There are so many things to write about which would go to making a "good" song.

I didn't lose another minute, sat at my desk, put on my thinking cap and got to work. In three nights of spare time I composed a war lyric titled, *Another Dawn Without You* and it went like this:

ANOTHER DAWN WITHOUT YOU

Another dawn without you, son,
Doing your bit as others do,
I'll frankly admit it's no fun,
Yearning and longing for you.
Tis from force of habit
I go to wake you each morn,
No getting out of it,
My boy is really gone.

When comes breakfast time,
I'm setting a plate for you,
You're forever in my mind,
As I prepare a meal for two.
When noon comes, I see you,
Coming home from the shop,
I've prepared a copious menu,
Which I've kept nice and warm.

The afternoon, I'm busy,
Ironing, mending and the likes,
But near you, I would rather be,
Mend socks and iron your ties,
Meanwhile, the old kitchen clock ticks
And supper is over, then dawn,
It's hard believing it,
From home you've really gone.

Now that you're there, son,
Let's make the best of it,
For Victory, nothing's left undone,
Only then, we'll have done our bit.
Now I must be retiring,
Missing you as I do,
I hope I will soon not be facing,
Another dawn without you.

I didn't know a single note of music professionally, and I had to get someone to compose the melody. Perusing through a copy of *Popular Mechanics* I came upon a list of advertisers offering to set music to words and picking out the one nearest to my home city I sent my lyrics to a Boston, Massachusetts, outfit for their comments on the merits of this composition. In two days' time I received their answer highly encouraging me to have this composition set to music... that it would make a swell song. The price... 35 dollars. I had this done and obtained a truly lovely melody, very suitable to the words, and I now felt I was on my way up the ladder of the song writing profession. From a list of publishers submitted by this Boston outfit, I picked out a few at random and forwarded my song to them, with hopes and my fingers crossed. The manuscript had hardly the time to reach them when I got it back by return mail, some including a polite comment and others with no word of any kind.

Then it struck me that the lyrics were too long, too hard to remember to make it a popular number with the

public, and went on to write a number of other lyrics so as to lose no time and to have plenty on hand if and whenever I crashed the gate of this field. My next compositions included the following...

Won't You Please Return My Heart?
Give Me an Old-Fashioned Christmas
I Write So's Not to Be Wrong
Tongue-Tied
I Want to Love You Again
It's Uncle Sam You're Up Against
I Led You Down the Carpeted Aisle
I'm Uncertain
I'm Missing You, Sweetheart
I Had a Dream Preview of You
Alone Tonight
Next to God and Country
Be Faithful, My Heart
Let Us Dance the Invasion Waltz
There's a Rainbow in the Sky...

Of all of these numbers, I have obtained the musical score to five of them for a variety of prices ranging from 25 to 35 dollars each. Just how one's name gets to going the rounds among those who want to set your lyrics to music became my wonder as I started to receive collaboration offers from Rhode Island, New York, Cincinnati, Hollywood, and Portland, Oregon, but it soon dawned upon me that my songs were copyrighted and therefore came to the attention of these various persons in this manner from the copyright office.

After investing some 200 dollars in this venture, I want to say that my own experience as an aspiring song writer prompts me to say that Mr. Seldes' article is very timely as it will save me additional dollars which I might have invested if I didn't realize as I do now that the song writing business is really monopolized and its profits kept within a certain circle no matter how good an outsider's material might be. I was a long time coming to this decision because of the little faith I had in my work, a newcomer as I was, and went on trying to write better and better material hoping to get somewhere sometime in the most overpaid profession in the world.

So I must reluctantly admit that I've been a sucker but there's nothing like letting go of the fishing line before it's too late while I can still try something as personal betterment and want to thank Mr. Seldes for his advice to newcomers who have no personal contact with big-name bands or any pull with publishers of songs and professional singing stars.

Hoping to convince the aspiring new song writer of the futility of his efforts, I cite my own case as an example of throwing money down the sewer.

Sincerely yours,

BILL LOUVANE

Manchester, N. H.

ALL ESQ CAN DO IS STICK ITS NECK OUT

I am still sound-and-furious about no collars on pajamas.

Can't Esquire do something about it? Didn't Esquire get cuffs back on pants? Or was that the U. S. Chamber of Commerce?

No collars on pajamas is the stupidest thing yet done by the fix-it boys at Washington. A pajama collar adds warmth for chilly nights and it has the important function of keeping the collar of a wool dressing gown from rubbing the neck and getting filthy dirty. Do these things justify the insignificant savings in goods?

Lounging in pajamas is man's most glorious right, pajamas and a dressing gown free man's uniform.

Liberté, égalité, fraternité, négligée!

TIMOTHY G. TURNER

Los Angeles





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"Talking It Over" painted by Rudolf Wetterau

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Home is a whole lot of little things—the way *you* want 'em. A certain chair, and the ticking of a clock, the smell of what's on the stove, your old hat, and good friends.

And among these is a pipeful of tobacco, and plenty of time to enjoy it.

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War Bonds come first



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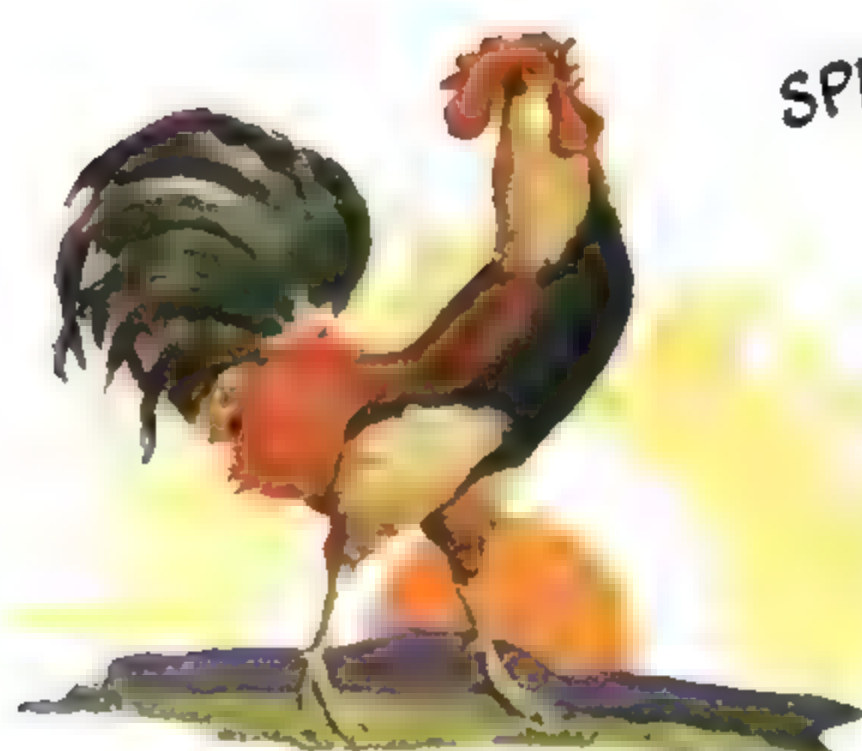


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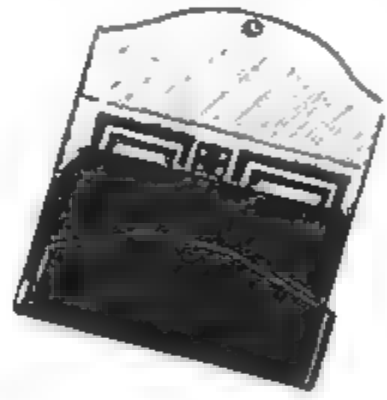
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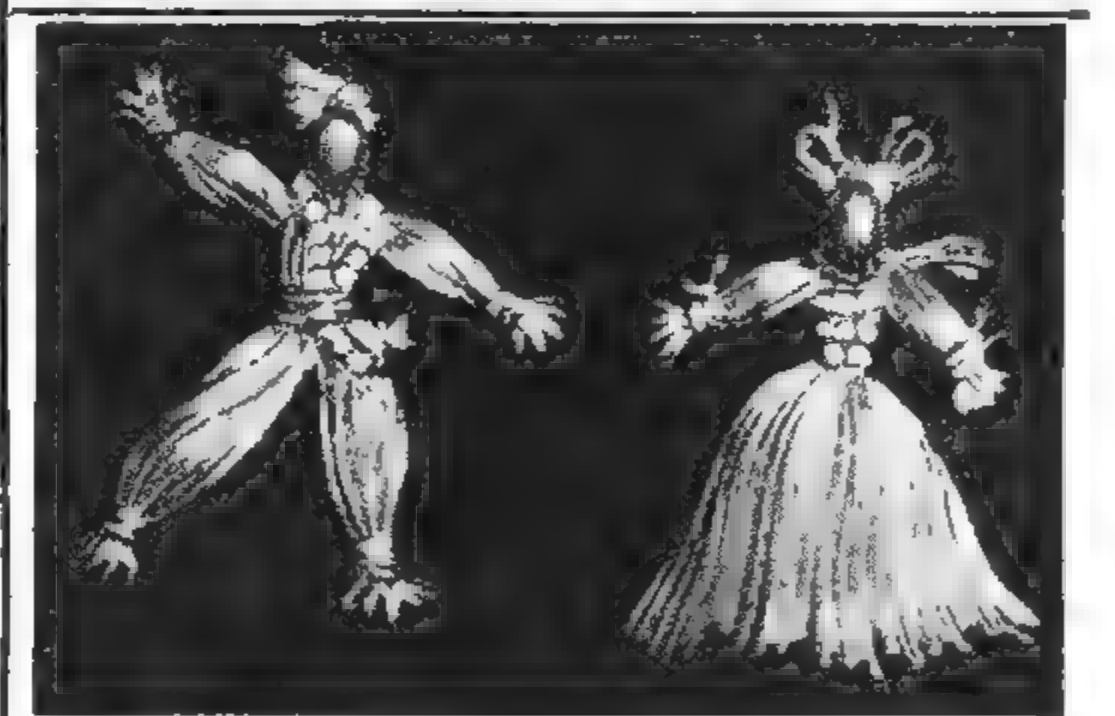
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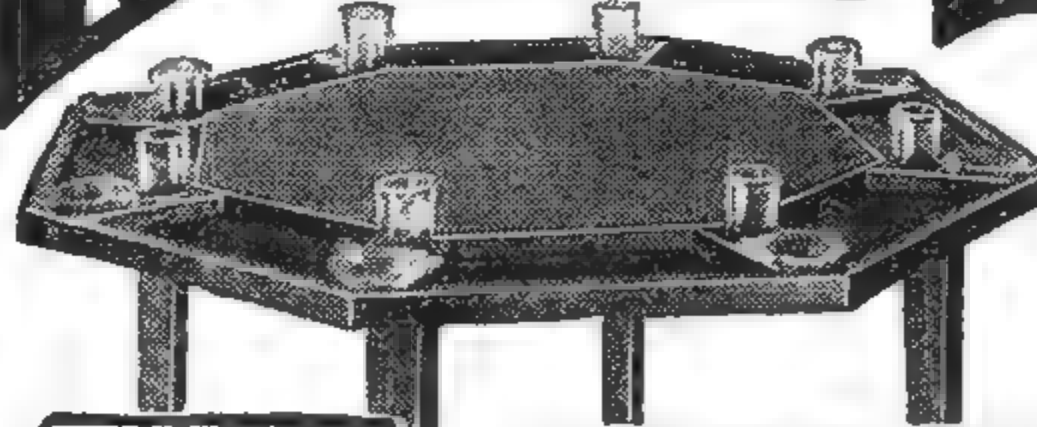
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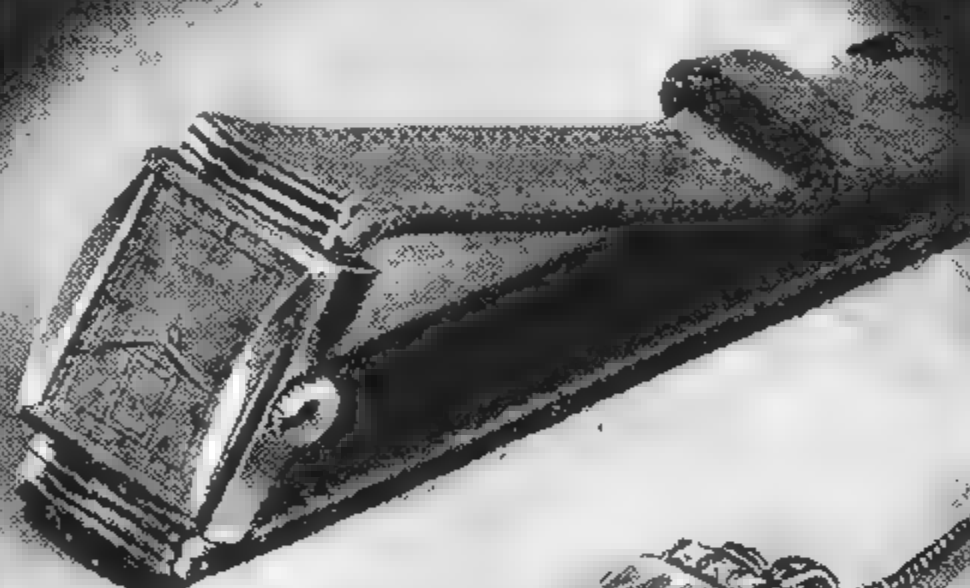
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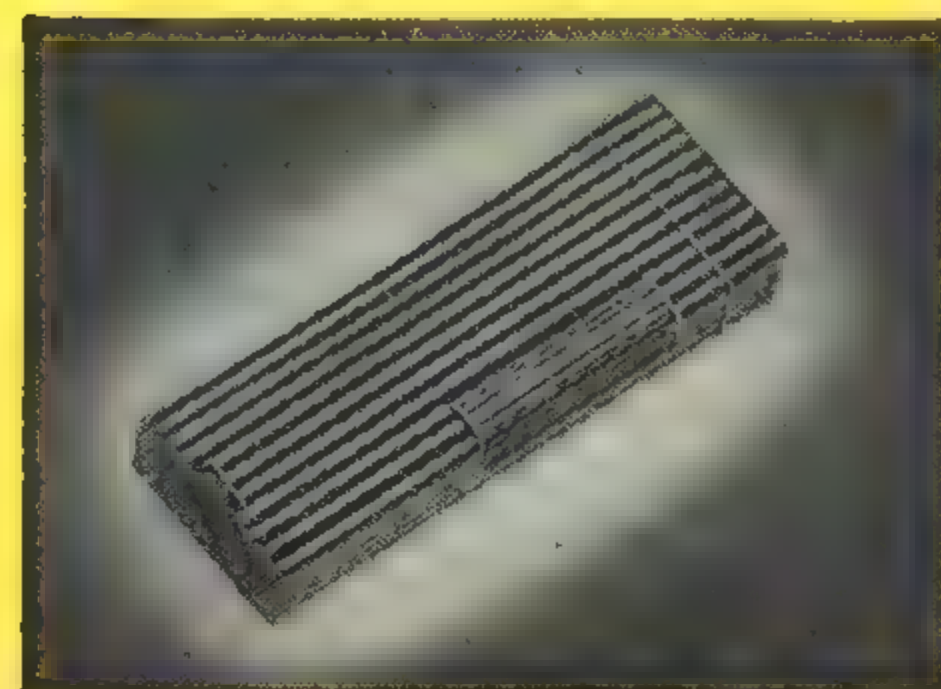
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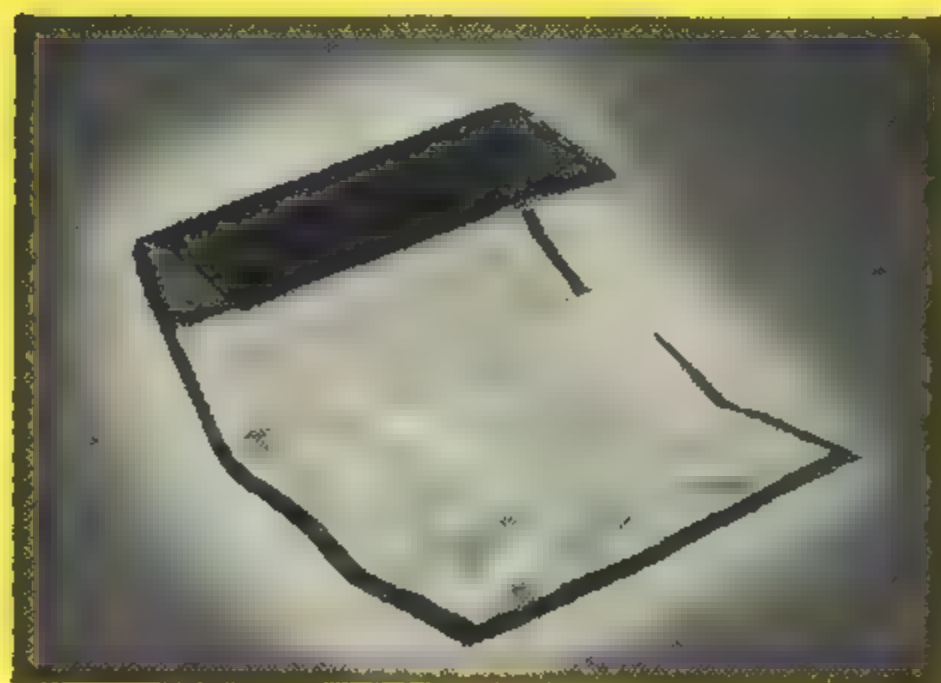
Dunhill Rollalite lighter 14 kt. gold cased...a superb lifetime gift. Men's size Plain \$125, Engine Turned \$135. Small size Plain \$115, Engine Turned \$125, plus Federal Tax.



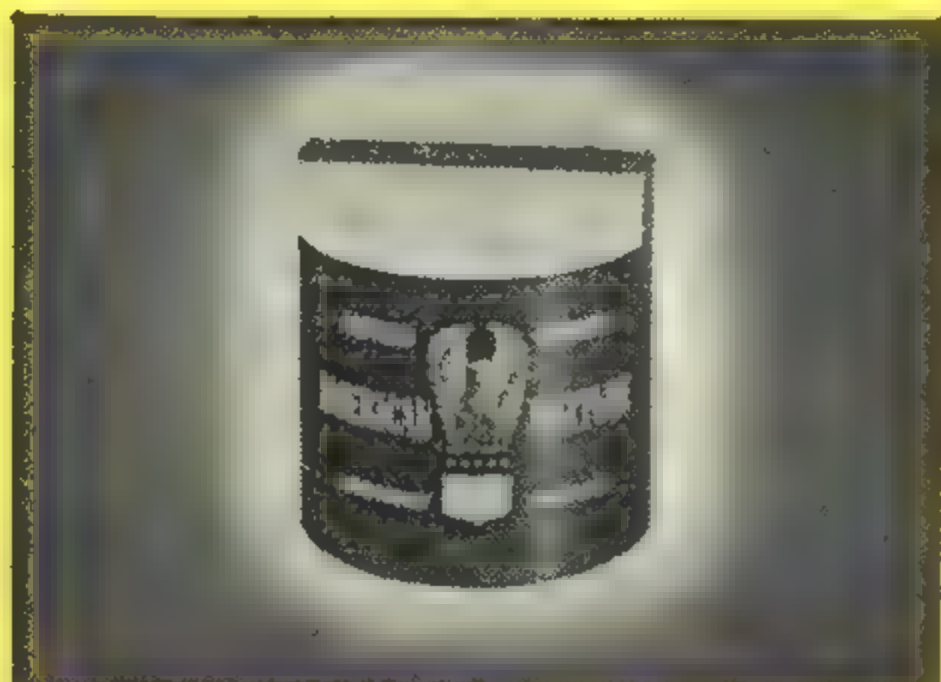
The Dunhill Service lighter—expressly designed for the wartime needs of the Services...sturdy...quick-firing...windproof. In Sterling Silver \$7.50, plus Federal Tax.



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Talking Shop with Esquire



STRICTLY PERSONAL. Elderly wolves or gents who for professional reasons play perennially juvenile leads can do a harmless camouflaging job on greying sideburns with a couple of neat little temporary cover-ups. There's a shampoo soap which is said to not only wash the hair, but tint it as well. Comes in a number of colors that blend faded locks into your natural shade. Then there's a liquid touch-up that goes on without streaking or smudging and supposedly stays on till shampooed off.



BEWARE OF B.B. A few months ago we talked to you about deodorants. B.O. was bad, we said. But B.B. (bad breath) is worse. Before a heavy date, optimistic guys should gargle, but good, with a tangy liquid mouth wash that does a breath-taking job on garlic, tobacco, demon rum and other breath-making romance killers. The stuff comes in concentrated form so you can make your solution any potency you like... a

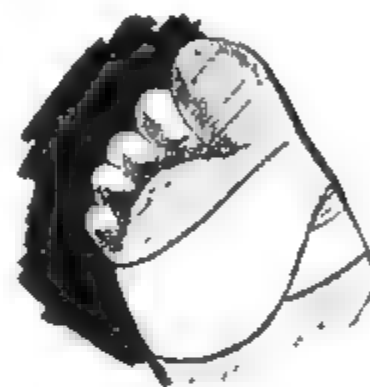


2 oz. bottle will deliver 3 full pints. Same mouth wash also claims to be an antiseptic for sore throats, minor cuts, abrasions, etc. For guys who haven't the strength or inclination to mix their own, the same firm puts out a pre-mixed, ready to use version.

HANDS. There's a new cuticle softener that eliminates cutting, scraping or nipping processes. Its done by pouring liquid softener into a pointed glass applicator similar to a fountain pen. To apply, just press applicator top, and the softener comes out in measured drops.



FEET. Dogs barking? Maybe your metatarsal needs support. Might try a new feather-weight cushion pad that slips over your foot like a harness. It cushions the step, cushions callouses on the bottom of your foot, supports the metatarsal and helps keep foot from spreading. You order the pads according to foot size.



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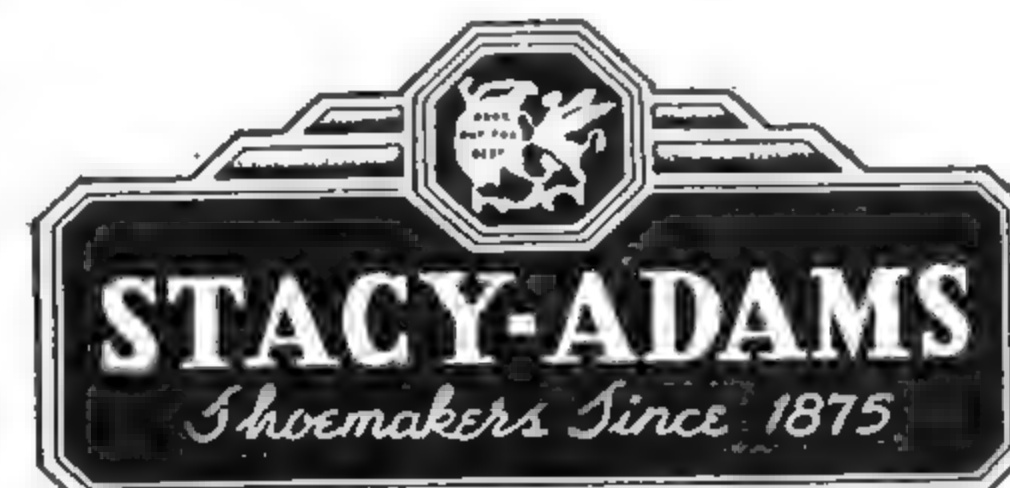
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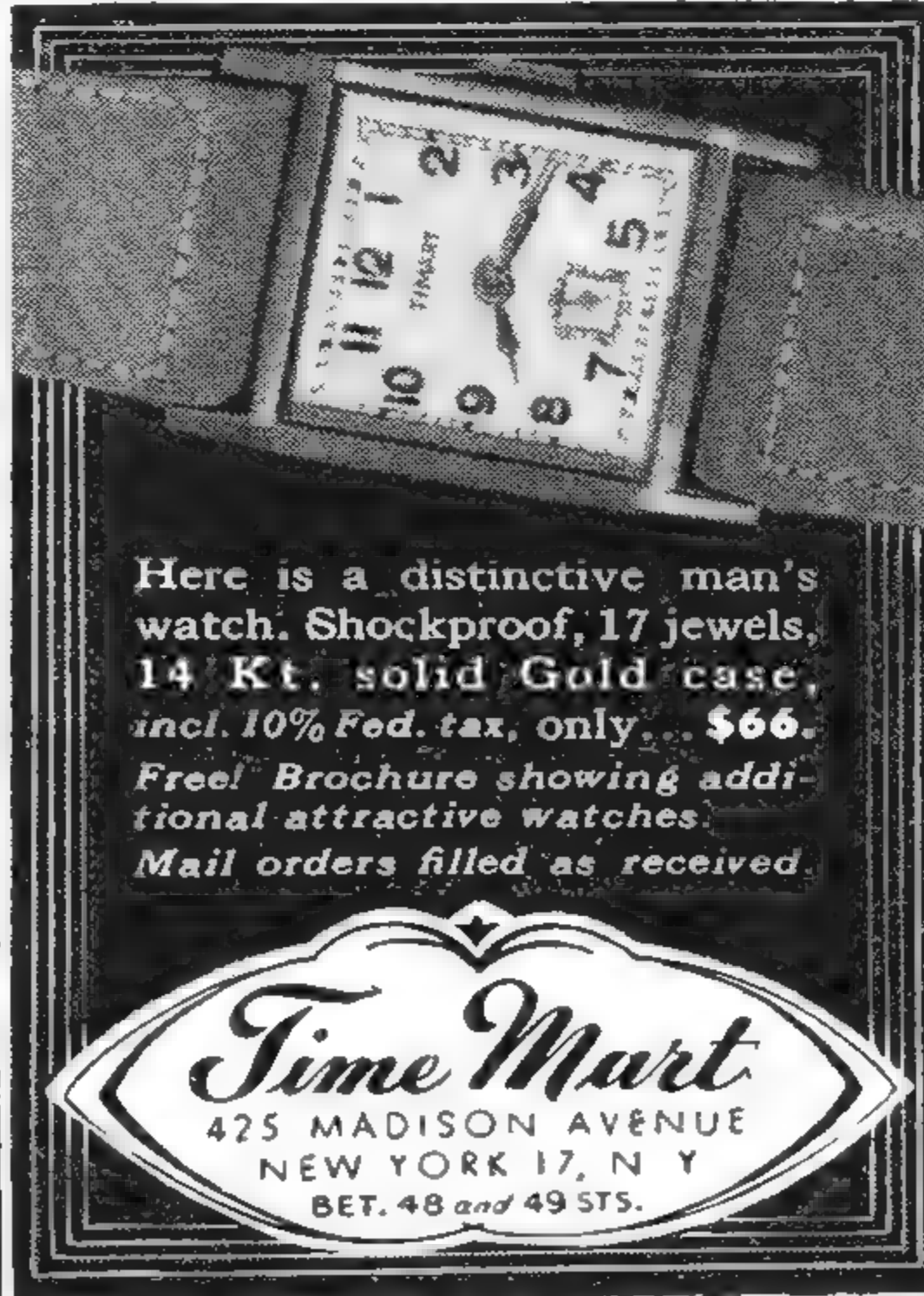
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U. S. Army Air Transport Plane on African desert. Photo by Ivan Dmitri.

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The descendants of our founders, however, invented a machine—the airplane—that makes us more accessible to, and brings us infinitely closer to all of the earth's inhabitants than ever before. Daily the world becomes effectively smaller.

About 88 years ago our government

introduced camels into Texas, New Mexico and Arizona to carry the mail. The experiment proved unsuccessful. Camel caravans, traveling about 2½ miles per hour, are still a common sight in many parts of the world. Contrast that speed with the 300 miles an hour of our modern transport planes!

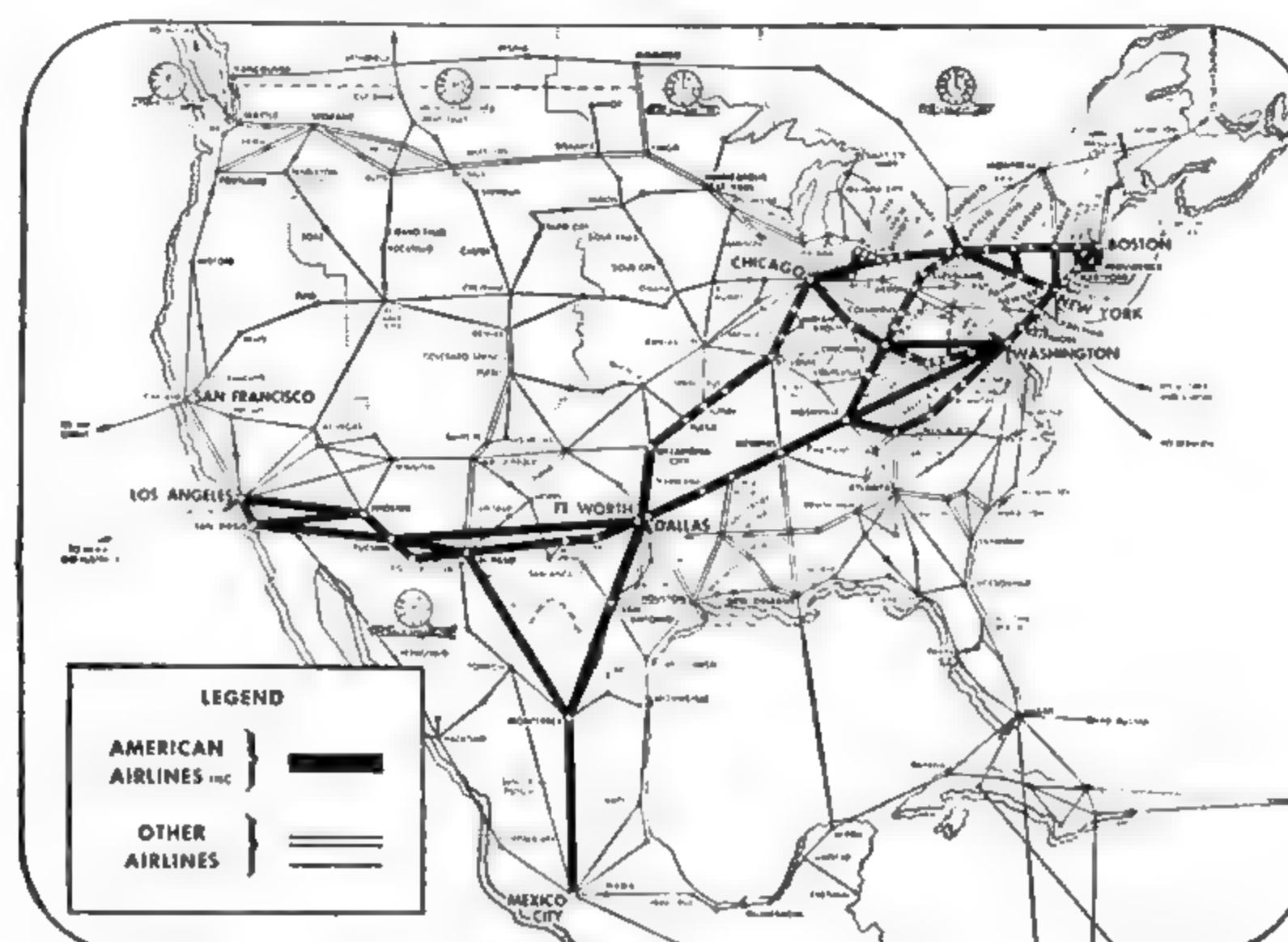
The increasing use of the air realm for national and international vehicular traffic

rapidly is changing the relationship of all nations and of all peoples. This trend will increase, not diminish, after the war. It presents national and personal problems and opportunities.

The U. S. has the world's best Airlines; therefore we believe the way to adjust to this world change is for us first to become an airfaring nation at home—domestically and hemispherically.

After the war our aviation impetus should be accelerated, not retarded.

We need surface transportation, but in addition, we must travel *above* the earth in order to have security *upon* the earth.



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A. N. KEMP
President

*As moonlight
goes with dreams*



Wine goes with Food



Try Rolled Rib Roast basted with Wine

When the roast is in the pan, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Do not cover pan—sear in very hot oven (500° F.) 15 minutes, then cut heat to 350° F. As roasting continues, baste frequently with fat from pan and 2 spoonfuls of California Burgundy or Claret wine, using 1 cup wine altogether. Roast 30 minutes per lb. for rare roast beef, 40 minutes per lb. for well done, (include searing time in total). Make a brown gravy in pan, using 1 part of the same kind of wine and 3 parts water for the liquid

THE AGE-OLD IDEA of combining food with wine works marvels for a meal. Taste, for example, what wine-basting does for a kingly roast such as pictured here. Try wine in the modest hamburger, too, and in a wartime dish like kidney stew.

First time you set tooth to such a dish you'll note the difference. For wine used in cooking brings out the natural meat flavor—the full meat goodness you think about when you're hungry.

Then serve the same wine *with*

the meal and further pleasure is yours. Because wine with dinner creates a taste harmony that nudges up the appetite. And brings friendly enjoyment to all gathered 'round the table.

Discover for yourself the adventures in good eating that come from joining wine and food. Some of the newest, most delightful recipes are in our helpful wine cookery booklet. Write for your free copy today. Address Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second St., San Francisco 5, California.



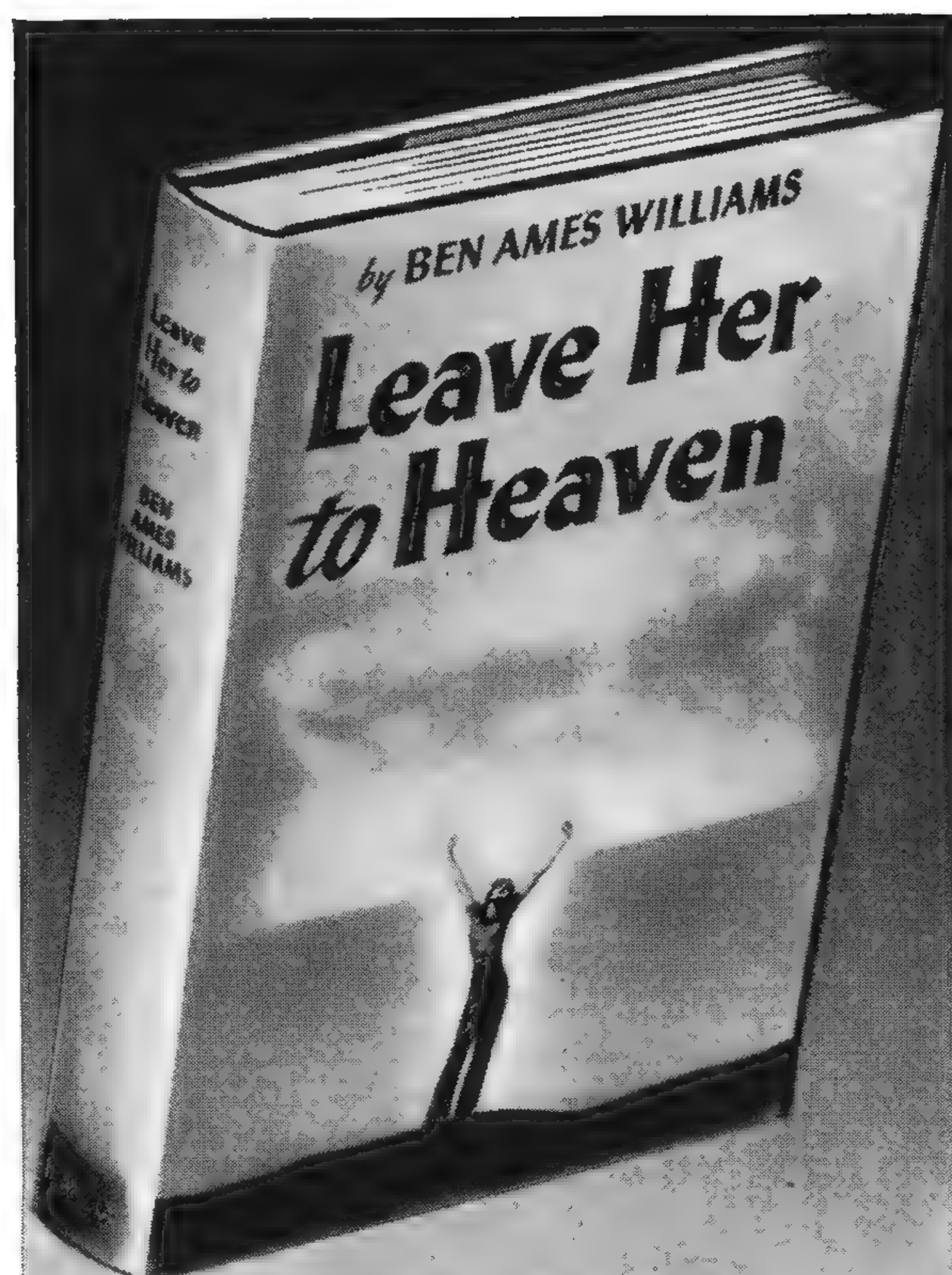
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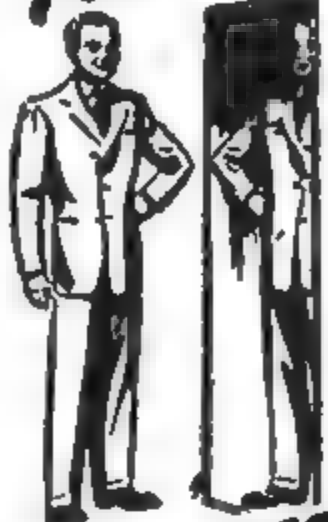
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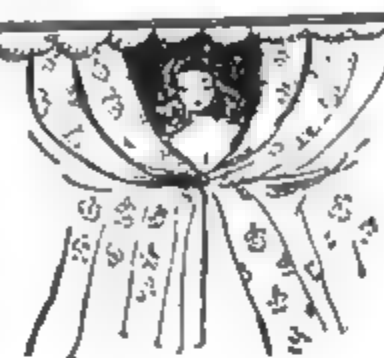


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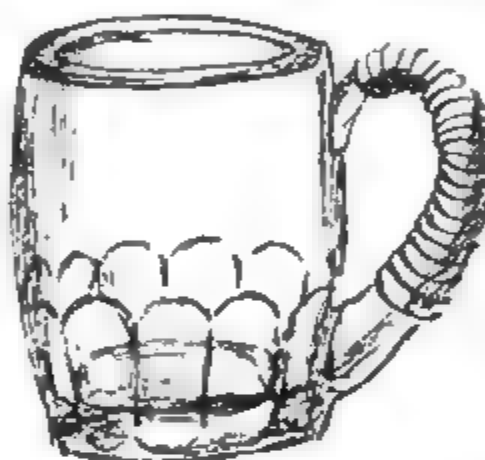
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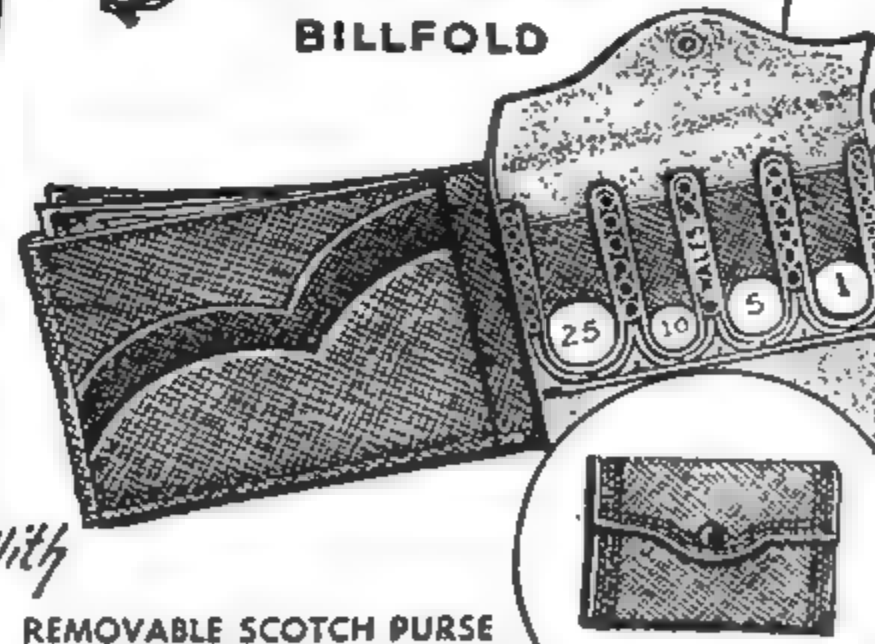


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Painting the Town with Esquire



FIGURING that rolling out the carpet wouldn't be enough, the Hotel Plaza has redone its Fifth Avenue foyer approach to the Persian Room in preparation for the return of glovely-lovely Hildegarde due there any minute now with a batch of new numbers and old favorites on tumultuous request. Persian rug-cutting is of the most refined.

HEMISPHERIC cheerio is doing all right nowanights at El Chico, with goldbraided visitors from Latin-America applauding the singers and castanet-clicking stompers in the colorful floor show. To participate you don't need to take a plane to Rio or Lima—just hop a taxi to 80 Grove Street... No dance floor of its size (about as big as your pocket handkerchief) sustains smarter glide traffic than does the Coq Rouge's (65 East 56th) to the neat rhythms of Dick Wilson and his alcove associates... Night life personality Johnny Costello, sensing interesting possibilities for the boîte called Paris Qui Chante (62 West 48th) acquired it, re-schemed it according to his ideas and has opened it as a distinctive spot for intimate dining, with incidental entertainment through the eve-

ning topped by M-G-M discovery Nancy Donovan. Such vocal form! She could put over a spot as big as Madison Square Garden... Any drink at the snazzy Café Pierre is "one from the book" authored by maître de bar Oscar Haimo... Whammo-terrific is the mildest term we can think of for the current Sepian revue at the Café Zanzibar. Especially Dorothy Donegan who packs a lot of anatomy into her virtuosity.

IT MIGHT SEEM wacky for a restaurateur to select a long, broad hallway and then hitch his restaurant onto it, but that is what Raymond Kroug did when, 17 years ago, he created the Passy at 28 East 63rd with most happy results. For it's a place where no one is crowded. Luncheon and dinner appointment keepers meet at ease in the long entrance lounge where seats are plentiful and comfortable. The restaurant itself is sofaed for exclusiveness; the attractive bar is a realm apart. As for food, Raymond and his partner Mario and their chef Josef are veterans schooled in the great traditions and give your palate the royal works.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

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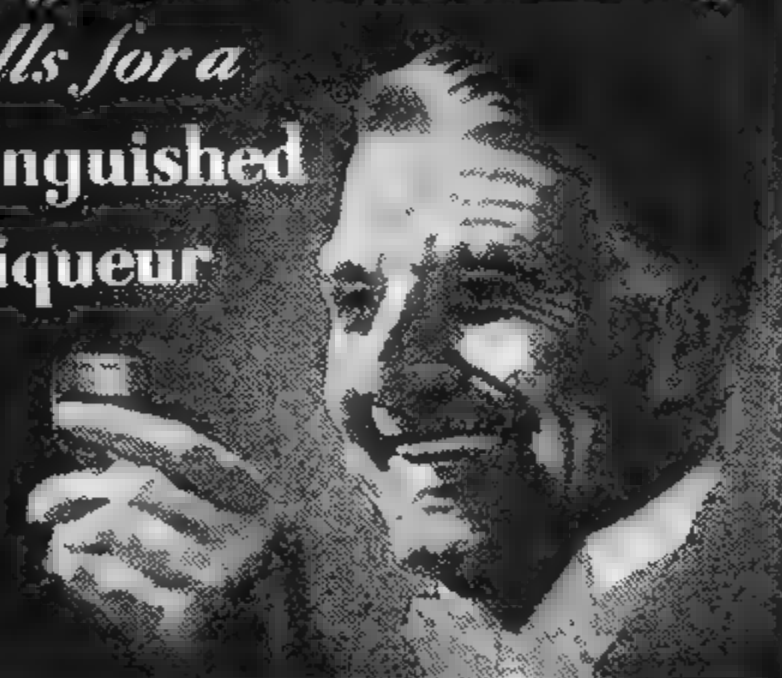
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DELECTA
AFTER-DINNER Liqueur

Its flavor suggests all the qualities you have liked best in liqueurs—tang, delicate bouquet, rich body, silken smoothness. Its 249-year-old name, de Kuiper, is your best guide to quality.



de Kuiper DELECTA

National Distillers Products Corp.
New York * 86 Proof



Tomorrow Fortune
will beckon you
to Bolivia—and

Drama IN THE Land in the Sky



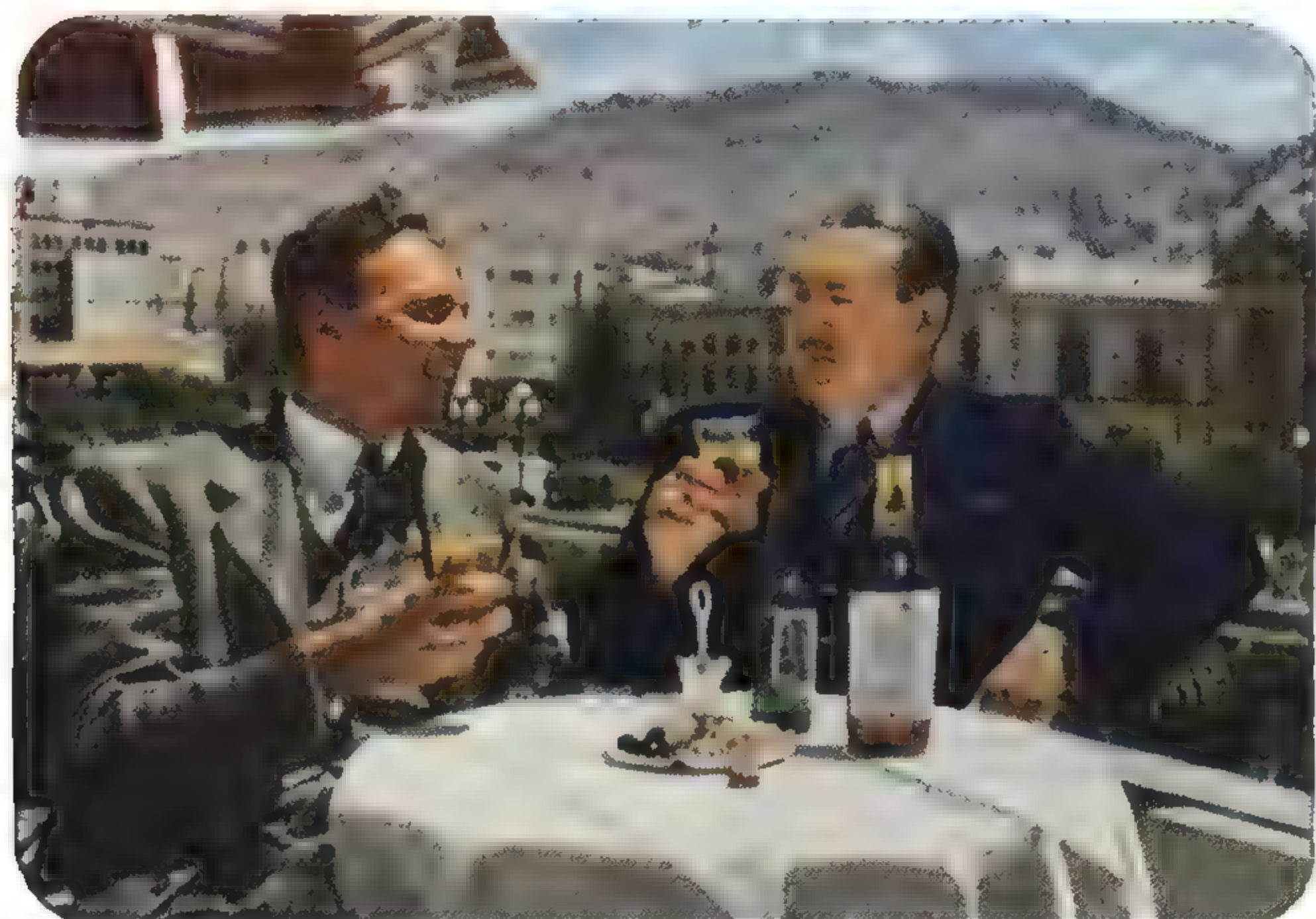
2 "Seeing a tin mine above-ground, I wasn't much impressed. But below-ground, I realized Bolivia's making a tremendous war contribution. Not only tin, but antimony and tungsten, too.



3 "Even llamas, they say, gasp over the travel hand-icaps here. But today aviation is smoothing the way to her lavish resources—and bringing Bolivia within 25 hours' flying time of the States.



4 "At La Paz (12,000 feet up!) I saw the dream of the old Spanish treasure-hunters coming true. Here's the world's highest big city...reawakened...and modernizing like fury.



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Once the war is over, you will find it even easier than now to visit Latin America. There you will find Canadian Club again. This whisky is *light* as Scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon

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• That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

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NORTH BAY — Whitman's combed yarn twill, Cravenette-treated to shed rain. Brown Laskinlamb collar. Electrified sheepskin lining, red virgin wool bottom facing. Inner sleeve wristlets keep out wind. Men's and boys' sizes.



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BIG TEN — Luxurious fingertip coat—warm but not weighty. Quilted lining. Choice of attractive colors. . . . Men's and boys' sizes (boys' sizes have "Gro-along" sleeves).

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Before wearing Jarmans, most men are attracted by their good looks. Then, the moment they try on a pair, they discover there's a lot more to these fine shoes than meets the eye. There's instant comfort and snug, natural fit from the very first step . . . that's Jarman's distinctive friendliness of fit, the result of years of painstaking research in shoe design to assure you of the ultimate in lasting walking comfort. From start to finish, every pair is built to give that extra margin of comfort that marks a truly fine shoe. Fine leathers, scientifically designed lasts, balanced designs, right and left patterns . . . all are skillfully combined by expert shoe craftsmen in the making of authentically styled Jarmans. Before you choose your next pair of shoes, just try on a pair of handsome, moderately priced Jarmans . . . discover for yourself their friendliness of fit. You'll find them in a complete range of sizes and widths, some styles 5 to 15, AAAA to EEEE.

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JARMAN *Military* STYLES

Styles No. 4127 (left above) and 5900 (right),
two of many authentic Military styles you'll
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MORE
BONDS**

You don't have to be told
how important it is for all of us
to keep on buying War Bonds.
But, don't forget, it's just as
important for us to KEEP
all the Bonds we buy.

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Ask for A-1 when dining out. Keep A-1 on the table at home.

One sauce for all meats, fish, fowl, eggs, beans or salads. The international favorite for over 100 years. Not rationed.

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The DASH that makes the DISH

Painting the Town with Esquire



EGYPT'S pyramids were pretty fair achievements but they were stodgy compared to the job that Lou Walters' Latin Quarter does nightly to the tune of 850 smoothly served dinners that taste as though individually cooked, two orchestras for dancing, huge, brisk-paced, multi-lookered revue featuring quiverous Diosa Costello, Cross & Dunn, twirlers Raye & Naldi, and gracile ballerina Carol King—repeated for the supper session. Customers have the illusion that efficiency is automatic, which is exactly the way enjoyment-magician Walters wants them to feel.

RUGGED as it is for a mere male to get noticed amid the Samba Sirens at the Copacabana, that droll fellow Joe E. Lewis manages to riotously. If ring-siders had their way, he'd be chained to the mike till sunup... West 46th St. outpost of Montmartre, the Bal Tabarin is now so gala in its new gay-hued drapes and palanquinings woven out of spun glass, you'd think walls and ceilings were trying to get in on the cancan doings... Now that the ceiling of Theodore's, 4 East 56th (Anthony Mele's to you),

has been chitchat-proofed, you can rave out loud over the creamed turkey packaged in flap-jacks, the casserole rack of lamb and other delectables without sounding disorderly... Noted leerer Dwight Fiske, with his spice-told tales at the piano, is an autumn fixture at the Versailles, where chow is sublime and the maneuvering Ver-Sighs aren't so repulsive either.

THE ANTLERED noggins along the oak-paneled walls of Nick's at 170 West 10th in Greenwich Village look down upon a triangular scene of jazz enthusiasm which is solid from every angle, Nick himself being a hot boogie-woogian and groove-ologist. Special jam sessions, with top flight giver-outers participating, are held every Sunday from 5:00 to 8:00 and every Monday from 9:00 till closing to give the week impetus. No dancing ever, but good food and drinks—if the thought of them occurs to you... It's nice that host Tony Soma of Tony Soma's (59 West 52nd) is so broadminded. Though fond of singing while standing on his head, he has no prejudice against patrons who remain rightside up.

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Plump pieces of tender chicken bathed in luscious cream sauce with sherry. No bones... no waste! It's the ready-to-serve main dish for a thrilling buffet, lunch or dinner.
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Mix 1 jigger sweetened condensed milk (or coffee cream sweetened to taste) and 1 jigger Jamaica Rum. Add cracked ice, shake well.

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Should you be unable to obtain Southern Comfort the first time you ask for it, try again later. You'll be well rewarded for it's still The Grand Old Drink of the South, unchanged in robust body, subtle cheer... it's still genuine Southern Comfort!

FULL 100 PROOF LIQUEUR

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JAMAICA RUM

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BRAND
97 PROOF

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MYERS'S MILLION.

Put 1/3 lemon or
lime juice in shaker.
Add 2/3 Myers's
Rum 1/2 teaspoon
sugar for each cock-
tail Dash of Angos-
tura Bitters Shake
well Serve, iced, with
Maraschino cherry in
cocktail glass.

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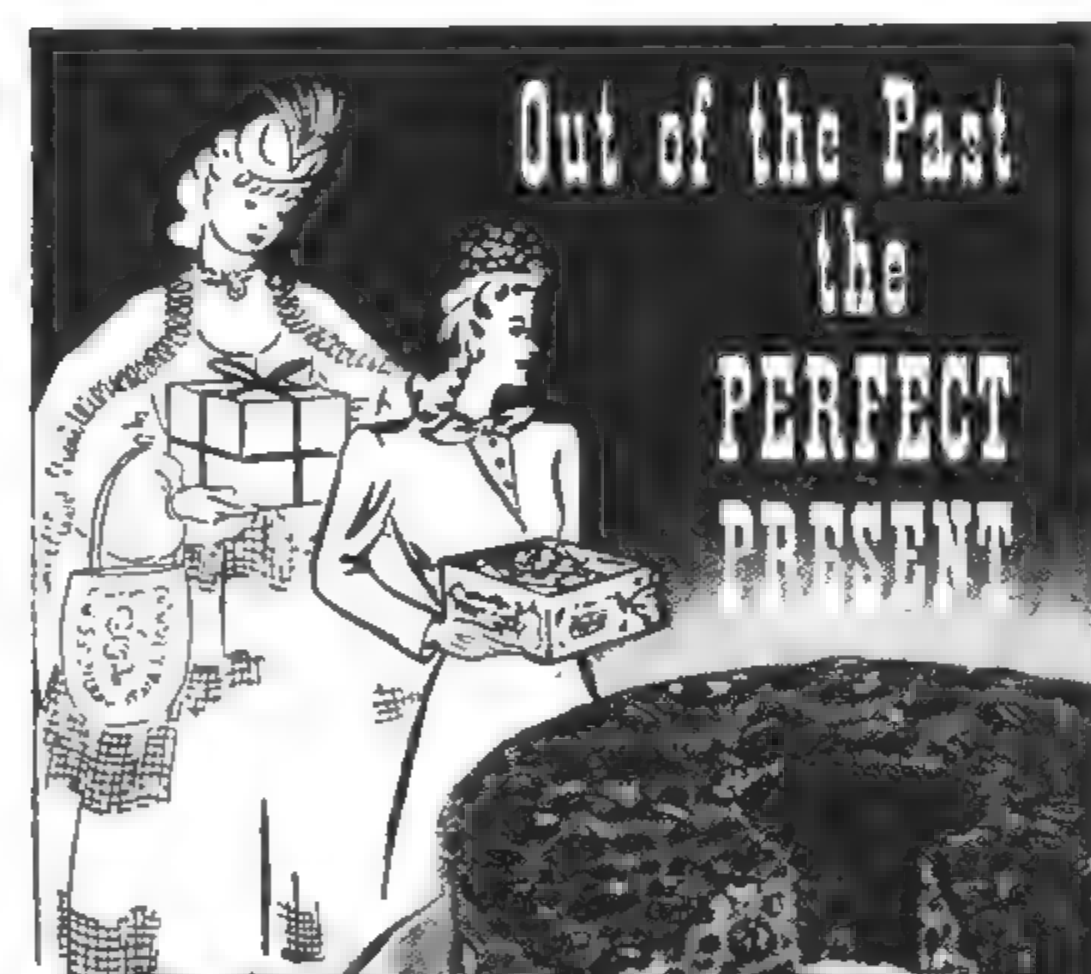
WAR OR PEACE, the heavy date industry keeps booming, what with the restaurants, night clubs and hotel dine and dance rooms this town abounds in . . . Sweetness by the bundle is up against music to match by Guy Lombardo at the Hotel Roosevelt Grill . . . The sky-chumming Essex House's Casino-on-the-Park has Stradivarius stroker Harold Stern and his orchestra concertizing at dinner and breaking out into dance music thereafter. Maestro and setting seem made for each other, and the chef is entitled to a bow, too . . . "What, only in its fifth year!" exclaims prexy Charley Rochester of the Hotel Lexington, amazed at all the fuss over the longevity of *Life With Father*. Charley's Hawaiian Room entertainment is now in its eighth, with no sign of popularity skiddage . . . As a novelty in night clubbery, the Monte Carlo's Casino annex (patriarchs can remember when it was a Beach) is presenting movies of short and cheery sorts as late evening entertainment for sippers and snackers. Jitterbugging in the aisles is definitely tabu.

APERITIF HOUNDS on the scent of an authentic Vermouth Cassis—2 parts Dry Vermouth,

1 part Crème de Cassis (syrup of black currants) fizzed up in a goblet—find same at the small bar of the Café St. Denis, 11 East 53rd, which is no wonder seeing as how this estimable little restaurant is personally operated by Marcel Perret, erstwhile chief steward of the *S.S. Paris*. Knowing American preferences and blessed with a good cook, he features dishes that are sure clicks. Moules Marinière, lamb kidneys en brochette, braised sweetbreads Belle Hélène, Eclair St. Denis, and such. His wine suggestions, both Eastern and Californian, aren't stabs in the dark.

DARIO AND VERNON'S La Martinique, sporting a complete new décor by Franklin Hughes, and lushed up with Martiniqueens, has jockey-sized Jackie Miles plenty funning . . . Chianti-fied urge to become involved in spaghetti takes on green-noodled variations and lasagna monumentalism at Zucca's bar-and-indoor-garden layout, located on West 49th St. 'twixt theatredom and Radio City. Here chubby breast of chicken is bread-crumbed in the Milan manner, cutlet of veal is golden sauced, and small puffballs of pastry turn out to be zabaglione bombs.

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Americana Fruit Cake is rich and moist with delicious preserved fruits, plump seedless raisins, tempting melon tidbits, glacé cherries, choice pecans, cashews, candied peel and fragrant spices. S-l-o-w baked to keep its oven-freshness for months.

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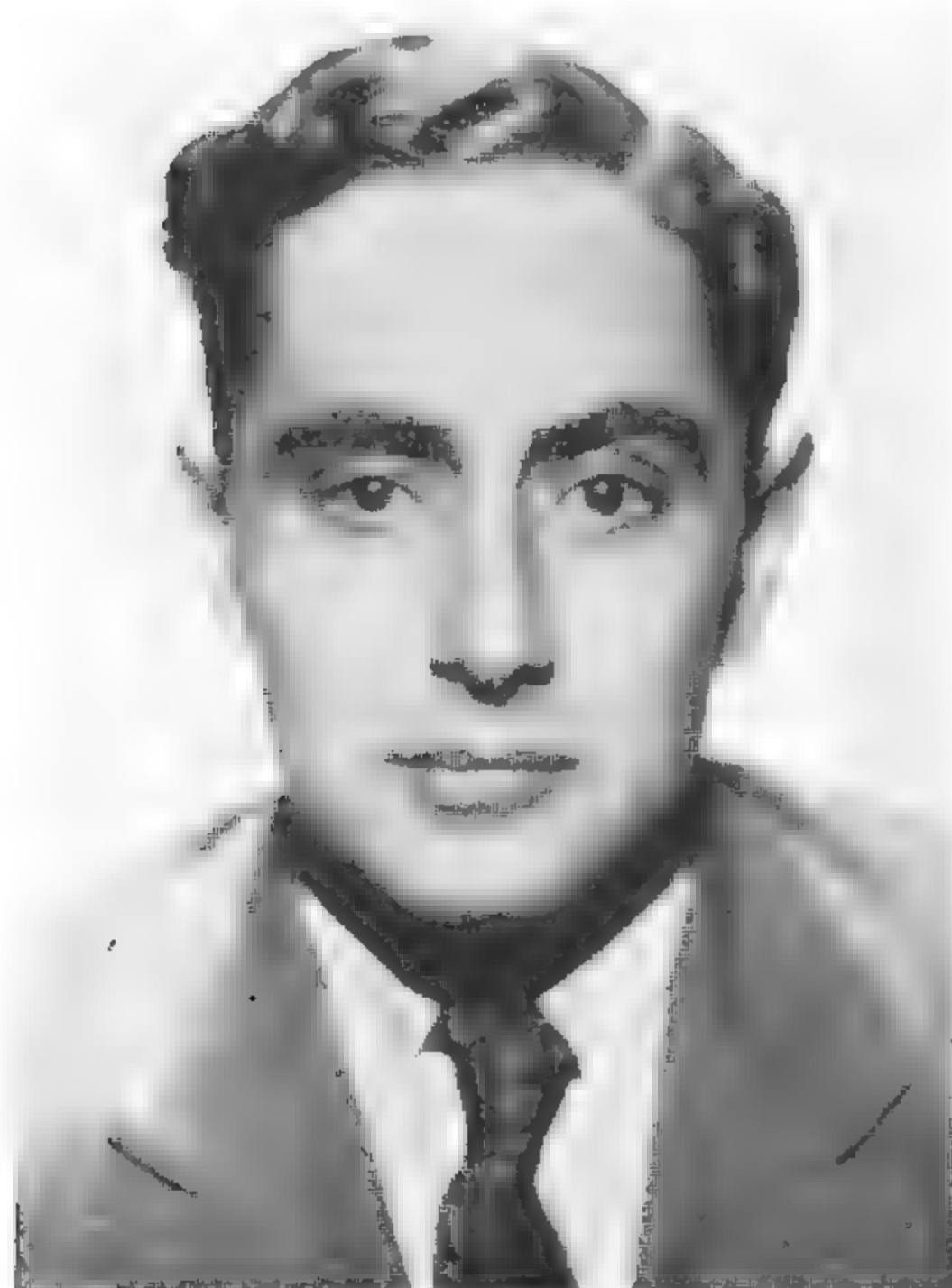
BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE



Jerry Davis

JERRY DAVIS writes from an Army post: "My early years were a strange mixture of bad schools and good poolrooms. When I left school I answered an ad which read: 'Actors Wanted.' I was too young then to realize that actors are never wanted, and it was not until several days later when we opened our show in Miami that the truth was driven home. After the show closed I didn't quite have the guts to face my friends who had afforded me a gala send-off only a few days before. So I spent the rest of the winter season as emcee in a weird assortment of night spots along the east coast of Florida. I removed my ring and shook hands with the bandleader, coughed into a roll of dollar bills, shot off a gun and screamed, 'Nobody sleeps while I'm on!' It was sheer embarrassment that caused me to forsake my career as an entertainer. I returned to New York just in time to join the Army and since nobody here asks me how I like Army life I've been lax about preparing an answer. The fact is—I'm in! And I'm certain it's the best damn Army in the world."

ALFRED WERNER, who contributed a short story, *The Major's Cigarette Case*, to this issue, was born in Vienna, Austria, in 1911. He graduated from the University



Alfred Werner

of Vienna. Before Munich he was editor of an anti-Nazi newspaper and wrote several books published in German. He was thrown into a concentration camp by the Nazis and later in England was interned as an "enemy alien." He came to this country in 1940, lives in New York and writes articles and stories for numerous magazines and newspapers.

The story of Otie, on page 65, is the *Black Sheep Number Two* in a series of semi-fictional character sketches by Theodore Dreiser. Last May Mr. Dreiser received the Award of Merit Medal and a prize of 1,000 dollars from the American Academy of Arts and Letters. He began life at Terre Haute, Indiana; his newspaper work on the old *Chicago Globe*, and his career as magazine editor on *Smith's Magazine*. He was for several years editor-in-chief of the Butterick Publications; until 1934 he was associate editor of *American Spectator*. *An American Tragedy*, published in 1925, is prob-



Theodore Dreiser

ably his best-known work; it demonstrated first, as a novel, that literature can be realistic, and later, as a scenario, that Hollywood can be literate. Distinguished among his books are *Sister Carrie*, *Jennie Gerhardt*, *The Genius*, *Hey Ruba-Dub-Dub* and *A Gallery of Women*. Many of Mr. Dreiser's fellow Hoosiers remember the great novelist, essayist, playwright and poet chiefly for his kibitzing role in the writing of the song, *On the Banks of the Wabash*, by his brother Paul Dresser (sic). Now seventy-three, Theodore Dreiser lives in Hollywood and is writing a book of philosophy.

JOSEPH WECHSBERG (*Sports Writer's Nightmare*, page 82), a native of Czechoslovakia, has been a United States citizen for more than a year. Formerly a political writer and correspondent for several European papers, he covered the wars in China, Ethiopia and Spain. Now he is somewhere

overseas, a technical sergeant in the Army's Department of Psychological Warfare.

HERMANN B. DEUTSCH emigrated from Czechoslovakia to Cincinnati at the age of two. He has been at various times a stenographer, brakeman and a college professor, but seems to have settled at the New Orleans *Item-Tribune* more or less permanently.

BEN HOGAN (*The Odds on Golf's Next Round*, page 62) first learned about golf as shop boy at the Glen Garden Country Club in Fort Worth. He began playing tournaments in 1937 and was associated with the Hershey Country Club at Hershey, Pennsylvania, prior to joining the U. S. Air Corps.

LEN CAREY is an Intelligence officer in the Marine Corps who says: "*Mountains Are Funny Things* is my first fiction, written during one of the lulls which give essence to our lives here in the South Pacific. Call it occupa-



Len Carey

tional therapy if you wish. I've seen all of the Solomons and most of the Bismarcks in a little over a year out here. And the reality of the war has paled my civilian life to the point where batting off a paragraph of background is like reaching into a closet stored with things you put away many years ago. To date I've seen enough of the war to last a lifetime. Before my enlistment I wrote spasmodically and, I'm afraid, cynically of serious things while engaged in advertising and public relations in Southern California. My wife has Monday-morning-quarterbacked my judging from various California ringsides, my son and daughter have criticized my sheet handling from cockpits of leeboard dinghies, snipes and small ocean-going craft. And we've all learned to love the sort of life we intend to live again after this war is over."

WILLIAM MARCH, with typical Scotch reserve, remarks that he was born in Mobile, Alabama,



William March

"some years ago." He studied law at the University of Alabama, abandoning his course in '17 to join the Marine Corps during the first world war. He saw considerable service overseas. Until 1937 he was vice president of a steamship company, spending much of his time abroad. His books include *Company K*, *Come in at the Door*, *Some Like Them Short* and *The Looking-Glass*.

EDWARD ADOLPHE was honorably discharged from the Marine Corps after covering three campaigns in the South Pacific as combat correspondent. He has worked in public relations and for newspapers; his writing ranges from radio and movie scripts to stories for *Collier's* and *The New Yorker*. He graduated from the Columbia School of Journalism in 1931.

HAROLD KEITH (*Pioneer of the Forward Pass*, page 50) is Sports Publicity Director for the University of Oklahoma. As an undergraduate at Oklahoma he was a distance runner and in 1928 at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, won the first 3,000 meter steeplechase ever sponsored at the Penn Relays. He is the author of *Boys' Life of Will Rogers* and of *Sports and Games*, a Junior Literary Guild selection in 1940. ‡



Harold Keith



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It's the master's touch that makes the putt roll straight and true across the green...drop unerringly into the cup. And in whiskey, too, it's the master's touch that makes the difference...the knowledge and experience of the maker. Consider, if you will, Seagram's 7 Crown . . .

Every appreciative sip tells you that this is no ordinary whiskey! Its rare bouquet, its flavor, its wonderful lightness reflect the 87-year Seagram tradition of craftsmanship and

integrity in the making of fine whiskeys . . . the skill that only the years can bring.

All through the war the *quality of Seagram's 7 Crown has not changed.* Today, thanks to Seagram's foresight, it's the same pre-war luxury whiskey you've always enjoyed . . . although it's scarce, occasionally, there's still enough for you to enjoy in moderation. Sip it slowly...savor its excellence . . . be thankful that Seagram's 7 Crown is still to be had!

*MOST PLEASING
TODAY, TOMORROW
AND ALWAYS*

*Say Seagram's
and be Sure of
Pre-War Quality*



Seagram's Seven **7** Crown

Seagram's 7 Crown Blended Whiskey. 65% grain neutral spirits. 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York

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IF IT ISN'T **PM**...IT ISN'T AN EVENING



The Boy Comes Home

**Aloof while the others sang
their joy, he rehearsed his
new role as the silent hero**

by JERRY DAVIS

• FICTION •

LARRY hung over the deck, pointing to the faint strip of land ahead. The whole damn town of Springfield was in his eyes and a smile as wide as the Ohio River was on his face.

"There she blows, Dick," he called. "We're home!"

I turned my back to him and felt the wind burning the tears into my face. The guys on deck kept on singing, and the ship plowed gracefully closer and closer to home.

"Better get your stuff together, Dick. This is where we get off."

My fist slammed down hard against the rail. Damn it! Why couldn't he leave me alone? I knew all about it; I'd felt every miserable second throb and die in my throat and I knew there was no time left to think or to hope.

There were a million words to say and they all began with Susan. I knew each word by heart but no matter how hard I pulled at my insides . . . no sound would come.

I wasn't the only case in history; the doctor told me it had happened to a lot of guys. A nerve twists in your throat and your voice is gone. Sure, the doc told

me all about it . . . but he forgot to tell me how I could make Susan understand. Did he think I could go home and stand in front of the girl I love, like a dumb animal waiting to be comforted? Or maybe he expected me to write it all down on paper and politely hand it to her—that's a laugh!

"Dear Susan, The night was as black as a Jap's soul. I squatted below the gunnels of the attack boat and listened to the thumping of my gallant heart. It beat so loud I was afraid it would give our position away. Suddenly we hit the beach; the mouth of the boat fell open and all hell broke loose. Lead flew out of the black night like ocean spray, but your conquering hero wasn't afraid, not much! I ran up the beach looking for a place to crawl under and vomit. Halfway up, I got it in the leg and went down sobbing and clawing at the sand like a hero. Susie, the doctor didn't tell me how to describe the sound of a shell bursting open in your face. How's Boom? or Wham? It was quiet for a while after the shell hit, then the second wave of guys came up and I threw out my man-

ly chest to yell them on. But I couldn't even do that, my voice was gone . . . dead."

How's that sound, Doc? I'd let Susan read it and when she finished crying her eyes out for me I'd snatch the paper back and write: "Dear Susan, Will you please marry me and spend the rest of your life in a vacuum?" Yeah, that would be great! But the fear of that stinking night would always be inside me, and so would my love for Susan. And the only way to keep them both from tearing my guts apart would be to talk and talk and talk and talk.

The singing turned to shouting and I hated every mother's son who was going home. The ship settled in against the pier and I wanted to run all the way back to the beach at Tarawa, but there was no strength left in my legs and my heart was sick with the yearning for Susan.

Below decks, I picked up my stuff and checked out. Hundreds of guys, drunk with the spell of homecoming, bumped against me, grabbed my hand and yelled in my ear. I bit down hard on my lip and prayed for the voice to

blast everyone of them to hell.

Larry, the Ohio flash, damn near knocked me off the gangplank. He slammed me across the back and said something I never heard. For at that moment I saw her in the crowd below. It was Susan . . . I saw her . . . she was there! A whistle blasted and a million sirens screamed all at once inside my head. My eyes were blurred and my skin felt cold underneath the sweat.

"Susan!" I yelled at the top of my lungs. I flung my arms into the air and yelled it over and over again, "Susan!" . . . "Susan!" . . . "Susan!" I stumbled past Larry and fought my way down the narrow gangplank shouting her name so loud that it cleared a path for me right smack into her arms.

I held on tight for all the long days away from her and my heart pounded in my throat. I put my face close to hers and prayed I had called her name aloud. I crossed my fingers and whispered, "Susan, I love you."

The sound of my voice was like strange wonderful music to my ears and I couldn't help the tears that poured down my face. ##

Swivel-Neck Assembly Line

New Orleans Naval instructor school uses Jenkins' flying by attitude method, drops the old custom of wringing out a novice

by HERMANN B. DEUTSCH

• ARTICLE •

FOR the average "sandbag passenger" an airplane's straight spin is bad enough. Conditioned to a reasonable degree of stability in his surroundings, he is unable to adjust himself to what appears to be an abrupt downward plunge toward a crazily whirling disc which was the familiar green-and-brown earth a moment before. But in an inverted spin the whole wide world comes whirling down upon the panic-frozen watcher from above, and there is neither solace nor comfort in gazing into the sky beneath one's feet. It is the wild, unreasoning terror of a child's falling-through-space dream brought to adult reality, with full awareness that this time the dream will not end in the tremulous relief of the bedroom's warm security.

So I closed my eyes and grabbed a couple of frenzied handfuls of airplane.

"Don't do that," said the quiet voice in the Gosport earphones. "This plane is doing exactly what I want it to, and I'll bring it out of this spin at the precise point I decide to do so. Open your eyes and stick out your neck so you can see what it's all about. This isn't going to last long enough to make you sick. Scream. Scream as loud as you can. That'll take your mind off your insides. But watch. Watch the attitude of the plane. . . . So-o-o, old gal. Out you come. See? All we do is finish the loop at the top of which we went into this inverted spin . . . and here we are, as pretty as ever you please."

Not until then, when the Yellow Peril—the Boeing-Stearman trainer used in the demonstration—was once more on an even keel, with earth and sky in their proper relative positions, did I realize I was still screaming in response to what had at the moment seemed to be the only altogether logical suggestion made to me. I looked sheepishly up into the convex rear-vision mirror to find the pilot-instructor grinning cheerful encouragement and to hear the easy-paced voice carry on a placidly continuing explanation of a new theory of flight instruction.

No, I hadn't lost any election bets, nor was I taking an extroverted bravado out for the afternoon air. I was simply being shown a new production line at work—the 360-degree swivel-neck production line of the United States Navy which is now, as for more than a year

past, intent upon the job of teaching 7,000 instructors how to teach Navy cadets to fly; a program which has co-ordinated such disparate elements as psychology, plastics, pedagogy, aeronautics, medicine and acoustics into the world's first Normal College of the Skies at what used to be just another aviation training base, in New Orleans.

Old methods of flight instruction had proved adequate only as long as the need for mass production of pilots had not been forced upon us by the urgencies of total war. Inept as the old teaching technique might be, enough students survived it to man all the planes a token Naval force could ever hope to put into the skies at any one time. But since the pilot is each plane's most important single component, a

production line for fliers had to be organized to keep pace with the swiftly expanding output of aircraft, once the need for a functioning air force was a matter of national life or death.

It became essential, therefore, not only to build more and better planes than could be produced by the combined enemy powers, but—since planes are useless and immobile without pilots—to man them with pilots trained to a proficiency and courage no enemy fliers could hope to match. Since the old training methods could not possibly accomplish this, it was necessary first to teach flight instructors how to teach.

The Navy turned this job over to a slow-spoken but very earnest young lieutenant (now a commander)—one Hugh B. Jenkins who, as a Pensacola flight in-

structor, had occasionally overcome an ingrained diffidence of manner to voice disparaging opinions about the Naval aviation syllabus along with some thoroughly heterodox opinions on how flying could best be taught. It may as well be mentioned at this point that within less than a year the Navy's own hard-boiled Flight Standardization Board reported "miraculous improvement" and a "1,000 per cent change for the better."

Commander Jenkins held, for example, that the Navy's method of compelling students to fly in accordance with a rigidly specified set of instrument readings was fundamentally unsound. The goal he sought was a corps of Navy instructors who would teach "flying by attitude." He wanted students taught not to keep their eyes on the instrument panel, but to "stick your neck out of the plane and see what you're doing at all times until the plane becomes what it is supposed to be—an extension of your own arms and legs to be controlled in the same subconscious fashion in which anyone moves his legs to cross a city street." He wanted students taught to fly not a set of dials and gauges, but an airplane, by developing a "360-degree swivel-neck" so that awareness of the attitude of the plane is uninterrupted until it becomes all but instinctive.

That 360-degree swivel-neck, likewise, has another and quite critical function in combat, once a fully trained flier takes to the skies. It is necessary to keep an incessant watch, under those circumstances, on all points of the compass, including the new up-and-down ones of the airways. It is axiomatic that a combat flier acquires either a 360-degree swivel-neck or a funeral, but for instructional purposes that is a secondary consideration.

The first step in this program was the assembling of a faculty who, though they need not necessarily be the Navy's hottest pilots, had shown themselves to be patient and understanding teachers. On the theory that the best fliers set the most nearly perfect flight pattern for a student to follow, instructors had previously been selected primarily for their flying skill, though their very proficiency was likely to make them temperamentally intolerant of a novice's awkward fumbling. True, the su-



"They say the turkeys hereabouts are big as trees"

perior pilot would perform a maneuver flawlessly, while his student lightly rested hands and feet on the dual controls to learn just what was being done. But when the student tried to duplicate the maneuver and made a botch of it, the teacher all too often encouraged him by saying something like: "Why don't they keep you dumb bastids on the farm where you belong? Try it again and see if you can stay in the sky this time." If, during this monkey-see-monkey-do regime too many unsuccessful efforts were made before some hapless student caught the knack, the instructor simply washed out his charge; "bilged" him, as the Navy puts it. And that was that.

The moment the Jenkins system was initiated, that sort of pedagogy went out the window, along with all such formulae as "you dumb bastid." Commander Jenkins had long contended that anything which angered or frightened a student would bring on an acute attack of "checkitis"—the tenseness of mind and muscle which the knowledge that he is being checked by a hostile critic induces in any novice. Stage fright is another manifestation of the same thing. So is buck ague.

However, Jenkins wanted his theories to have the backing of science and for this reason added to the instructor school faculty a trained psychologist (Ph.D., University of Minnesota, now Lt., U.S.N.R.) who, among other things, would give each class of I.U.T.'s (instructors undergoing training) a course of lectures on the application of that branch of learning to their future teaching technique.

With regard to verbal abuse of a student, the argument of the old monkey-see-monkey-do days was that if a boy couldn't take a bit of rawhiding, he couldn't withstand the stresses imposed by mortal combat or other perils. But psychology quickly produced the counter to that one from the laboratory. A number of persons were given a simple skill to acquire—the assembling of an electric light socket, let us say. Those undergoing the test were divided into three groups. One was continually censured; another was continually praised; the third was encouraged with praise at every reasonable opportunity, but likewise received judicious criticism of obvious faults. Those subjected to continuous nagging showed an initial spurt in acquiring aptitude, but after that their learning rate dropped to practically nothing. Those continuously praised were slow to learn, but improved steadily. Those given judicious praise and temperate criticism started off a bit slowly, but improved much more rapidly than did their fellows and stood far ahead of them at the conclusion of the experiment.

Science also furnished a sound reason for discarding another happy feature of the old training

program—the custom of "wringing out" a novice by stunting him into violent airsickness on his initial flight, following this with the explanation that "it's just one of the things you've got to learn to take if you expect to fly."

Commander Jenkins and his colleagues already knew this was the wrong approach, but again psychology came forward with laboratory proof by showing that at several factories the rate at which apprentices acquired skill had been carefully measured. The greatest single forward stride was invariably made during the opening hours of familiarization. Since these constitute the most important period in the acquisition

of any new skill, the Navy's flight instructors are now taught never to initiate their students by an introductory wringing-out, but, on the contrary, to fly them as smoothly and enjoyably as possible on that first day in the air, using some such patter as:

"Swell afternoon, isn't it? Now listen, just relax back there. We're only out for a ride and to let you know how grand it feels to be flying. After all, we're going to be working together every day for the next three months, so we might as well be doing it on a friendly basis that'll give both of us a chance to enjoy it."

Meanwhile, the plane sails smoothly on. A special mirror

enables the instructor to watch the student's expression during demonstrations of how a slight pressure on the right rudder pedal pulls the plane to the right, and so on. At the first sign of uneasiness on the student's face, the plane is returned to normal, level flight. Almost before he realizes it, the novice is having a whale of a time handling the controls himself, always with that quiet, reassuring voice in his earphones.

Of course, sooner or later the inevitable introduction to stunting brings up the problem of airsickness. But here again, Commander Jenkins and his staff had a theory. They believed airsickness was caused almost wholly

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"I bought you this to lounge around the house in"

Red Grange: Houdini of the Gridiron

Recalling the game at Urbana twenty years ago when slippery Red Grange galloped by Michigan's eleven to score five touchdowns

by PAUL GALLICO

• COMMENTARY •

OUT of the great sports past of the United States there lingers the memory and the music of a rangy, red-haired kid with a big beeper and deep-set eyes, who was the greatest escape artist of his time and whose performances over the gridirons of the Midwest brought a curious kind of thrill to hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of people.

His name was Harold Grange, his nickname "The Galloping Ghost," and he played for the University of Illinois during the lush years of the Great Golden Decade of Sports, 1924 and '25. He was a giant who stood out in an era of giants. His specialty was eluding capture.

Styles and tastes change in football. In recent years, the forward passer has become the hero because of the large slices of enemy territory that can be vanquished by the accuracy of his heaves. But there is still no thrill comparable to the one furnished by a fast, shifty, elusive runner who tucks that wind-jammed pig rind under his arm and swivel-hips his way through a broken field to climax his effort by crossing the goal line standing up.

The forward pass is a pretty precision play. It diddles the enemy in front of your eyes. It frustrates his heft, discombombulates his cerebration and unhinges his strategy. But there is nothing to thrill the human eye and heart like the sight of a runner, twisting, turning, evading, dodging the reaching talons of his foe, weaving his pattern of hairbreadth escape down the green, white-striped field, and leaving as debris in his wake the prone bodies of his rivals littering the field in futile heaps to mark the triumph of his passage.

For this is a mirror held up to life and symbolizes the daily hazards that surround us, our constant struggle to avoid the clutching fingers of defeat and wriggle through to victory.

In literature, the theatre and moving pictures, the escape has a powerful hold upon the imagination of the average man. The story of dangers avoided and obstacles surmounted is one of which we never tire. The American game of football is such a story constantly enacted before our eyes. Its great protagonists are not easily forgotten.

And the greatest of these in modern memory was Red Grange because he was an expert in his peculiar art—carrying a football unscathed through eleven beefy and acrimonious parties all bent upon capturing him and slamming him to earth.

He was not a flash in the pan or physical freak, an accident of sport. He was an artful dodger drilled and practiced in the techniques of avoiding tacklers, skilled in the employment of every artifice of mental and physical razzle-dazzle and bafflement.

He ran with a peculiar sliding motion and wonderfully timed weaving of the hips that always kept his body moving away from the point of impact. He flowed rather than ran, with variable speeds that functioned instinctively with direct relation to the problems facing him, now fast, now imperceptibly slower, then bursting forth brilliantly like a crescendo of music, always in a sweet antirhythm to the thundering phrases set up by the defense. He had likewise the co-ordination and ability to come to a full stop in mid-flight and change his course to start off at another tangent, destroying with one

movement the rigid threats to his progress initiated by the enemy.

Grange engendered a new kind of hysteria in the football stadia, as time after time the reaching hands slid from his thighs, smothering arms bounced from his wriggling flanks and solid bodies hurled through the air at his darting form, missed their target by shocking margins and tumbled to earth in feckless and frustrated fury.

The stands would rise *en masse* to the rhythm of his running and the bodies of the spectators would move with his in a kind of a mad, mass dance of flight from seizure. A rising scream would be torn from their throats, a mounting crescendo of sound that rose pitch by pitch until the final magnificent climactic shout when the goal line was crossed, when it would subside into a long, trembling sigh of relief.

None of the sixty-seven thousand souls present will ever forget Grange's performance at Urbana, Illinois, on October 18, 1924, when Illinois defeated Michigan by the score of 39 to 14 and the Galloping Ghost scored five of Illinois' six touchdowns.

Four of these touchdowns came in the first period on runs of ninety-five yards, sixty-seven yards, and two of fifty-six yards. The ninety-five-yard run occurred in the first fifteen seconds of play, for Grange picked up the kickoff on his own five-yard line and carried it through the entire Michigan team to score.

This first run itself was one of the greatest demonstrations of deception and elusiveness ever seen on a gridiron, for Grange crossed the field twice from sideline to sideline, ducking, slipping, shifting, evading and dodging before he broke into the clear.

It is this run that Rico Lebrun has captured in his dynamic painting depicting one of the great moments of American sport. Disaster was always at Grange's heels for, unlike a run from scrimmage, the defending field was fluid. Tacklers who had missed him picked themselves up from the ground and tried again; pockets of resistance formed themselves to trap him, walls of flesh grew in front of him to melt away, annihilated by his timing.

Naturally, Grange was not alone in his efforts. There is always the tendency, in singing the saga of such an individual, to neglect the contributions of his teammates. Ten other men were providing interference, diving at the legs of would-be tacklers, screening and protecting him.

But interference is in itself a hazard, for the leg of a fallen friend can trip you and bring about downfall as certainly as the effort of an enemy. But it was also a part of Grange's peculiar genius and fantastic athletic judgment that he could use those patterns of interference and not be trapped by them. He could size up a coming collision between his own interferer and a defender and swing away from it just enough to keep clear of reaching hands or a blocking pile of fallen beef. He would run behind friends as long as they were useful to him and cut away from them the moment they threatened to impede his progress.

We will see his like again, as long as the game is played and American boys play it. But that day has not come yet, and until another gridiron ghost appears to sway the stands with the magic of his rhythm and the sweet pattern of escape, it is pleasant to think back upon a master Houdini of the gridiron. ‡

Fiddlers of the Ozarks

Those city fellows kept tempting Henry and Wilbur to come play the fiddle and the guitar for the Vienna County Fair

by **EDGAR LEE MASTERS**

• ARTICLE •

IN summer evenings we used to walk through the woods to the log house of Henry Noel to hear him talk about his days in Kentucky, while he played the fiddle to the accompaniment of the guitar in the hands of his son Homer. Another son, Wilbur, played the fiddle, too. His wife Sarah and his two daughters, Virginia and Nance Ermine, stood all attention under the wood awning that roofed the entrance door.

This was the rugged land of the Ozark Ridge in Illinois, but there were large areas good for corn and grain and adapted to apple cultivation. For the rest, the rocks, the pine trees and the rail fences made it a picturesque country, and the Noel family seemed in harmony with the scene. Henry was a tall, powerful man who had an old rifle with which he hunted squirrels. His wife Sarah was fat and comfortable with a drawling voice; the two daughters were as plump as quails, and the sons, Homer and Wilbur, one near fourteen and one past eleven, helped their father with the farm work. They went to the district school in the winter; they walked over the rocks and through the grass of the creeks in summer, defying copperheads and rattlesnakes.

There was only one room in the log house. A bed and rude cots furnished the sleeping places for the family. From the rafters hung tobacco, corn, hams and bacon. In one end of the room was a huge fireplace with cranes where some of the cooking was done. In cold weather the fireplace was piled with great logs of wood, and as the flames roared up the chimney Henry Noel sat in front of the fire chewing or smoking tobacco, laughing and telling stories about Kentucky, not so far away over the Ohio River.

Grouped or standing around him were Virginia and Nance Ermine, and the wife Sarah who sat in the only rocker that the household owned. When the children grew sleepy they retired to a corner and undressed and rolled in. The two boys never tired. They laid by the guitar and the fiddle when Henry started to tell stories. Homer said he knew two hundred fiddle tunes, and the old man said he believed it was so. The fame of these two boys had gone down to Vienna, the county seat, where a fair was sometimes held. Mother Sarah was afraid that her sons would be tempted to go there to

play the fiddle. Then they might get into wild company, and she might lose them.

In going to Henry Noel's we tramped through a lowland of oak trees and sycamores until we came to a rail fence. Standing there we could see a rocky ridge, crested with pines and poplars, penciled against the sky. When the moon hung over that ridge we stood by the rail fence, fascinated, listening to the silence of the country which roared in our ears. As our steps proceeded, the howl of Henry's hound broke the calm air, and the voices of Henry and his wife and children presaged the hearty welcome that soon was given us at the humble door.

Our best visits were in the autumn or the winter time. The summers were hot and even in the woods the air was close. Then we were grouped about the door. The sound of the fiddles and the guitar rose among the tops of the trees, and when there was a moon it silvered the sky and the earth. But save for clouds there were always the stars which shone through the branches of the trees, and there were always echoes of strings and voices which the rocky ridges sent through the woodland.

In winter or autumn Sarah had apples and cider and hickory nuts in dishes about the hearth, and Henry laughed and talked without end. One time we arrived just as Henry was setting off to hunt for coons. That was the night that he killed a wolf, for wolves sometimes skulked about looking for a farmer's pigs or sheep. Henry said to us, "Look there," just as a grey wraith glided toward the thicket. Henry's aim was wonderfully accurate. He put the rifle to his shoulder and fired. A grey hulk leaped into the air and fell by a rock. And that was the wolf. "So you'll kill my pigs and sheep, will you?" he said triumphantly. Then he took the wolf to the house, there to cut off its head to show to the county clerk who paid the bounties to such lucky hunters. It was two dollars, and while the family wanted for nothing in the way of food, money was scarce and hard to get save by great labor in the fields. An extra two dollars bought a hat or a pair of shoes.

One time Sarah cooked us a quail dinner with hominy—hominy made by soaking the corn in lye until the hulls peeled off and the snow white kernel came forth.

And we had wild honey, which Henry had taken from the wild bees in a tall tree. We had gravy from the quail and corn bread baked in a little stove which Sarah had in the shed at the rear of the cabin. We had wild blackberries, which Sarah had canned. After that we had pipes and long green, and a story from Henry who often talked about Fritz Apken and Gus Topken, men he had known in Kentucky before he crossed the Ohio to Illinois. They were wonderful fellows, always up to pranks, always playing tricks on each other. And the children stood about with open mouths while Sarah knitted and looked down peacefully at her work.

Sarah said, "Them fellers down at Vienna are writin' Homer and Wilbur to come down thar and play the fiddle, and I don't 'low to let 'em. They'll get into trouble. They might get cheated out of their money, too. Them city fellers are scamps."

Henry spoke up and said, "Them boys can take keer of theirselves anywhere."

"It don't make no difference," she spoke up, "I ain't a-goin' to let 'em go. They can make as much here hunting wolves or coons. I ain't a-goin' to let 'em."

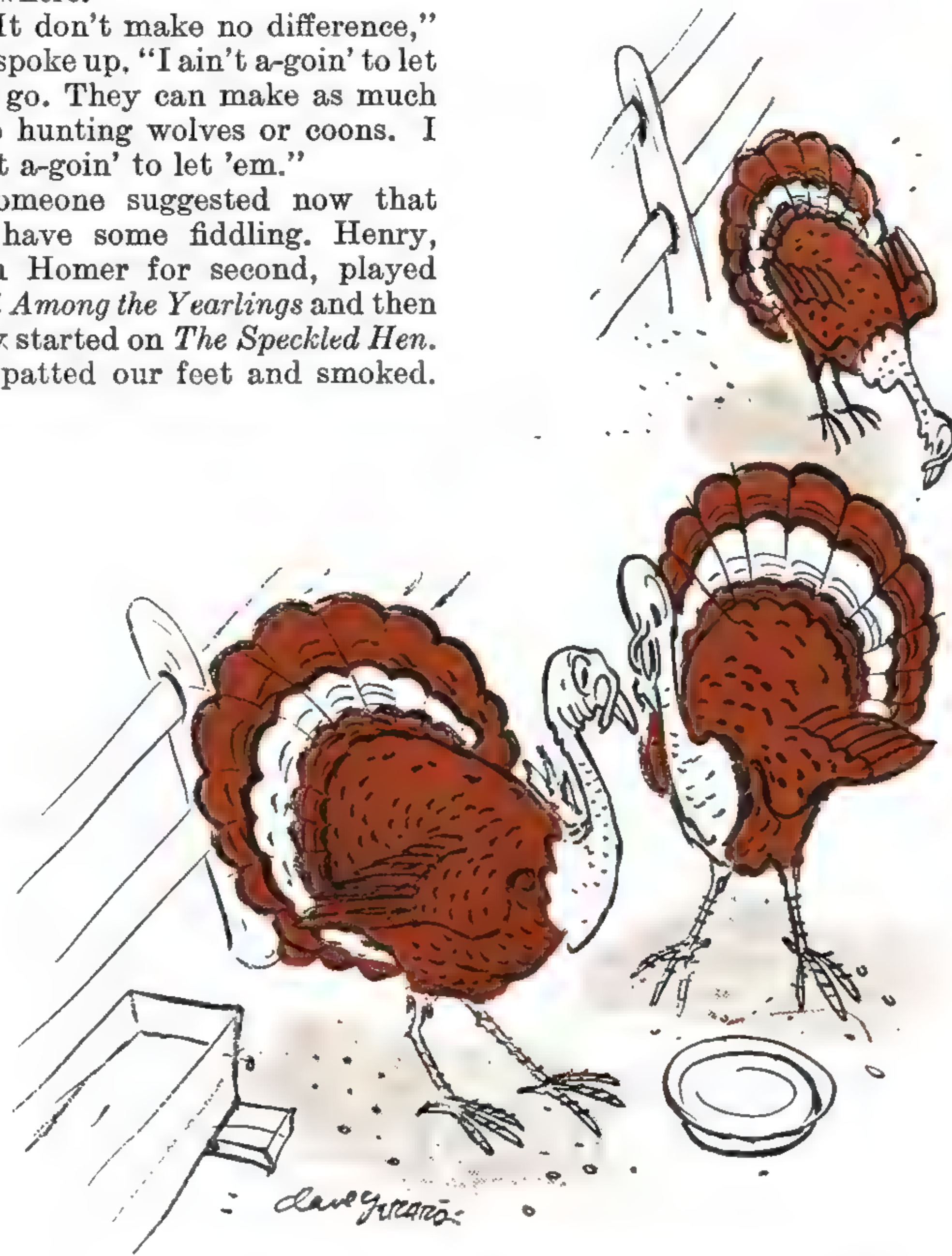
Someone suggested now that we have some fiddling. Henry, with Homer for second, played *Hell Among the Yearlings* and then they started on *The Speckled Hen*. We patted our feet and smoked.

One time while we were there the little preacher of the country church, seeing the candle in Henry's window, stumbled through the brush and the rocks to the door, as the hound bayed.

"Somebody's comin'," said Sarah to Henry, and she opened the door against the pitch darkness. The little preacher asked for supper and a bed for the night. The supper was easy to furnish. It was ham and hominy. But there was no bed in spite of the hearty welcome, except for some quilts laid down in the shed, or on the floor of the cabin in front of the fire. The little preacher was not particular, nor did Henry and Sarah mind that he had to undress in the room. So he took to the floor by the fire, and the next morning after breakfast went his way.

After a time the Vienna Fair offered Homer and Wilbur three dollars each to come and play the guitar and the fiddle, to play some

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"This year, I understand, they're going to start taking us fathers"

Mountains Are Funny Things

When you stop squawking about the rigors of life in the jungle and the mountains start closing in, it's time for a furlough

by **LEN CAREY**

• FICTION •

R

I WAS sitting on my sack just about ready to crawl in and get some sleep when I felt the mountains closing in on me. And I stopped cold. Just sat there and watched the tent getting smaller. I could feel that the volcanic peaks outside were just about ready to topple over on me.

Just about time, I figured. Better get the hell back to the States. I'd be due for a medical survey if my orders didn't come in soon. In Honolulu they say the sign is when you begin to think the Oahu train looks like a real railroad. Only thing to do is run like hell for the steamer office. Out here it's funny. First sign is a cessation of bitching. You begin to think the food fine, the climate good, the war wonderful, all warriors heroes and you just can't wait to get in a fighter plane and go off by yourself and kill a lot of Japs. That's sign number one. And the boys still call me "Eager Joe" from the sorry exhibition I'd made of myself last week. Fatal phase is when the mountains begin to close in on you. I could feel them all around me, moving in relentlessly, leering at me, ready to crush me. It was tangible as hell.

I decided to forget about it and get some sleep but there was a hell of a lot of commotion going on in the tents surrounding mine. You'd think with so little time to sleep between the visits of Charlie and his washing machine that the saps would cork off while they could. But no.

Johnson was declaiming the virtues of the overhead pass in the tent just below mine. And, like a damned fool, one of the new lads, pink and fresh and eager from the States, was arguing with him. He'll learn in time, if he lives so long, that you just can't argue Johnson down. Funny guy, Johnson. Knows a little of everything and not too much of anything. But he can bluff his way through a fight as well as he can an argument. He's a good fighter pilot. You have to be good to come through this far with nothing but a small scar left by a piece of twenty millimeter antiaircraft fire.

"Listen to me, you dumb s.o.b., you can't even start an overhead unless you've got four thousand feet below you. Those roundhouse passes you made this afternoon!" He shuddered loudly. "You're damned lucky to be sitting here yelping. So shaddup!"

"Like hell! I wasn't sucked flat at all..."

"Listen to me, son. You talk like a kid with a paper mashay head. A real overhead is opposite course, about two thousand feet advantage and with at least that much more under the Zero. And it's dead-on. You line up and snap her over on her back—and here's what you didn't do—you hold her there and line up again before you pull her through. Why listen, son, you make a half-baked wing over at a guy and call it an overhead..."

The same old story. Dull now and monotonous and boring. Pilots flying their best hops with their hands on the ground. And everyone ignoring the empty sack piled high with the gear of the lad who went up once too often. Next time would be once too often for me. I knew I'd run my luck as far

as it would go. And the mountains were closing in.

A quartet in the tent above was excited with the smell of medical brandy and was working the pants off the unofficial aviator's hymn:

"... Oh, I'm too young to die

In a blasted P.B.V.

That's for the eager, not for me.

I do not trust me luck

To be picked up by a Duck

Once I have crashed into the sea..."

There wasn't a bell-like soprano in the bunch. And my mountains were closing in.

"... I would rather be a bellhop

Than a flier on a flat-top,

With my hand around a bottle

Than around a goddam throttle.

I wanted wings

Till I got the goddam things.

Now I don't want 'em any-more..."

My guts were filled with the South Pacific. I was fed up with flying over jungles which looked like the matted hair of some green-tressed Medusa. And I thought how nice it would be to step aboard a Clipper and be in San Francisco in three days. I wanted wings till I got the goddam things...

But then a muling counterpoint to the *bel voce* stuff going on in the tent above was begun by a flat-voiced division leader across the path, getting soppy about the joys of aerial warfare.

"Nah, not me. I wouldn't be one of them raiders for anythin' in the world. It's too damned dangerous in the first place. And, besides, it's too personal. When you're fightin' in the sky it's impersonal-like. You're up there high and the sky's full of clouds and little buzzing things like in a Buck Rogers story and you shoot at them and they shoot at you. If you're lucky you come back and if you're not... well, you're not. That's all. It's a clean kind of fightin'. Like fencin'. Not like rasslin' where you always get your schnozz shoved in some bastid's sweaty armpit. And it's quicker, too..."

"... I'll take the dames

While the rest go down in flames.

I've no desire to be burnt.

Air combat's called romance

But it only gives you ants

I'm not a flier I have learnt..."

And the mountains were closing in and I held my head and looked at my muddy shoes. This is the only place in the world where you can slop to your neck in mud and still get dust in your eyes. And I'd sleep all the way on the Clipper and when I woke up we'd be coming in over the Golden Gate Bridge and I'd look out the port and see San Francisco squeezed triumphantly on the bay-front. And I'd see all the windows at the top of the Mark Hopkins glistening in the California sunshine. And the bay would be blue, but a different sort of blue from the waters around here. It would be a friendly sort of cobalt blue and we'd set down easy and the hatch would be thrown open and first thing I'd pull in a great big breath of United States of America air.

"Oh, I don't know about that personal stuff. That was pretty damned personal day before yes-



LEO
GAREL

"We've been invaded"

terday when that Zero pulled up in front of me. Why I could see my tracers go in the guy and he had on a green helmet and I could almost read his instruments. My God, man, that's pretty personal . . ."

"Yeah, maybe so, but it's not like fightin' on the ground with people rushing at you and some bloody bastid trying to put a knife in your throat. Nah, aerial warfare's kinda beautiful. You're the captain of your soul . . ."

"Horsestuff! It's me that gets killed, isn't it? It's me they're shooting at, isn't it? You ever seen what a fifty caliber bullet does to a guy?"

And the mountains were getting closer. Maybe tomorrow I'd get my orders home. I'll go up to the Top of the Mark and I'd sit on one of those tall stools and order a Cuba Libre that tall and just sip and sit and look at San Francisco out of those big windows.

"... You can leave the Mitsubichies.

To the stupid sons o' witchies
I would rather have a woman
Than get tangled in a Grumman.

I wanted wings
Till I got the goddam things.
But I don't want 'em any
more . . ."

And after awhile I'd go down to Solari's in Maiden Lane and I'd order the biggest steak in the house. And Fred would come over to my table and shake hands just as though he remembered me and I'd have one of those big baked potatoes with chopped chives and real butter oozing out the top. And end it all up with a slow benedictine and brandy.

"When you're flying on your back and pull through you've got to watch your G's. Can't pull too many G's. Hell, I've blacked out on a lousy three G pullout when I wasn't feeling so sharp. So pull out fast and not too hard. Remember those bastids can turn inside you and be on your tail and shovin' arrows in it before you have time to duck. A real overhead though . . ."

And the mountains had that same slow smile of Karloff in the Arsenic show and I knew I just had to get those orders tomorrow. I took off my shoes and shorts and crawled naked under the mosquito net and pulled the pillow up real tight against my ears and sort of buried my face in the musty smell of it. And I knew it was just a case of being browned off once too often and what the hell.

So I got untangled and got up and took a barbiturate out of the medical kit and got it down with a slug of the chlorinated water from my canteen and crawled back into my sack.

"...Heave ho, my hearties, pass the brew.

For it's now I'm up here tryin'
Just to keep the old crate flyin'
Just to keep the old crate goin'
Holy moses, now it's showin'
Oh, brother, I wanted wings
Till I got the goddam things

But I don't want 'em any-
more . . ."

San Francisco looked all I'd hoped it would be coming in. It was a little different coming in on a Liberty Ship instead of the Clipper, but that didn't matter much now. It had felt good inside to see the United States come up slowly on the horizon and the sun was shining and the air had a civilized taste to it.

So there I was at the Top of the Mark with an ice-cold Cuba Libre in my hand. And I felt good. Expansive, even. Pressed uniform with two sparkling new ribbons below my wings. I'd earned those babies and I was proud of them.

D.F.C. for three Zeros and two stars on my So. Pac. area ribbon; not bad. And I smiled at a chap just out of happiness and he gave me a funny look and I knew for sure I was back in civilization again. I looked around and there was a hell of a lot of gold braid sitting around. Mostly supply and medical and youngsters ready to go and pretty girls with purple lips and ding-dongy hats. It was fun to look at them and I guessed that you needed two and a half stripes to rate one of them. What the hell, it was fun just to see them again. That could wait. I figured I'd laze over another Cuba Libre and then go over to Solari's for the steak I promised myself.

Damned near had to fight my way into the steakhouse. But my steak was good, even though it wasn't the better part of a cow I'd visualized on that island in the north Solomons. Yes, it served the purpose. Fred didn't come over but hell, these seemed no times for the formalities or the niceties. Place jam-packed and everyone extra gay and in a hurry to do something. So I finished up and got outside and walked up California Street and back to the Mark. Felt as though I hadn't accomplished much yet. Didn't have an edge on, hadn't found a girl and I sure as hell hadn't stuffed on steak.

The barman brought me my B

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*"I hadda prove to my girl I've got as much guts as the next guy,
even if I was rejected!"*

Pioneer of the Forward Pass

It was St. Louis Coach Eddie Cochems who originated the aerial play later adopted by Knute Rockne and the Irish

by HAROLD KEITH

• SPORTS •

R

ALL through the Summer of 1906, Eddie Cochems wrestled with his new idea.

The most cataclysmal rule changes in the history of football had just blown the old five-yard game out of the window by doubling the distance to be gained in three downs. Today football teams try to make ten yards in four downs. But in 1906 the rules committee suddenly required that ten yards be made in *three* downs. Most of the nation's football coaches doubted that it could be done.

In compensation, the rules surgeons made two broad concessions to the offense: (1) They had remarkably liberalized the old on-side kick, making every offensive player eligible to recover a punt as soon as the ball struck the ground; (2) They authorized a mysterious new something they called a forward pass. But they wrote no specifications on how the ball was to be thrown or received. Nobody had ever seen a forward pass.

Eddie Cochems (pronounced coke-ums) was the new football coach at St. Louis University. He was tearing his hair for a winning plan and his imagination leaped at the idea of what he might do with this new forward pass. Of all the new rules changes designed to eliminate brutality from the sport, this one was the most drastic and the least known. Its possibilities made his brain buzz but he kept his thoughts to himself, while in private he spent hours experimenting with styles of throwing the ball.

He had learned his five-yard football at Wisconsin under Princeton-schooled Phil King. At Wisconsin Cochems was a hard-hitting halfback who in 1900 scored four touchdowns in Wisconsin's 54-0 flailing of Notre Dame. His defense was so wolfish that once he grabbed by the wrist an Illinois ball carrier who tried to stiff-arm him. Whirling like a hammer thrower, Cochems hurled him to the sideline box of Wisconsin's president, Charles Richard Van Hise. "Damn you, don't you try to run around me!" the fiery Cochems growled.

All his coaching, and his playing, had been with the rough old five-yard game of line bucks and wedges, the spectators seldom seeing the ball. In 1902 and 1903, Cochems had tutored North Dakota's Aggies to phenomenal sea-

sons. In 1904 he had been assistant at Wisconsin to Coach Arthur Curtis, and was known for his innovations in the running game. In 1905 he succeeded the late John W. Heisman as coach at Clemson and raised the Tigers to third place in the formidable South.

But because of the new rules his St. Louis job was toughest of all.

All the other coaches, among them many liberals like Stagg of Chicago, Warner of Carlisle, Haughton of Harvard, Doctor Williams of Minnesota and Yost of Michigan, who today are credited with having introduced nearly everything that is new in modern football, ignored the pass and settled on the more familiar on-side kick. And no wonder! In spawning the forward pass, the rules committee had attached to it conditions so severe that for years it seemed far too hazardous for the average team to risk extensively.

For example, in 1906 a forward pass that struck the ground before a player touched it went to the opponents on the spot. If a pass were thrown over a sideline, the ball went to the opponents. Ditto if it crossed the scrimmage stripe less than five yards on either side of where the ball was snapped. If a pass were caught across a goal line, it was a touchback for the defending team, instead of what today would be a touchdown in the end zone. Later a twenty-yard limit was placed on the length of the pass. Few coaches wanted any part of an offense with so many boomerangs.

"I didn't like the on-side kick," Cochems explains today. "There was too much luck to it. If it bounced crookedly, you lost the ball. I wanted a long-gainer that would depend upon skill and would let my team control the ball better. I decided it would be the pass."

When Cochems went to St. Louis University to accept his new coaching assignment, he had scarcely heard of the school. Founded in 1818 by the Jesuits, St. Louis was the oldest American university west of the Mississippi. It was noted for its medical school.

At St. Louis University, Cochems met Father Patrick Burke, moderator of athletics. Cochems persuaded Father Burke to let him take the St. Louis football squad of sixteen players to the seclusion of Lake Beulah in south-

ern Wisconsin for two weeks of August practice. There the Jesuits had a summer home.

"I've got to figure out a way to get ten yards in three downs," Cochems told Father Burke.

Lake Beulah became Beulah Land for Cochems and St. Louis. There was born the first forward pass system ever devised. Notre Dame's fine football team of 1913 that forward-passed Army groggy on the plains of West Point gave such a spectacular demonstration of the new game that it has widely and erroneously been given credit for having originated the forward pass. Jess Harper coached Notre Dame that year. Knute Rockne was end and star receiver. But Harper had not yet taken over at Notre Dame, and Rockne and Gus Dorais, his passer, weren't yet out of grade school when Cochems pioneered the pass in St. Louis.

Rockne always honestly denied that Notre Dame held the patent for starting aerial play. He generously gave full credit to his friend Cochems. On page 84 of his autobiography, Rockne settled the matter for all time, although his statement seems to have been generally overlooked. He wrote:

"... The forward pass came in quietly, almost obscurely. Eddie Cochems, coach at St. Louis Uni-

versity, circa 1907, enrolled a few boys with hands like steam shovels who could toss a football just as easily and almost as far as they could throw a baseball. St. Louis played and defeated several big teams—using the forward pass. One would have thought that so effective a play would have been instantly copied and become the vogue. The East, however, had not learned much or cared much about Midwest and Western football; indeed, the East scarcely realized that football existed beyond the Alleghenies..."

At Lake Beulah Cochems tells frankly that he had quite a squad. From the 1905 St. Louis team that under Coach Tommy Dowd had won seven of nine games, Cochems inherited such players as Brad Robinson, Clarence "Pike" Kenney, L. L. "Spuds" Irwin, Charley Orr, Frank Howe, Clancy and Gillick. He had known Robinson at Wisconsin where Robinson had lettered before going to St. Louis. In fact, it was Robinson who induced St. Louis to employ Cochems. Jack Schneider, a rangy fullback who had been a sub at Wisconsin, played two seasons at fullback for Cochems without relief. Another transfer was Frank Acker, a stubby 185-pound back of the Oliphant type

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HOLLYWOOD... SET TO MUSIC

Belle of the Yukon—and all points south

THE time is 1898—the place, Malmute, Alaska, a hot-blooded, trigger-finger town dusted down with gold. These three little high-booted babes (eyes, left to right: Alma Carroll, Dorothy Koster and Wesley Brent) are just a sample of what goes to Malmute by way of entertainment—at least via International's new picture starring Gypsy Rose Lee. The story starts with Belle, Gypsy and her beauties, at the Emporium, fabulous dance hall of fact and fiction. (Note in this especially-posed-for-Esky color shot the famous Bouguereau painting. It is a reproduction of the original which hung in the old Hoffman House for some forty-four years. Those well-fed nymphs undoubtedly witnessed many a young blood's warming up to a firm footing on the brass rail.) To return to the narrative: Belle is an ambitious gal with a lively interest in cashing in on her assets. At the nonce she is irritated (understatement) with a former big moment who did a vanishing act, forgetting to leave both a forwarding address and Belle's share of the profits

from a mutual deal. It develops, however, that the world is small, particularly in Alaska, and the night Belle's troupe of lovelies opens at the Emporium none other than Gent Jim himself is there and lo! he owns the whole shebang. Belle is glad to see him, in a negative sort of way. And their love on the banks of the Yukon is taken pretty much on the run what with Mama packin' pistols. In spite of all the fist-cuffs, everyone is happy including Belle's friend Lettie, Dinah Shore, who goes right on singing through the reels until she gets the man of her songs. All this singing, dancing and gun play is done in technicolor and in ravishing Gay Nineties clothes designed by Don Loper and on sets designed by ditto. Mr. Loper also directs the dances and introduces the Bambuco, a little bit of footwork that may ease out the Samba in a popularity poll. La Lee has a thing or three to say apropos of manners and mores of the 19th Century. And we quote: "In those days a girl was so strait-laced she couldn't even bend the Golden Rule."

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEN LOBBEN







"When you can afford a ring, just slip it on this finger"

BROADWAY FOR THE BOYS

The Reyes, Raul and Little Eva

DEPENDING on how you feel personally about the conga, you will approve or deplore the impact of the Reyes on the American dance life since they confess that they introduced the one-two-three-kick routine that turned our dance floors into a Spanish-flavored Big Apple a few years ago. But your reaction to the Reyes in person would be wholehearted applause. Appearing at the New York night club Havana-Madrid and featured in the musical *Mexican Hayride*, they mow down the customers with twenty-four varieties of rumba, including the *son*, the *guaracha* and the *bembe*—peppered up with a Latin sparkle that is exclusively Raul and Eva.

Raul was born in Florida of Cuban parents and as a child toured Central and South America with a troupe of actors. He met Eva in Havana when she was a schoolgirl of 15. He took one look and it was *Amor, Amor, Amor*. So he married the *chiquita* and with his child bride moved into the big time with dance engagements at swank clubs and hotels throughout the States. They are one of the most attractive couples in show business, and the diminutive Eva—a doll-sized bundle of fireworks

—usually affects a man with a compulsion to put her in his pocket and carry her home.

Many of the Reyes' dances tell a story, based on folk legend, and they are lavish with quick humor. When the two dancers get revved up in a rumba to the exploding point, they go into a series of spins that leave the audience limp. Last spring they carried off the blue ribbon of U.S.-Latin America entertainment, winning first prize in the popularity poll of the Spanish language newspaper *La Prensa*.

The Reyes have contributed much to the ever growing popularity of the rumba and they delightedly comment that North Americans have a great natural talent for all types of dancing. Besides the rumba, they're all for the samba and think it's here to stay. They think it's easier than the rumba because, as they explain, "It's easier to go backwards and forwards, than from side to side."

The Havana-Madrid, owned and managed by popular Angel Lopez, is an authentically Latin American version of a Broadway night club. Along with the Reyes, there's a nightly fiesta of south-of-the-border talent, and two rumba bands to make with the maraccas.



"Oh, stop worrying—your ten-day furlough has only just begun"



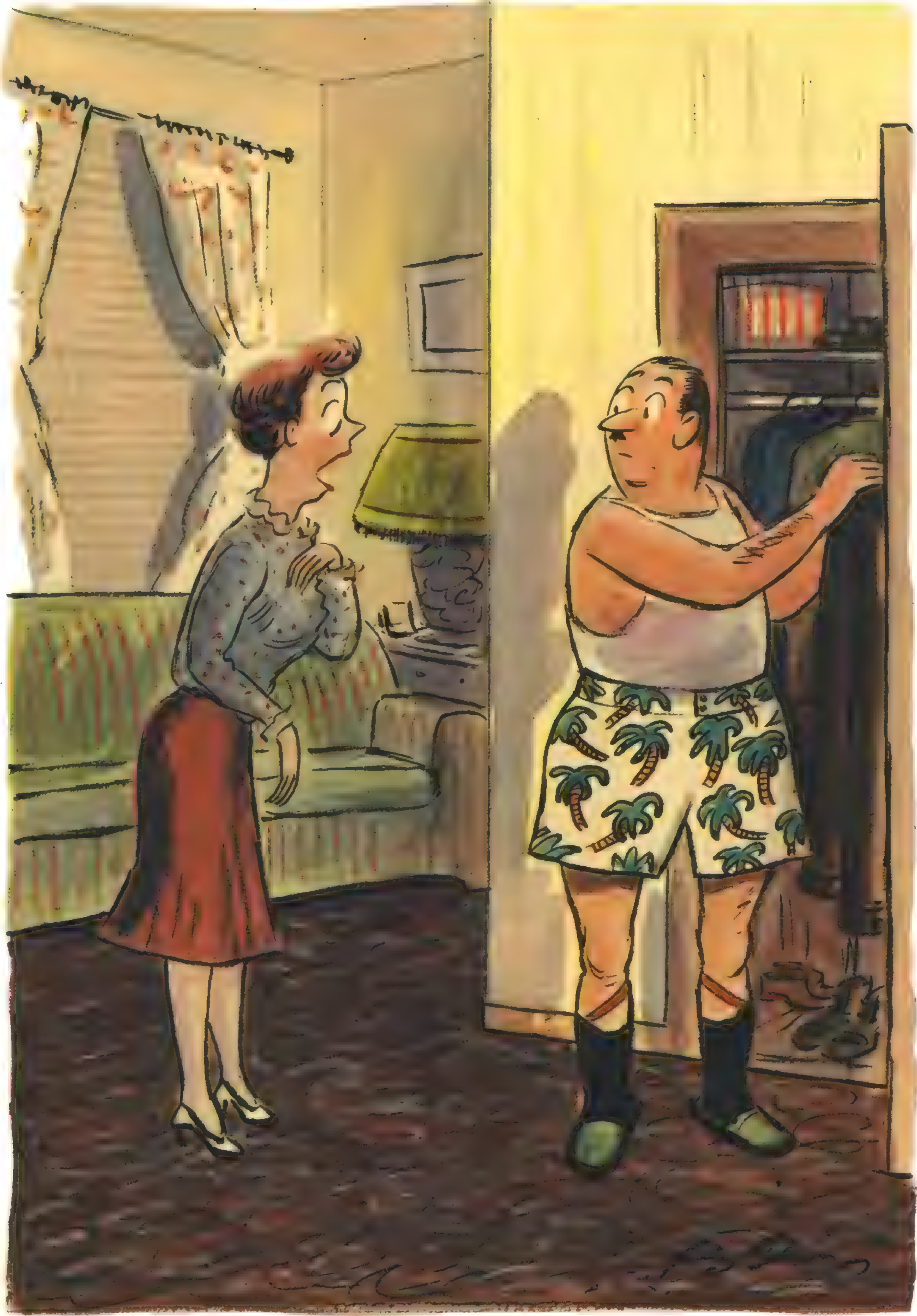
"She nags me"



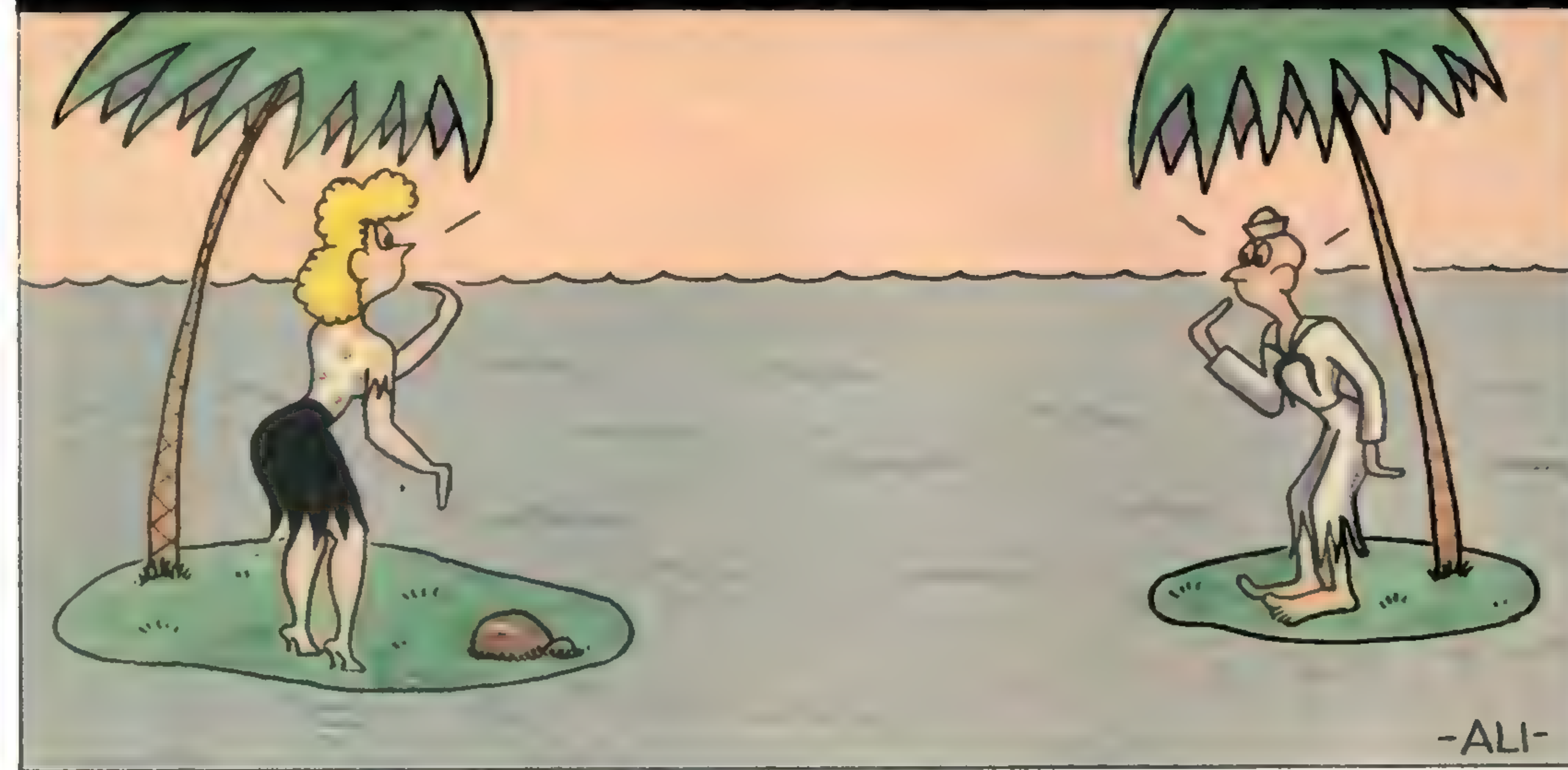
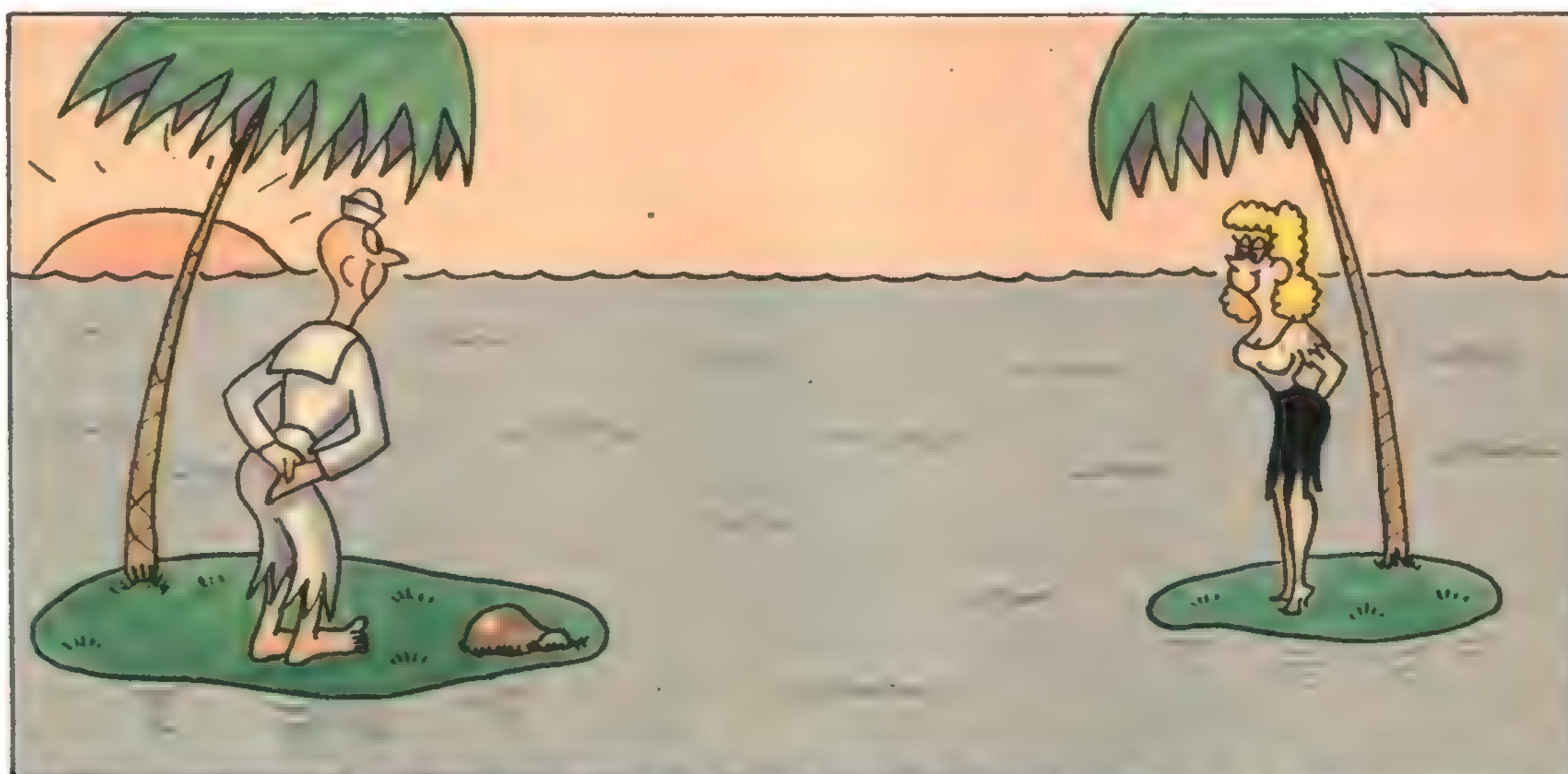
"There are times when I envy those Army men"



***“Sit still, children, the law’s on our side—they can’t
shoot unless we’re flying”***



"For heaven's sake, George—suppose you were in an accident!"



-ALI-

How Hitler Exploited Sports

Among the games played with grim intent by Hitler Youths were grenade throwing, gliding, bayonet practice and shooting

by CURT RIESS

• ARTICLE •

THERE is a great deal being written and said these days about how to keep the world at peace once victory is achieved. Detailed plans have been made for the future destruction of German ammunition factories, for keeping the Germans from forming new armies and inventing new and more deadly weapons. There are many angles, however, which so far have been overlooked. One of them is sport. Sport, generally understood as a form of friendly and pacific contest, was one of the main instruments by means of which Germany built its new army that was ready to strike in 1939. Hence it would scarcely seem necessary to stress the fact that we will have to do something about German sports after this war, particularly about the type of sports the Germans indulged in which made their young men such bad sportsmen but at the same time such excellent soldiers.

Contrary to what one might think, this is the proper time to talk about it. Absorbed as we all are in the events of a world war, very few people have realized that the year 1944 is an Olympic year. If these were normal times, the Olympic Games would have been held during the first weeks of August. Our newspapers would have been filled with items about new and yet unknown sports heroes, about new and unbelievable records and about the chances of the different countries of the world to win the Games. Today the young men who were supposed to run and jump and perform all kinds of miracles of sports are engaged in more serious and more costly fights; many of those who might have achieved great things in sports will never come back. Others will be disabled for life. International bitterness will continue for years after this war, and nobody can yet foresee when international sports events in which the world is included will be taken up again—if they ever are.

All of this could have been foreseen eight years ago, when the last Olympic Games were held in Hitler's Berlin. The writing was on the wall for everybody to read. Because these Olympic Games were in more than one sense a dress rehearsal for the coming bloody battle.

"Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton," goes an old

English saying. And that saying can be applied to almost any other war. The United States, for example, had a good opportunity to observe its truth in the first world war. American troops demonstrated the value of athletic training for practical warfare. Public school athletes comprised a high percentage of the famous 69th Regiment. It was soon discovered that sports not only stimulated fitness and morale; they also improved the technique of the troops. Baseball players could throw hand grenades with more deadly aim than the average soldiers; boxers could handle bayonets more skillfully than others.

The German General Staff was not slow in realizing the value of sports as a preparation for war. It was at its instigation that in October, 1914, a proclamation was read in all public schools, decreeing that five minutes of each recess period should be devoted to running practice. Up to then there had been two hours of gymnastics every week; this was now increased to seven in many schools. In 1915 youth squads were founded, and every boy over sixteen had to join. The members of the squads actually received military training, though the real purpose was camouflaged. A secret decree stated that "care must be taken that these exercises appear athletic in character."

After the war former army officers organized youth leagues to indulge in open-air athletics with "political enlightenment" thrown in for good measure. These leagues held yearly National Fighting Contests, which were supposed to be games but were in reality military exercises. The numerous supernationalist parties, too, went in for sports on a grand scale. In 1921 Hitler founded the S.A., which he called "a special party section of gymnastics and sport," claiming that S.A. meant *Sport-Abteilung* (Sports Section). Only much later was it admitted that it meant *Sturm-Abteilung* (Storm Troopers).

During the twenties participation in sports was on the increase everywhere, but according to statistics this increase was ten per cent higher in Germany than in any other nation. In certain sports, namely shooting and cross-country running, there was an increase of up to ninety and even one hundred per cent. The popularity of skiing and motor-

bicycling, too, increased by leaps and bounds. It can hardly be considered a coincidence that the common denominator of all these sports was their military value.

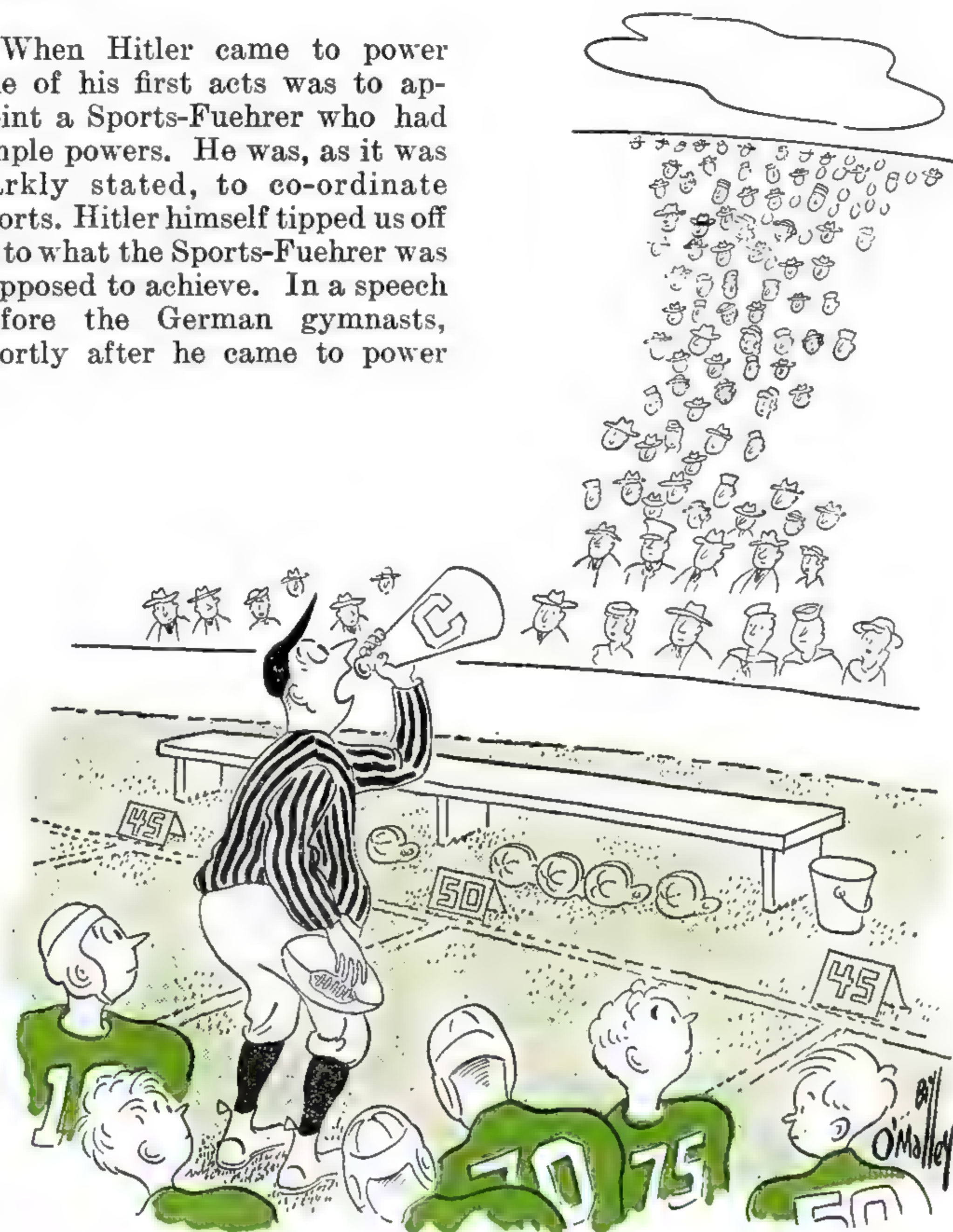
The most spectacular development was experienced by the new sport of gliding. It started in the early twenties and soon became the rage among almost the entire German youth. Gliding then was the only possible form of aviation since the Treaty of Versailles had taken all aircraft away from Germany and had, in addition, seen to it that future production was severely hampered. Gliding, therefore, was the only chance to train pilots for the future. And again it was not a coincidence that at a very early stage of gliding, a few responsible officers of the German General Staff began to show increasing interest in the youthful attempts. Also the as yet young Nazi Party did a lot to help the infant sport along: prizes were given for the best performances and the ambition of the youthful pilots was stimulated in every way possible.

When Hitler came to power one of his first acts was to appoint a Sports-Fuehrer who had ample powers. He was, as it was darkly stated, to co-ordinate sports. Hitler himself tipped us off as to what the Sports-Fuehrer was supposed to achieve. In a speech before the German gymnasts, shortly after he came to power

in 1933, he declared: "I demand from you, German gymnasts, in this year of our rebirth, an oath on the flag which you must keep even if the Fatherland is under adverse conditions. It is the call for the inner and outward freedom of this Fatherland. We will not suffer those who go halfway, who cannot make decisions, who are too soft. You must become a militant team; you must train yourself by exercises to be able to carry weapons; you must, through your love of the Fatherland, become courageous in wars." (This is a verbal translation. The author is not responsible for Hitler's so-called German.)

And then it began. Hitler Youths were observed playing rather curious games. They practiced marching, digging trenches, crawling under barbed wire, using bayonets. The S.A. and the S.S., as well as students' organizations, indulged in shooting, marching and climbing. Other so-called

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"Is there a fullback in the house?"

Death Flies Blind at Westover

Fog was zero zero and the bomb-laden 24 lacked fuel to reach an open field but the pilot refused to abandon ship

by **ROBERT GOLD**

• FICTION •

"WESTOVER TOWER, this is LF2—" the pilot's voice snapped across the radio circuit, "over the field at two thousand, landing instructions, please." "Westover Tower, from Army 664, on the base leg, over." "Westover Tower, this is Army 101, ready to take off, over."

The sergeant picked up his microphone and studied the pattern of the field below him.

"Army 664," he called, "use runway thirty-five, wind—south, five. LF2, you are number two to land. Army 101, all local flights cancelled. You are cleared back to parking area."

The acknowledgments came back through the crackling receivers. A B-24 pulled slowly away from a runway intersection and crawled onto the taxiing strip. Another Liberator was coming down fast across the far edge of the field, settling smoothly down on the pavement. The blast of its engines carried faintly to the tower.

"LF2," the sergeant called, "you are cleared to land. Use runway ten. Watch for car at end of runway. Over."

"Rah-jah!" the pilot sang back.

"Hi, Ed, how we doing?" the corporal threw his bag into a corner of the station and walked over to the glass.

"Doing fine," the sergeant said. "Have a nice time, Pete?"

The corporal nodded. "Yeah—from what I remember of it. Springfield pulls in the sidewalks about twelve, so we laid in the gutter. You know that redhead with the classy chassis—"

"Boston," the voice of the traffic controller came through the speaker. Ed took his hand off the signal button and picked up the interphone.

"Westover Tower," he said. "Army 664 on the ground at 1720."

"Did you get a report on LF2?" the controller asked.

"He's making his final approach now," Ed told him.

"Okay, Westover," the controller said. "Manchester Operations requests LF2 remain on the ground until further advised."

The sergeant put down the phone. "They're cancelling LF2," he said.

"Not surprised," Pete commented. "It smells like fog."

"Smells like fog," Ed echoed, "and when your feet itch, it's supposed to rain like hell. With a natural prophet like you handy, it's a wonder the Army bothered

putting a weather station at the field."

But there was fog running down the line on the teletype weather sheets and the sergeant knew it. Already the distant mountains had lost their clear contour and the wind was slow, the air moist.

The Army cargo plane was coming down low over the car and men at the end of the runway.

"Have you got that landing equipment set up yet?" Pete asked.

"Finished last night," the sergeant told him. "They're just checking now. We'll have to run tests on it all week."

"Any local flights up?" Pete wanted to know.

"One," Ed answered, "a 24 on the bombing range."

"He should have been brought back a long time ago," Pete said sourly. "I've seen fog come in

fast before and it wasn't nice to have a ship sitting over the stuff. Did Operations pack up and go home for the week end?"

"The shoulder-bar boys are working," Ed told him. "We have every station between Portland and Stewart Field calling him. He left the bomb run an hour ago—and must have shut off his radio for a nice, quiet joy ride."

"Boston." "Westfield Radio—" the towermen listened to the voices pouring out of the interphone speaker. "No contact with Army 310," the C.A.A. airway station reported.

"Continue calling at three minute intervals, Westfield," the traffic controller directed. "After each three calls, broadcast blind to Army 310 and advise him Westover Operations requests that he return to his base immediately."

The towermen turned back to their windows. The big Army bomber base spreading out below them had a torpidness, a queer resemblance to a dozing giant. The wide runways ran empty out to where they lost themselves in the haze. Silent Liberators lined the ramp in front of the hangars. A short distance away from the uniform line of 24's, a lone Fortress rested with an aloof dignity, and beyond that the silver wings of a Navy trainer, a visiting SNJ, sparkled in contrast to the drab Army colors. The C.A.A. engineers' car was pulling away from the end of the runway, a bright red pennant fluttering from its roof.

The planes and attendant men seemed to lie ground-tied, impatiently waiting and helpless—and the force that held them crept slowly but steadily over the field like the cloud it was. First in patches, the fog drifted lazily low in the sky, the masses uniting until the higher clouds and sun were lost behind the mist.

"Who's riding 310?" Pete asked.

"Devon," Ed told him.

"That's sweet. He hasn't got instrument rating yet."

The fog was against the glass now, an opaque, fibrous sheet blotting out the field beyond it.

"Boston." "Westfield Radio, special weather—" the voices came metallically clear on the interphone line. "1750 observation," the airway station announced, "Westfield closed, ceiling zero, visibility zero, thick fog."

"The same here, brother," the sergeant muttered to himself.

Pete sat down wearily. "I could have stayed in Springfield. There won't be any flying tonight—"

"WESTOVER TOWER," the words blasted through a receiver. "WESTOVER TOWER, this is Army 310, how do you hear me? Over."

Ed grabbed his mike. "We read you loud and clear. Over."

"I'm at three thousand," the pilot came back, "on instruments at three thousand. I get the on-course signal of the range, but I don't know what leg I'm on. I'll try orientation turns."

Pete shook his head. "That's fine, lovely..."

"Cut out all the encouragement," the sergeant told him.

"Westover Tower, from Westfield—" Ed picked up the interphone. "We hear an unidentified aircraft over Westfield," the C.A.A. station said. "It might be 310."

"Okay, Westfield," the sergeant



"Hello, Mom—I won!"

Black Sheep Number Two: Otie

Her crimes were strangely various but those who knew her declared she had a single purpose: to spar with the law

by THEODORE DREISER

• SEMI-FICTION •

OTIE was a restless, high-spirited girl living in a small, quiet town. She wanted excitement so she ran away to Chicago, two hundred miles from her home. No one knew where she was until her father was notified that his daughter was in a Chicago jail. He went to her immediately and the judge in the case told him that Otie had been suspected of shoplifting several times but on the cold day she was picked up by the police, Otie, barefoot, had been soliciting on the corner of a busy Chicago street. At the trial she was ordered never to return to town and she was given the choice of spending three months in prison or three months in a mental hospital. Directed by her father, she chose the mental hospital. Nonetheless, until the necessary arrangements could be made, Otie was brought to the jail in her home town. Neighbors visited her and took presents of cookies and candy. Finally she was taken away to Indianapolis. During her stay in the hospital I visited her and she complained that "there wasn't enough doing" and that "I can't get a word of sense out of nobody."

After Otie was freed and came back to her home, she allowed herself to be talked into marrying Homer, a dull, plodding boy whom

her father favored. Homer worked hard all day and his idea of a gay evening was to sit looking out over the small town and imagining that it all belonged to him. When dusk came he would light the lamp and read the local paper and then go to bed.

Meanwhile, Otie did odd jobs in the community. One summer she helped the farmers' wives cook for the threshers. After dinner one day near the end of the season all the men came in from the fields too sick to work. Some went home, others sat under the shade trees in the barn lot, making frequent trips to the rear of the barn. Someone had put a cathartic in the food served at dinner and everyone suspected Otie: she laughed so hard whenever she looked out the window at the men lying in the shade.

Another time a neighbor threatened to have her arrested for stealing firewood. Every evening Otie had a habit of calling on her neighbor as it was getting dark. Suspecting that her nightly visits might be responsible for the woodpile becoming smaller and smaller, a member of the family watched her one night and caught her stealing several sticks of wood on her way home. Homer paid for the wood, although that served to enlarge a growing estrangement.

One day she met Lute Atkins, a Kentuckian who had a motorcycle and sold bootleg liquor (this was during Prohibition). A few minutes after they met, Lute took Otie for a good fast ride on the motorcycle and told her his plans. He wanted to be either a big bootlegger or a policeman in Indianapolis. The main thing was to be connected with the law in one way or another. He was fascinated by it. Otie understood that feeling and from then on she was Lute's woman. Homer didn't try to keep her. Homer was worn out.

So the second time Otie went to Indianapolis was on the back end of a motorcycle. They secured a house in a poor part of town and, shortly after that, were using it as a fence for bootlegged liquor. On several occasions the place was raided by the police but, because she and Lute shared liberally with the police, as she said, they were allowed to continue in some other spot. Otie referred to these enforced moves as shakedown.

One night coming in with a load from Chicago, Lute hit a cow. He was badly hurt, his car was smashed. The owner of the cow, a farmer, called the sheriff and Lute was taken to the county jail. After his release was arranged, Otie took him home in an ambulance. His eyes were black and swollen (he couldn't see) and his face was bruised and scratched. The local friend of his who told me the story and who went to see him and Otie asserted that while he and Lute were talking, a customer came to the door and wanted a quart of whiskey. Otie didn't know him and refused to sell. "But," the customer persisted, "Mr. Atkins knows me. If you'll let me see him, he'll know me." To which Otie replied, "Mr. Atkins wouldn't know nobody."

Upon recovery, however, Lute decided that there was too much risk and trouble in being a bootlegger so he finally secured himself a job on the police force, the second half of his original dream, as you see. Yet standing on a corner directing traffic during two of the coldest months of the year dulled his feeling as to the importance of this work, uniform and all, so he quit. In sum, his two connections with the law, breaking it and enforcing it, ruined Lute's taste for it. He actually became a law-abiding citizen with a regular job, and Otie tried to string along with him but life on

that high plane proved too dull for her. There was no occasional brush with the police until several years later when by some mischance or in jest she was given a truck instead of a car license for her secondhand Ford roadster—a mistake which suited her temperament exactly. Since the license bureau was so stupid as to make such a mistake, let the license bureau come and fix it. And so she drove about with it until, at last, she was warned by the police that she must change it or be haled to court. Yet not changing it—and this in the face of an objection by Lute who had reformed—she was arrested by the police and haled to court. There, asserting that she had paid for a proper license and had been smarty-wise deceived by some one, she was still ordered by the judge to obtain the correct license plate or make the roadster into a truck or go to jail. She had several boards attached to the back of her car box-fashion and had the word *truck* painted on the rear face of the same. And, thereafter, for some time on a downtown street you might catch a glimpse of this eccentric car usually driven faster than the law allowed and running a sign that had just turned red—Otie in defiant charge.

But, even so, an existence so dull and uneventful could not long hold Otie and one day Lute told my informant that Otie had run away; he didn't know where and he wasn't going to look for her. And for several years thereafter, no one did hear of her. Then, interestingly enough, there appeared in a local paper an item reading that a former Indianapolis woman named Mrs. Otie Atkins Landon was in the jail of a southern town on a charge of bigamy. She had married a soldier, fifteen years her junior, in order to receive an allotment being paid him by the government. For, on investigation it was found that she had not divorced a former husband. And that former husband was neither Lute nor Homer.

Reading the article, her local Indianapolis acquaintances insisted that Otie hadn't committed bigamy just to obtain an allotment. It was not her way. Rather, as they saw it, it was her old lure for sparring with the law that was at work again. No one was surprised to learn that Otie was in jail; least of all Lute and he did nothing about it. ##

The Major's Cigarette Case

Beneath the Junker's military veneer was an incredible mixture of ruthless brutality and mawkish sentimentality

by ALFRED WERNER

• FICTION •

AT our hostess's request we turned off the radio. The commentator had just begun to tell that the Nazis at Odessa had drawn the life blood of innocent Russian babies for their blood bank.

"The German soldier is perhaps the most ruthless of all white soldiers," the professor remarked. "Or shall we say, more precisely, the Prussian?"

"It is more than ruthlessness," someone said. "It is plain brutality. Chancellor Bismarck acknowledged the brutal strain in the character of the German, and he usually knew what he was talking about."

"And yet it is wrong to picture the German as merely a murderer, as they do in Hollywood," the refugee doctor retorted. "He often combines an almost unbelievable savagery with a lachrymose sentimentality—a fact cleverly exploited by the Nazis. Remember the snapshots. Hitler kissing German babies! In the last war when I was a captain in the German Medical Corps..."

He stopped abruptly.

"Go on with your story, Doctor," the hostess said. "I guess I was wrong when I asked you men to turn off the radio. We must endeavor to understand the German psychology in order to defeat the Nazis."

"See that cigarette case," the doctor continued, taking a silver trinket from his vest pocket.

"One of those old-fashioned fancy cases they made thirty years ago," the jeweler commented.

"It is the inside that makes the thing interesting," the doctor smiled enigmatically, putting the case back in his pocket. "You will appreciate what I said after having listened to my story. As you know, I participated in the campaign that pushed the German army within fifteen miles of Paris, in September, 1914. But they lost their victory through overconfidence. They were so sure that they had won the war against France that troops were withdrawn from the western front to check the Russian steam-roller that had penetrated East Prussia. Unexpectedly, the French under Marshal Joffre and General Foch counterattacked, assisted by the British, and the Germans were driven back from the Marne to the Aisne. It was the beginning of the end, although the war continued for fifty terrible months.

"The battalion in which I served was under the command of Major von Hoechst. Heavy shells of the French field guns tore down the parapet of our trenches, uprooted the embankments and demolished the upper layers of concrete. We hastily retreated from one trench to another, leaving much materiel behind. When, in the morning, I reached Trench F, nervous and exhausted, for the *poilus* shot damned well, I saw the major already standing there, fumbling in his pockets and cursing.

"My cigarette case," he roared.

"May I offer you a cigarette, Major?" I asked, proffering a package of *Tuerkische*.

"He did not answer but shouted at his men.

"Volunteers! I left my cigarette case in Trench G—"

"I wonder whether anyone

could get safely through such a barrage of fire," I remarked to Von Hoechst, "even a fly—"

"Mind your own business, Captain," he hissed, again addressing the soldiers.

"Men, do you hear me? I want my cigarette case!"

"The men stood at attention silently. In their faces, soiled with blood and mud, was fear, plain fear, while they listened to the roaring of the French guns.

"I give you three minutes," Von Hoechst barked.

"A kid stepped forward.

"Zu Befehl, Herr Major. At your disposal."

"Barely eighteen years old, he had the voice and the features of a high school girl rather than the characteristics one would expect of a German warrior. He received his instructions and left.

"He had a fifty-fifty chance. I started to establish a sort of first-aid station with the help of two orderlies, as we were supposed to hold the trench under all circumstances, since further retreat would have endangered the entire German position. We chased away a few rats and cleaned a corner where the stretchers and the medicine chest were deposited. None of us spoke a word. After a while one of the men glanced at his wrist watch and remarked dryly: 'Forty minutes.' I ordered him to find out whether the volunteer had returned. He had not.

"Volunteers!" Von Hoechst snarled again.

"See that the blankets don't get too wet," I said to my men, and left for the center where the major was standing, staring at the men with cold grey eyes. Placing myself behind him, I made an unmistakable sign to the soldiers, bidding them not to respond.

"Seems you're deaf," he shouted. "I give you three minutes."

"To my dismay, another man stepped forward. He was a sergeant, a stocky fellow of about forty who had fought in German West Africa against the rebellious natives.

"No one would mourn if I should die, Major."

"No speeches required," Von Hoechst remarked cynically. The veteran...



"I'll never trust another Jap—"

manded. I was confident. This time no one would be willing to risk his life for that maniac's whim. Never since then had I seen such a row of pale frightened faces—until many years later when I was a prisoner in a Nazi concentration camp and the camp commander ordered every tenth man to be executed in reprisal for the escape of a political prisoner. A strange thought flashed through my mind. If they would only revolt...

"Hey, you," the Major pointed at a youngster with flaxen hair and a freckled face. I could almost see the sweat pouring down the boy's forehead.

"Herr Major, may I have a word with you?" I said to Von Hoechst, in a low voice.

"Don't disturb me, Captain. We've no time to lose," he hissed back.

"What you are going to do is plain murder," I voiced my indignation. "You're not supposed to sacrifice these boys for your own personal interests."

"In other words, you mean to say that I am a murderer, Captain?" Von Hoechst replied sharply.

"If you draft men who are supposed to fight the enemy in order to get back your own property..."

"I shall report you to the High Command. The Military Court will decide whether it is proper to insult one's superior officer and to undermine the morale of the unit."

"If you refrain from sending this man to his certain death, I'll be glad to defend myself before the court."

"And if I don't?"

"In that case, Major, I'd have to tell you that I would rather volunteer myself than see you abuse your power."

"I purposely used that strong language, hoping to engage the brute in a heated discussion, making him forget the cigarette case. But he noticed my ruse and simply said:

"I accept your offer, Captain. Private, go back to your line."

"Anyone but a Prussian officer would have declined my offer. But it was foolish of me to expect any sort of consideration from a Junker who was ready to sacrifice his own men for a whim. It was obvious that he disliked me, as thoroughly as the French officers must have disliked the intruder, Captain Dreyfus. Of course, he did not mind my administering medical aid to the soldiers. But he resented the fact that I, who did not 'belong,' had been made a member of the officers' staff.

"A retreat on my part was impossible. My life was at stake, but so was my honor as a physician, a 'civilian,' a Jew. I left for Trench G.

"I shall never forget the forty minutes that followed. True, most of the firing on the French side had stopped. On the other hand, the sun had risen, and even though I was creeping on the ground, almost unrecognizable in the thick mud, a French observer with a

telescope might have noticed an object moving cautiously along. While I was out of the range of rifle fire, machine-gun bullets were certain to reach me!

"I had married only a few weeks before the outbreak of the war, and my wife was expecting a baby. Strange enough, while I was moving forward on my stomach like a snake I thought of nothing but the unborn child, speculating as to whether it would be a boy or a girl and whether it would resemble the father or the mother. Would he be named for his late father if it were a boy? Would Brigitta marry again after my death? Would she ever visit my grave, here on the western front?

"I was fortunate, for when I reached Trench G it was still in the state we had left it several hours before. The corpses of a few of our comrades were scattered about. A large bottle of champagne was still on one of the 'tables,' and for a second I wondered whether I should take it with me. But then I heard a French machine gun clatter, and I decided to fetch the cigarette case and get going.

"Having found it at the place described by Von Hoechst I put it in my pocket and crept back toward our lines. I had covered half the distance when the French field guns again started spitting fire. The fury increased from minute to minute, and shrapnel struck

the ground around me, throwing the mud right into my face, but fortunately none of them hit my body. The twenty minutes I needed for going back seemed to me like twenty years.

"When I reached Trench F I saw that our men were going to abandon it.

"Where is the Major?" I asked.

"A piece of shrapnel killed him ten minutes ago."

"The bullet had pierced his throat. His face looked even more defiant and martial in death than it had in life.

"Although I was a member of the Medical Corps only, I was asked to take over the command. In order not to jeopardize any

Continued on page 149



"Take a firm grip and slosh it about, like this—see?"

Portrait of a German Mind

Dr. Hans Kreutzer, Nazi psychiatrist and former judge of the People's Court, has this "message" for American people

by HEINZ LIEPMAN

• ARTICLE •

R

EDITOR'S NOTE: The author is a German physician established in this country. His record is that he was an active anti-Nazi ten years ago in Germany. The article is an interview with a Nazi official, a prisoner in Canada, who wished to instruct the American people "who are dangerously misinformed." The prisoner, Dr. Hans Kreutzer, was a high-placed Nazi from the beginning, a founder and permanent judge of the People's Court, counsellor to Martin Bormann (successor to Rudolph Hess) and department director in the Propaganda Ministry under Goebbels. He was captured in Italy and then asserted that he belonged to the "inner-party opposition" and had been working against the Nazis more than four years. He now calls Hitler "a traitor, more dangerous to Germany than are the Allies." Prevalent attempt of Nazi officials to escape by ratting is ingeniously touched on in the interview. He denounces his Nazi associates but the captured propaganda bureau head does not fail to impress the threat of a death blow at civilization in Europe and eastern America if Germany is pushed too hard. We present this as a portrait of a German mind.

THE German People's Court was in session at Leipzig. One of the three judges must be a high party member. At this session the important position was taken by Dr. Hans Kreutzer. Prisoner at the bar was Paul Friedrich Gauss, a Protestant minister known and loved throughout Saxony. He was accused of having aided an escaped political prisoner with food, clothes and money. The charge was treason, the penalty death.

After his sentence the prisoner surprised the court by charging his wife with having hidden anti-Nazi literature and two guns. The next morning before the execution one of the judges asked Gauss why he had sent his wife to certain death. He replied that she had nothing to hope or live for. As an upright Christian she would not commit suicide, so he could only prove his love for her by having her killed also. As a kind of "joke," the judge told Gauss a minute before he was strapped to the beheading block that his wife would be sent to Hohenstein, the infamous concentration camp for women.

Kreutzer until then had been emotionally unmoved by all that he had seen and experienced in Nazi Germany. The expression on the face of Gauss jarred him and afterward haunted him. Then Kreutzer decided to investigate what the Nazis and the war had done to the minds of the German people and the Nazi leaders.

He states that he found that we, in democratic countries, are

grotesquely misinformed about the real political, social and especially the psychological situation in Germany.

He explains why this fact is dangerous. With statistics and observations he tries to show how it might cost us, if not our victory, at least the lives of tens of thousands of our soldiers. He reports typical examples: peasants burning the village schools; a professor of theology wearing the yellow Jewish star; his housekeeper's daughter at childbirth refusing medical help on account of doctor shortage; orgy in a Berlin night club during an R.A.F. air raid; soldiers refusing to go on a second furlough.

Kreutzer gives a psychiatric report of the German masses, perishing as a whole of "emotional starvation." He then tells how he observed 16,000 people of Hamburg standing in an air raid shelter, motionless, without talking, for a whole hour, hundreds refusing to leave after the raid was over. He states that the German "morale" cannot be broken because it does not exist. He gives a "case history" of the Germans, who—since the first world war—have undergone too many emotional ups and downs, have become numb now.

He tells of the behavior of the German occupation armies (soldiers and high officers) in Amsterdam and Paris where he spent six and four months respectively on special missions. Giving and taking orders, he says, is the only emotional tie that connects the average German soldier with the old times of family life and self-respect; and so he blindly, often heroically, will fulfill orders, but without any initiative, sense or idea.

Of twenty-four officers who lived with him in a small hotel in Amsterdam, only two wrote and received letters. He supervised vaccination of prostitutes and listened to their opinion of German soldiers.

Quite different is the attitude of the Nazi leaders, about 800,000 men, from Hitler down to the commander of a concentration camp, a new class by itself, which has suddenly become aware of the fact that Germany is going to lose the war and that they will have to give up their tremendous power, their wealth and maybe their lives. This class is not numb. They are very much alive, well-

fed, ruthless megalomaniacs who—in spite of their absolute authority—have never known responsibility or the ethics of statesmanship and political tradition. Their attitude toward political problems is a private personal one, related only to their own lust for power and their bank accounts. They will do everything that unscrupulous, desperate, ruthless men will invent to keep alive, or even to maintain their power to the end.

Kreutzer gives colorful intimate case histories of people he knew as patients, socially and from mutual political work, among others Robert Ley, the leader of the all-powerful Labor Front, Alfred Rosenberg, the man who made Hitler abolish Christian religion, and others.

They are busy collecting documentary proof that at heart they have never been Nazis.

In contrast to the obnoxious spectacle of these men, there are the top leaders, like Hitler, Himmler, Goebbels and Goering, who are intensely dangerous. Kreutzer gives—not from personal observations—a clinical report on their attitude. These men cannot change colors. They cannot escape. They feel cornered. And the bizarre, fanatical mania of these men will

convince them that they owe it to History and the "Fatherland" to take as many "enemies" as possible with them into oblivion. Kreutzer quotes a detailed "blueprint for general annihilation" which the deputy party leader, Martin Bormann, read at a meeting in August, 1943, a thoroughly organized plan in case of defeat to wipe out a whole continent and the east coast of the United States in a single suicidal Blue Cross gas attack.

The only other group, Kreutzer states, which is not perishing, is the Hitler Youth, formerly under the leadership of Baldur von Schirach, a man whom Kreutzer admires and who seems to belong to Kreutzer's own opposition group. Kreutzer's faith in a spiritual—not a political—rebirth of a really National Socialistic Germany, is based on these ten million ice-cold fanatics, who have grown up with the sober brutality of political authority instead of with their parents in a happy, playful childhood.

That is Kreutzer's answer to the question, what have the Nazis and the war done to the German mind. He laughs, though rather bitterly, at the idea of re-educating the numb, the unscrupulous or the fanatics. ##

AMERICAN BEAUTIES, EASTERN STYLE ♦

A dividend of double trouble

DEFINITELY proving that two heads are better than one, we give you a dual vision of the sort that makes a man blink twice. The brunette bonus is Louise Jarvis, while the blonde department is named Elaine Bassett.

Miss J. is the daughter of a famous Detroit surgeon. She walked out on Junior League parties in her home town two years ago and came to New York where she showgirlled in the musical *Early to Bed*. She has serious aspirations toward acting and has had several small roles in legitimate plays. She reads Shakespeare and can do a mean exhibition of jitterbugging in private circles. A sentimentalist, she treasures a Willkie button.

Miss B. is the daughter of a Baptist minister in Texas. She was modeling gowns in a New York specialty shop when a customer, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, suggested she try photographic modeling. She did, and still votes Democratic. She used to play a violin but chucked it for lack of a piano accompaniment. She writes poetry as easily as "turning on a faucet." Miss B. also was

in *Early to Bed*, where she met Miss J.

Outside a voting booth, the girls have such similar tastes that most of their remarks are headed by "we." We love to talk. We love jewelry. We're crazy about eating. Specifically: pancakes and cherry ice cream. In general: "Anything that won't walk away."

As to men, Miss B. agreed to turn on the faucet, and after we discussed the subject over stationary lobster thermidor, we say:

*Give us a man with a Western tan,
A son of the open spaces,
Or a well-dressed, sinister man-of-the-world*

*Who dines in the fancy places.
Give us a light-haired wholesome blond*

*Or a señor who kisses the hand.
Our tastes are pared to fit the times—*

In sum—just give us a man!

Combined Vital Statistics: Model Agency: Harry Conover; Height: 11' 7" with shoes; Weight: 246 lbs.; Bust: 69"; Waist: 49"; Hips: 69". (Divide by two for approximate individual proportions.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY JON ABBOT







"Overtime again? Okay, where do you keep my fresh diapers?"

◆ SHE SANG FOR THE SULTAN

Loretta Luiz, one of the nebulae of Hollywood

FOR the first year of her life Loretta was cradled in a guitar case. If it had been possible to dance before she walked, she would have done so. As it was she sang before she talked and spoke Portuguese before English. Her mother is English but looks Spanish and her father is Portuguese. The theatre was their life and Mama was a glamor girl on her own. Dark and beautiful, she sang and danced and, dark and beautiful, so did little Loretta. At the age of three she toured the Orient with Ma and Pa. They kept returning to Singapore through the years, were booked at the Victoria Theatre and every week end made the trek across the bay to the end of the mainland, Johore, to sing for the Sultan. After Singapore they played Hong Kong and then Shanghai and were in that world's melting pot when the Japs got out of hand. The Luiz family packed its trunks and scenery and left for Honolulu, land of Loretta's birth. Just before Pearl Harbor Papa looked at his thirteen-year-old daughter, saw she was beautiful and decided it was time to in-

clude Hollywood in the itinerary. Mama left some Oriental dancing pictures of Loretta at Central Casting and there a De Mille scout saw them. Presto—a bit in Paramount's *Dr. Wassell* film as a lovely Malay in Kampong. And now she's being tested at Warner's. There never has been any conflict in Loretta's forthright mind as to what the future holds. She will be a great dramatic actress—a cross between Bette Davis and Olivia de Havilland. She says all this quite simply, and without a trace of conceit. When she isn't working toward this future, studying dramatics, she composes melodies on her ukelele. One of the other things she learned to do when she settled down on the West Coast was to ice skate. She says skating and dancing are companion pieces. When queried on the subject of men Loretta says Mama says there is still plenty of time for romance. Love can wait a little for her. In the meantime Loretta is learning to cook—just in case.

Vital Statistics: Age: 16; Weight: 118 lbs.; Height: 5' 5"; Bust: 34"; Waist: 24"; Hips: 35".





Lanier

"Married life ain't as bad as I thought it would be!"



"Park your car, gentlemen?"



"I got permission from the colonel!"



ESQUIREGRAPH NO. 2—MILTON CANIFF

ALTHOUGH Milton Caniff is 4-F in the draft, he is making an incalculable contribution to the war effort through his cartoon strip, *Terry and the Pirates*, which appears in about 250 newspapers with a combined circulation of almost 20,000,000 readers. Since the so-called comic strip is America's favorite literature and since the Japanese are the villains in Caniff's strip, the value of *Terry and the Pirates* in keeping the American populace Jap-conscious while Hitler is being polished off can hardly be estimated. An example of Caniff's following came to light when, after the artist killed off one of his lead characters—Raven Sherman—500 students at a Midwestern college gathered in silent tribute the day the ink-bottle character was buried.

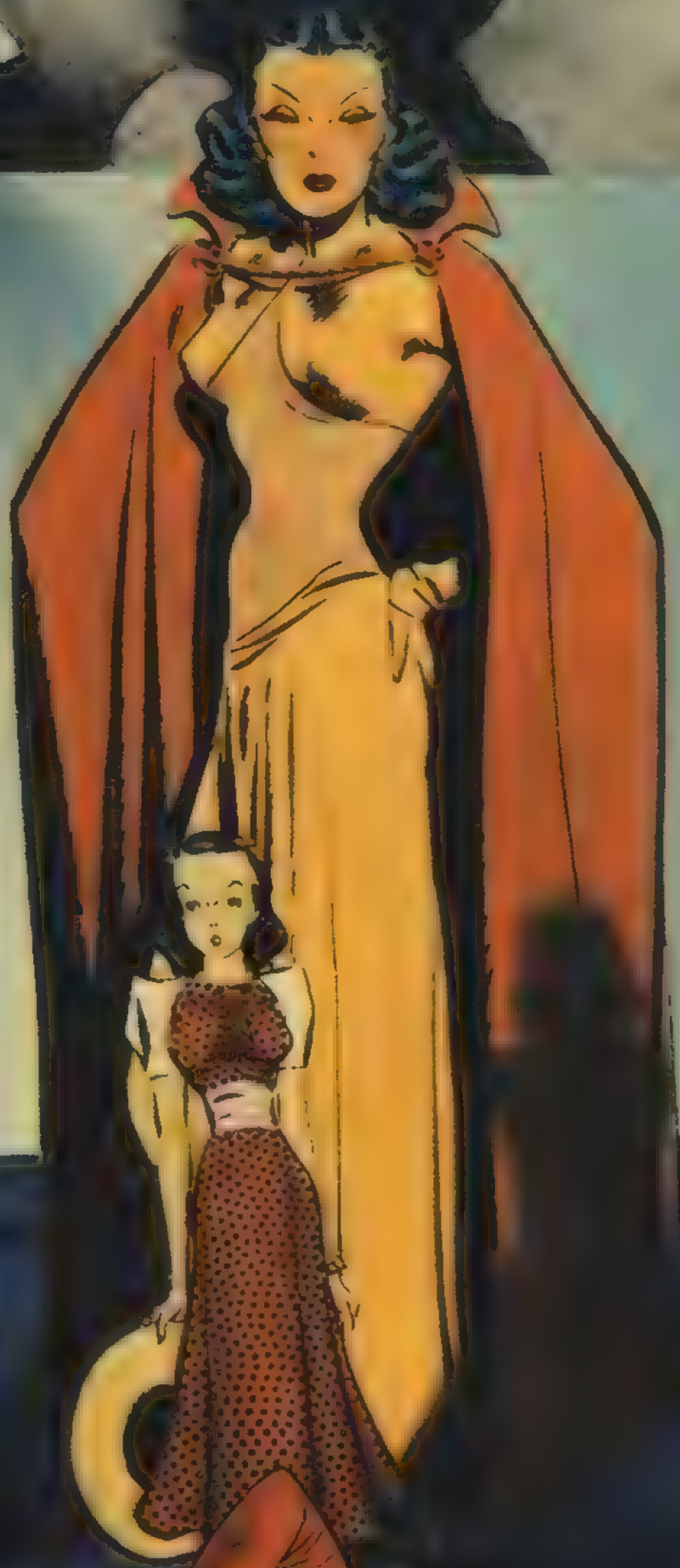
When Caniff created Terry a decade ago, the present war was only a vague fear. The strip began with a nice American kid named Terry Lee landing in China with Pat Ryan, his tutor, in search of buried treasure, and in due course Terry and Pat met up with such fascinating females as the Dragon Lady (center of page) and Burma, a stranded showgirl (left). Because Caniff is so realistic and inasmuch as his characters age with the years, Terry is now a fighter

pilot with the Army Air Forces and Pat Ryan is a lieutenant in Naval Intelligence. Eventually Terry will grow too old to hold juvenile interest, whereupon a new kid will be introduced.

As far back as 1937, Caniff (pronounced Kan'if) began to alert millions of Americans by showing what the Japs were up to. Although he has never been in the Orient, Terry's creator has become an authority on the Far East through exhaustive research. He is one of the most meticulous men working over a drawing board today, and in reproducing uniforms, medals and insignia he has worked with the official co-operation of such agencies as the Red Cross and the War Department. This one-time Eagle Scout, who was a Sigma Chi at Ohio State, once conceived in his strip a magnetic war device that was so basically sound the Navy Department asked him to give it first look at such conceptions thereafter. Caniff, who is thirty-seven and of Scotch-Irish lineage, is married to a beautiful blonde who bears a resemblance to Burma, and punches out 1,100 dollars a week working from noon until dawn in a studio that faces the dark forests of High Tor, the Empire State's fabulous mountain.

—Alan Hynd

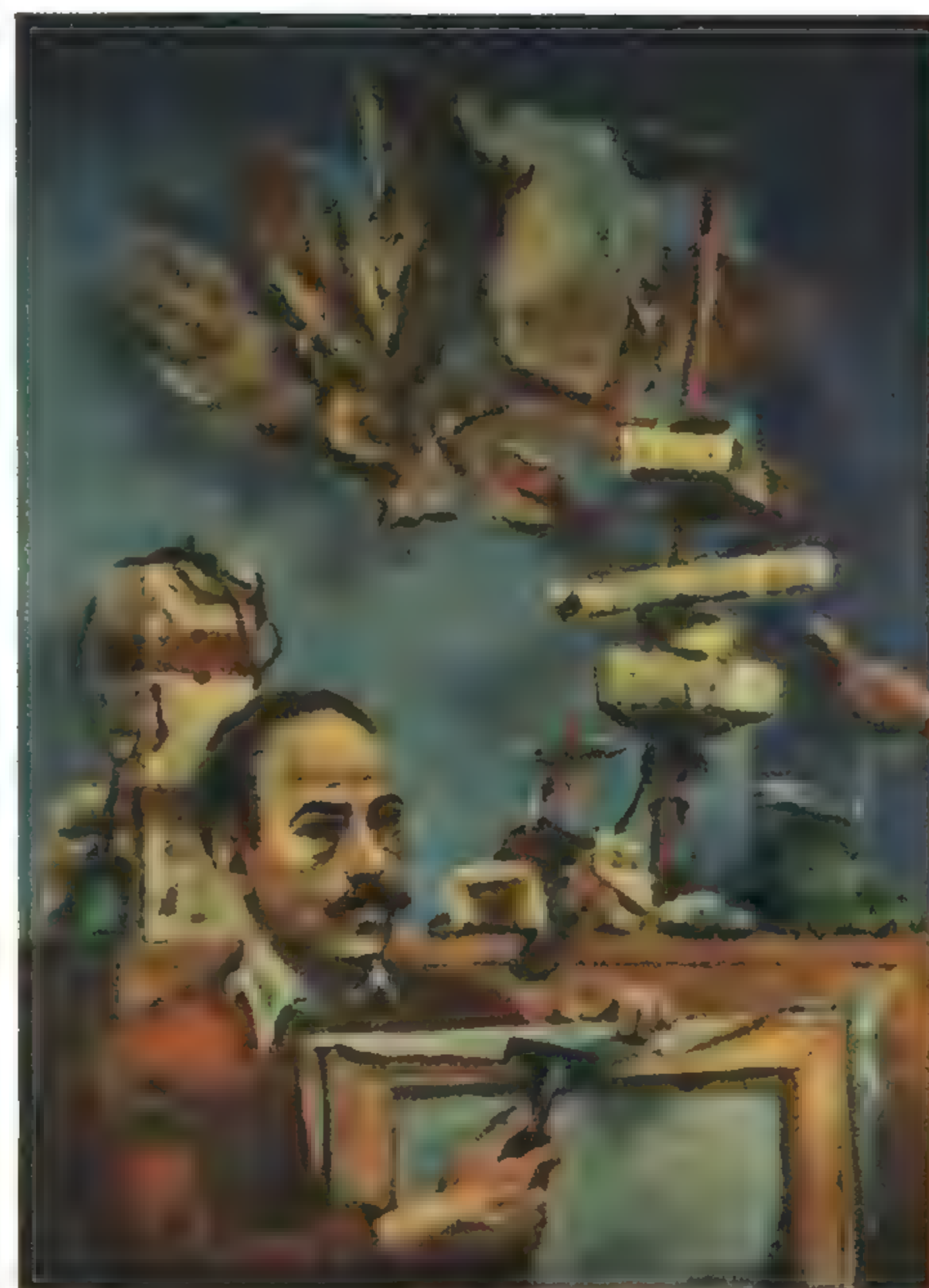
RAVITZ-PALAZZO PHOTOCOLLAGE





ALL PAINTINGS COURTESY THE DOWNTOWN GALLERY, N. Y. C.

STILL LIFE, 1940



AUTOBIOGRAPHY, 1943

Five Paintings

by **JULIAN LEVI**



ROMANY MARIE, 1942



THE WIDOW, 1944



LAST OF THE LIGHTHOUSE, 1943

He Dreams on the Beach

In Provincetown or The Village, Julian Levi constantly thinks of the ships and fishermen which slowly he puts on canvas

by HARRY SALPETER

ARTICLE

EVER since he was a boy Julian Levi has loved the sea and the beach, especially the beach that bore upon it indications of traffic with the sea—like boats and piers, nets, block and tackle, anchors and the other gear of fisherfolk. Yet it took him a generation of work with brush and paint to learn that these things, too, could be made the subject matter of art. A romantic about the sea, an intellectual in his approach to art, he had to learn, slowly, that it was possible to pour the commonplace, weather-beaten, salt-sprayed, toil-worn, water-rotted objects of the beach into the burning crucible of art and compel them into forms which would both realize and transform their nature. For a Julian Levi beach is so unmistakably the artist's and no one else's, in every detail, that it might almost have been dreamt, except that the onlooker can recognize the objects which sent the painter into his open-eyed reverie.

If you will look at his *Still Life*, you will realize that at the beginning of his career Julian Levi—despite the fact that he belongs to what is roughly called the modern school of American art and was once rated in Philadelphia as a radical—thought that certain themes and objects were the proper motifs of art and that certain others were not. Of course, conventional artists have done boats and beaches almost from the time the artist dared to go into the open air, but they have done them from the summer vacationist's and luxury trade point of view—the picturesque. Julian Levi used to be a Braque and Picasso man. In the first painting he ever sold to a museum—the still life bought in 1925 by the Pennsylvania Academy—the influences of Redon and Matisse were detected.

It took Julian Levi a generation to realize that where your heart is there also is your art. But out of that crucible in which he disposes the objects of his loyalties in the visible world, these things come with so indelible a Julian Levi stamp that one is no less aware of the spirit of the artist than of the objects upon which his spirit broods. His paintings do not describe the working fisherman's beach, they sing that beach in a kind of deep-throated hum. "His constancy to his theme is a clue to his character," wrote Elizabeth McCausland; another is that between the first rough draft of a

beach theme and the finished painting five solid years may elapse, and much brooding and considering behind those patient, reflective, meditative and sometimes troubled eyes. Which is another way of saying that he is a slow worker.

He was only nine years old when he began spending summers at the beach at Hyannis, which is a few miles from the Provincetown shore where he has been sketching and painting for the past few years. His father, a prosperous tobacco broker, had among his employees one who once had been a sailor, and at his feet young Julian used to sit and drink up tales and lore of ships and the sea. He started making ship models at the age at which kids today make plane models. He became a good swimmer. He went in for sea fishing, but not for river or lake. At Barnegat Bay in New Jersey, which gasoline rationing has made temporarily inaccessible to him, he used to sail an eleven-foot dinghy, more for the feel than the pleasure of it. During the summer-time he sought the company of fishermen and sailors and of all others who have to work with and fight the sea for their livelihood, and he learned to know the data of their lives and the uses of their equipment far beyond the needs of artistic documentation. But then, to Julian Levi art is not a trade, but a way of life. He lives upon the beach no less intensely in winter in his Greenwich Village apartment, when summer sketches and recollections and musings take final form on canvas, with the documentary and associative help of such salvaged oddments which adorn his studio as bits of buoys, cork floats for nets, lobster-pot markers, sea plants and weeds, stones, shells, starfish, sandpiper decoys, etc. The self-portrait which he calls *Autobiography* celebrates these studio reminders of the sea as more than a background to a modest foreground portrait of the artist nailing frame to canvas.

A New Yorker by birth, a Philadelphian by early adoption and formative influences, an incidental expatriate to the School of Paris during the decade of beautiful nonsense, he became again a New Yorker in his early thirties. Among the many hares in contemporary American art, he is a tortoise, somewhat slow in reaching the goal line not only through temperament, but the need of re-

solving emotional difficulties and economic stringencies. He had to pass through and abandon at least one style of painting because it did not answer the purposes of his nature and he had to establish himself on a new foundation in other ways before he could make his true start. He was forty when he had his first one-man show in New York and even in this there was not yet clearly declared and defined the Julian Levi whose true palette and quality are so beautifully pronounced in paintings like *The Widow*, *Still Life* and *Last of the Lighthouse*.

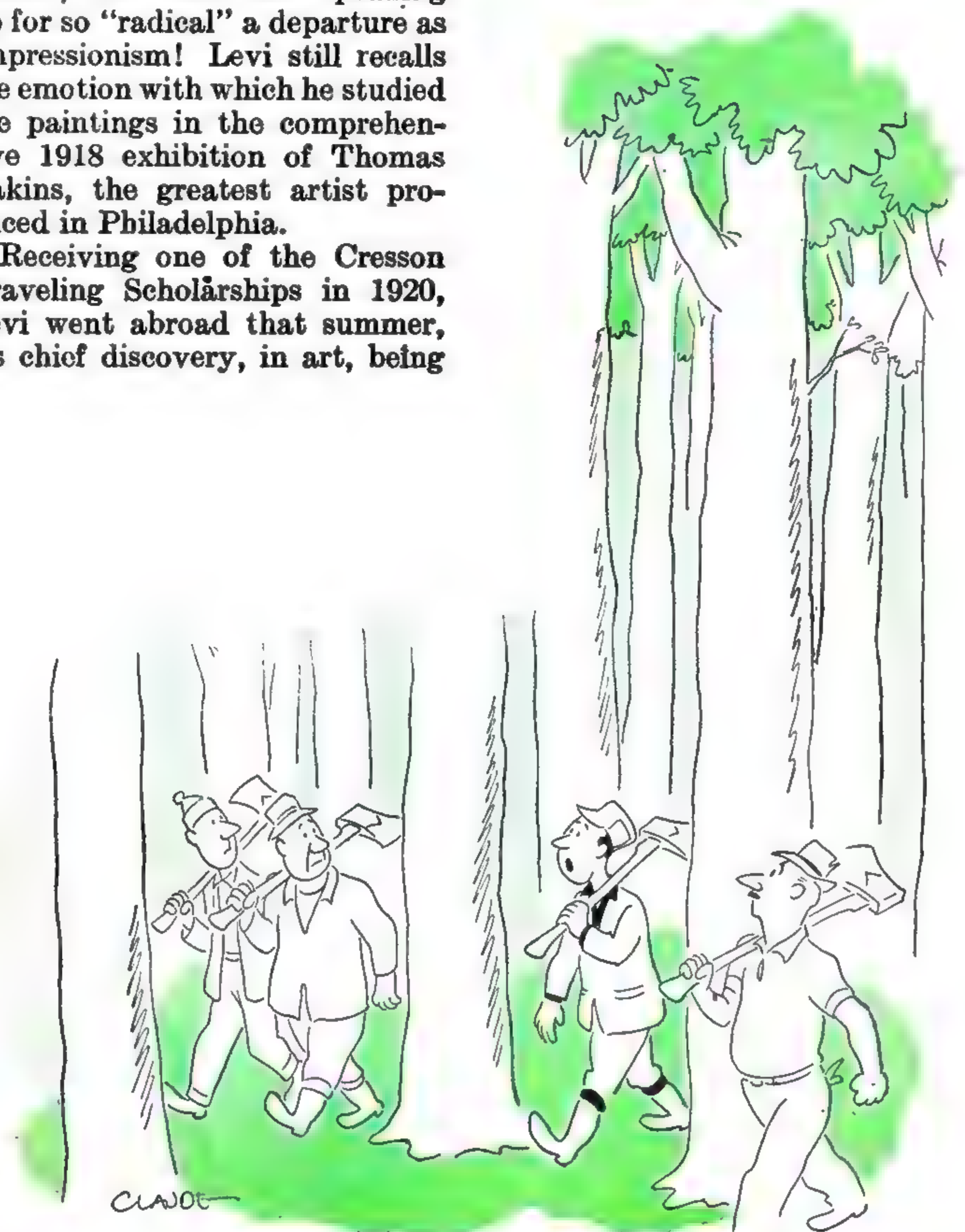
As a teen-age boy in Philadelphia, Julian Levi was so sure that all he wanted was to draw that he left high school before he graduated to start his real education in art school. "I was still playing marbles at the time of the Armory Show of 1913," he has written. At the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts he found himself in the camp of the rebellious moderns, led by such teachers as Arthur Carles and Henry McCarter, who were then speaking up for so "radical" a departure as Impressionism! Levi still recalls the emotion with which he studied the paintings in the comprehensive 1918 exhibition of Thomas Eakins, the greatest artist produced in Philadelphia.

Receiving one of the Cresson Traveling Scholarships in 1920, Levi went abroad that summer, his chief discovery, in art, being

the paintings of Masaccio in Florence, while, in politics, he had a first-hand view of the post-war collapse of Italy in the arms of Fascism. The latter circumstance, in part, persuaded him to make his home in Paris. This he did long beyond the term of the scholarship, remaining for four years, through a subsidy granted him by an American expatriate publication called *Gargoyle* and with occasional remittances from his family.

In Paris he found himself "stimulated by the contagious exuberance and the experimental attitude" of contemporary French painting. He learned to speak the language fluently. He spent inspiring, instructive and delightful hours in the Louvre and in other galleries, public and private. He exhibited his own efforts in the Autumn Salons of 1921 and 1922. He made, as he calls them, "café friends" of the leading French painters, some of whom were most helpful in answering his questions

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"Bread and butter, bread and butter, bread and butter—"



"Good thing this only happens once ev'ry four years—it'll take about thet long to git Paw in shape to run ag'in"

The Ministrations of Him Joe

Adding to his jungle sagacity as much as he fancied of white men's lore, he was more than a match for any Marine

by **EDWARD ADOLPHE**

• FICTION •

A THIN strand of beach winds past the village of Tetera, a narrow bit of sand where ocean battles jungle for supremacy. The jungle wins in some places and there the damp, tangled undergrowth weaves a carpet for the snarled and massive trees that crowd down to the water's edge. Where the sea wins, the sparkling sand rises high and dry and clean, sullied only by a collection of ancient driftwood and dying coconuts.

It is a romantic spot, the beach at Tetera. We Marines used to sit there among the palms and dunes and rotted logs and wonder anew each evening at the marvel of the technicolor sunset across Guadalcanal. We would gaze northeast across the Pacific and dream of things back home.

It was one of those nights and I was dreaming about civilization—the world's largest sundae, garnished with beautiful blondes—when I met Joe.

I didn't really meet him. He picked me up. When I first became conscious of him, Joe was staring at me as though he were trying to make up his mind. Evidently he made it up, for two rows of stained teeth were exposed in what he probably thought was a smile. He came over.

"Me Joe," he said. I looked him over. Without doubt he was the ugliest native on Guadalcanal, a pint-sized, nineteen-year-old jungle gremlin. His thick black lips and flattened nose made a caricature of his face, and his wiry black hair stood at attention like Marines at inspection.

"Me Joe," he said again. "Who you?"

"Me Eddie," I replied, and then my fate was settled. Joe liked the name.

"Me Joe belong Eddie," he said. I pretended that I didn't understand.

"Me Joe house boy. Belong Eddie. House belong Eddie need house boy. Like colonel. Like British."

Except that my house was a small tent shared with three other Marines, Joe had something there. He was trying to say that he was a house boy, which would have been truer had he only been housebroken. And he was insisting that I needed a house boy, like my colonel and like the British who formerly had inhabited the island.

I knew it wouldn't work, but I

tried to make him understand.

"Eddie he no belong money," I ventured, trying to appeal in my best pidgin English to whatever capitalist tendencies Joe might have.

"Eddie he no got money," Joe corrected me. "Me Joe no speak pidgin. Me Joe speak English. Me Joe go mission learn one fella English good."

"But I got no money," I stood corrected. "No money for house boy."

"She all right," Joe said. "No money. She all right. Eddie he got friends. Friends he got much things."

And so, without money and without a house, I acquired a house boy. Anything can happen in war.

Joe and I had our first difference over his name. On a beauti-

fully carved wooden comb that he wore in his rugged hair, I found etched the name "Anikawa." Joe admitted it was his tribal tag. I liked it better than "Joe." But he would have none of it.

"Joe he go mission," he repeated. "Joe he one fella good Catholic. Father he call Joe, Joe. Joe like Joe."

And so it was. You couldn't dispute a point on which Joe had made up his mind.

Joe's principal chore in his self-made job was to keep our limited wardrobes passably clean. We had one change of clothing each and we saw in Joe's presence the luxury of daily laundry service. The service came—at cost of such involved negotiation and mental suffering that we often wondered whether it was worthwhile.

"Big fella laundry, Joe," I said

at the beginning. "He need wash."

"She all right," Joe replied, and a faraway look crept into his eye. Joe was a promoter who could see big possibilities in little things.

"You take big fella laundry, wash by river. And use soap. How much money?"

"Two shillings."

"But we don't have shillings. We have American money."

"She all right. Twelve dollars."

"We don't have twelve dollars, Joe."

"She all right. Twenty-fi' cents."

So the deal was made, and Joe marched off with our laundry. Fifteen minutes later, just long enough to walk to the river and dunk the clothes and walk back, Joe returned—with one of his many relatives in tow. They hung the clothes on anything that happened to be convenient, and Joe reopened the negotiations without preliminaries.

"Twenty-fi' cents."

"Are the clothes clean, Joe?"

"She all right."

I looked and couldn't argue. You couldn't see the dirt any more. A gentle cover of river mud was painted evenly over all. I produced twenty-fi' cents. Joe gave it to his relative. Then both stood by expectantly. When I took no notice, Joe spoke.

"Him get twenty-fi' cents."

I acknowledged that the man who did the washing should receive the reward thereof. Joe was unhappy.

"Me Joe want twenty-fi' cents."

"But," I tried to argue, "I made a deal with Joe. Twenty-five cents for wash. I don't care who gets it."

"Him fella wash," Joe said. "Me Joe fix for him wash. Me Joe want twenty-fi' cents."

Joe the entrepreneur wanted his rake-off. And he always got it. I gave him a packet of cigarettes.

"Big fella cigarette," Joe insisted.

So he got a carton of them. And he named his brand. We never figured out what he did with them, because he never smoked them. Joe smoked a pipe as faithfully as he didn't bathe.

The ritual of paying off continued with Joe making passes at a handsome knife attached to my belt.

"Joe he want knife," he said.

I looked at the enormous machete that he constantly waved in his left hand, and also at the Army knife hanging from his belt,



"Maybe you are more practical—but you ain't picturesque!"

both possibly having been acquired legally. He didn't need any more cutlery.

Joe never did get my knife. Not my good one, anyway.

Our laundry business concluded, Joe could turn to the social amenities. He introduced me to the laundryman of the day.

"Him Joe," Joe informed me. "Him all same brother belong Joe. Him Joe wash."

"How is it," I asked naïvely, "that your brother is named Joe, too?"

"Him Joe go same mission."

Each day Joe turned up a new laundering relative—father, cousin, uncle and some who were more vaguely allied with the Anikawa family tree. They were all named Joe.

But one day I was surprised. The clothes really had been washed; some one had used soap. I saw a ten-year-old Joe standing shyly behind Joe and inquired.

"Him Bernard," Joe said. "Him Bernard belong Joe cousin. Him wash."

"Bernard?" I asked. "How come all relatives belong Joe they Joe, too, and him Bernard?" In times of stress I never could manage Joe's special grammar.

"Him Bernard," Joe explained. "Him no go same mission like Joe. Him Bernard go other mission."

I developed respect for the efficiency of the mission fathers. Each took one good, serviceable name and used it wholesale among his charges. It saved a good deal of trouble.

Joe was never troubled. To him, everything was orderly and simple. His merging of the philosophies of jungle and church produced a way of life that left us amazed and envious.

Joe was an individualist, even unto his interpretation of the teachings of the church. Joe was impeccably honest. He never stole anything—without telling me about it. For that matter, he never really stole. He took what he wanted, then reported it. Joe wore me ragged by confessing. It got so, after a while, that I began to give things to Joe before he could take them.

Joe liked *things*. He could use anything; or, if he couldn't, he had a relative who could. But Joe would never take an inferior thing. He had an innate sense of quality that will make him a fashion leader in Harlem when he gets there. (Joe decided to visit Harlem when he heard that colored folks there drive jeeps, a jeep being anything with motor and wheels. I have no doubt that Joe will get there some day.)

Joe had no quarrel with work. He just sat under a tree and looked work in the face and was superior to it. But there were some chores that fell naturally into Joe's special province.

Climbing trees for coconuts was Joe's forte; he could climb a tree as neatly as a monkey. With a lashing of palm fronds between his legs, Joe would scale a lofty

coconut palm like a helicopter taking off. But he hated to do it because it was useful work.

Then, one day, the actor in Joe proved his undoing. We were taking pictures about camp when Joe, shy for once, edged up to inquire whether we wanted any coconuts.

"Eddie he make picture?" Joe asked. I agreed. And we got some beautifully effective pictures of Joe hacking away at clusters of coconuts thirty or forty feet above us. We also got coconuts.

Thereafter we had only to train our cameras on Joe to get fresh coconut milk. He liked my motion-picture camera especially. It was big. Once I even used film.

We had many heart-to-heart talks, Joe and I—rugged, manly talks about manly subjects. We talked about women. Joe taught me certain words of his native language that I would find useful should I ever encounter any girls of his tribe. I told him what I could remember about American women. We agreed that women presented the same problems whether they were members of his tribe or of mine. We also agreed that they were necessary.

"She all right," Joe said. But he didn't sound sure of himself.

Joe wasn't married and had no intention of marrying. He knew exactly why.

"Me Joe no got Mary," he said.

"Mary" in Joe's vocabulary meant "woman"—no special woman named Mary, but any woman. "Me Joe no want Mary," he continued. "Joe he get Mary, then Joe he in house each night."

But I found that Joe's distaste for the marital state did not entirely cloud his outlook on feminine company.

"Eddie he want Mary?" Joe asked me one day. He meant it, too. I could see that tact was needed. Eddie definitely would not have minded a date with Mary, but she must be of a lighter shade than even resourceful Joe could find in the jungle. I pondered the situation.

"Eddie he want Mary," I re-

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"When we're mustered out, dear, let's take a cruise with our bonus money"

Sports Writer's Nightmare

Among the exotic guests who made hockey tournaments exciting to women of Prague were the Americans and a Romanian prince

by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

• ARTICLE •

IN the Winter of 1934 the citizens of Prague were far more excited about the ice hockey world's championship tournament at the Zimni (Winter) Stadium than about anything else on earth, not excluding certain sinister goings on across the border in Germany. The Czech people were great sports fans. Every weekend during the soccer season, from spring until late in the fall, the town was violently split into two camps praying for the victory of Sparta or Slavia, which were the two leading clubs. Coolheaded bankers were in hysterics; professors of philosophy showed the symptoms of approaching delirium such as is recorded in the United States during the World Series. The winter season belonged to the ice hockey fans, the Prague L.T.C. being one of the continent's leading ice hockey teams. Foreign teams were always reluctant to play at the Winter Stadium where they had to fight the L.T.C., the umpire and, above all, a most rabid audience.

The Winter Stadium was located on a small island in the middle of the Vltava River. It had a capacity of 20,000 people and was rather small compared to American standards. There was always a flourishing black ticket market. The only fortunate people getting free tickets in the special press box were the sports writers, which was a good reason for everybody wanting to be a sports writer. It wasn't hard. All one needed was an accrediting letter from a newspaper. Among the self-appointed experts were the owner of an exterminating company, a film executive reportedly unable to write anything but his own name and a luscious blonde girl usually seen around the Café Sterba, a good place for gentlemen in search of amusing company.

In these days I worked as freelancer for a good many continental publications. An ardent ice hockey fan, I got myself a job as sports writer with the *Morgenzeitung*, the largest newspaper in my home town of Moravská-Ostrava, Moravia. I didn't know much about ice hockey but the publisher was a friend of mine, which was more important than being a real expert. At the Winter Stadium I was given a badge which entitled me to a permanent seat in the press stand.

About twenty nations parti-

cipated in the tournament, among them what Prague papers referred to as "the national teams of Canada and the United States." This was a slight overstatement since few of the "champions" had ever played in the American National Hockey League. Even so the Americans and Canadians were superior to the best European teams and easily defeated the Czechoslovaks, Austrians and Swedes. The finale was strictly a North American affair, Canada defeating America two games to one. The guests from North America were husky, strong fellows with such exotic names as Williams, Jones, McDonald. They chewed gum, spoke an unintelligible language and wore heavy woollen scarfs around the neck. I remember a particularly stalwart specimen by the name of

Jim who behaved like Clark Gable in *It Happened One Night* and was an instantaneous hit with the girls of Prague.

My assignment was to telephone every night one thousand words on the four games played during the day. I went to the Winter Stadium at two p.m., before the first game started, and stayed until a quarter past ten when the last game was in its second third. I couldn't remain until the end of the game, since I had an eleven p.m. deadline. I took a cab and rode to the *Prager Tagblatt* building in the *Panská Ulice*—the *Morgenzeitung* was a sister enterprise of the *Tagblatt*—where I had a room with typewriter and telephone. Between half past ten and eleven p.m. I had a pretty nerve-racking time, due to the always unusual

goings on in the *Tagblatt's* editorial department.

The *Prager Tagblatt*, Czechoslovakia's important, liberal German-language paper, deceased since the German occupation but yet unforgotten by its readers, wasn't a newspaper. It was an institution, that special blend of tradition, culture and wits which many Americans associate with many good things in yesterday's Europe. Its readers swore by it; its contributors lived for it; some of its editors actually died for it. The staff was a colorful mixture of gifted amateurs and competent professionals, many of them with a delightful touch of lunacy. There was a white-bearded, deaf patriarch who had been inherited from the Hapsburg era. The chief editorial writer drove everybody nuts by writing headlines in classical Greek. The copy boys were venerable men, averaging sixty years of age. The managing editor, a man of great, genuine charm, successfully repudiated every principle of contemporary medicine. He never went to bed before dawn, liked heavy food and hard liquor, smoked a lot, took very hot baths, shunned sun and fresh air. Consequently he never suffered from the slightest illness. Every night between six thirty and eight thirty the editorial rooms were a madhouse, but by nine forty-five the morning paper was off the presses, well written, perfectly edited, competently laid out.

My room was next to the main entrance of the editorial department. It was used by some members of the staff to carry on their tender activities. There were always some pretty, sophisticated girls around. The typewriters were covered with paper plates containing the remains of half-eaten dinners, mustard and the ends of *párky* (wieners). Half-full beer glasses were in everybody's way. A radio was playing dance music full blast; in a corner two editors played a chess game. The telephone was occupied by a girl stenographer carrying on a loud, passionate, highly-private conversation, and the venerable copy boys madly rushed in and out. While I wrote down my stuff in great haste, I wondered how the night game might have ended. The *Tagblatt* had a man out at the stadium who was supposed to call me at the end of the game and give me the details. Unfortu-



"I'm crying because she was my maid"

nately, that man often forgot all about his business and wandered off with a girl. I had to make frantic phone calls to other Prague papers before I got my information. And as if all that were not bad enough, every night, visitors would appear at the worst possible moment. One I'll never forget was the general. He appeared usually after eleven, told stale jokes, passed marzipan candy around and kept me from work.

The general was from Bucharest, where they seem to have more generals than streetcar conductors. One of the Romanian ice hockey players was a prince of royal blood and the general's unofficial job was to protect His Royal Highness from being shanghaied by certain sections of the Prague womanhood. This wasn't always easy and demanded a man who had lived through several Balkan revolutions and had come out unharmed and a general. The prince, in addition to being a prince and having money, was a very good-looking man, tall, dark, handsome, but not very discriminating in his tastes. Back home in Bucharest he was permanently being sued by chorus girls and night club singers for breach of various promises. In Prague he at once became a favorite with a number of stunning redheads, brunettes and blondes who made the Venceslas Square cafés and certain night clubs the center of their operations. The girls called the general The Shadow and tried their best to get rid of him but the general was tackier than a pot of glue. He said he didn't want to lose his pension; and he didn't leave the prince alone for a single minute.

The general was a thickset, broad-shouldered man with two inches of neck, bushy eyebrows and the face of a tired dachshund. His silver-grey hair was carefully brushed down over the temples. He had manicured fingers and radiated a mimosa perfume which he received in big bottles from a Paris director of the Schneider-Creusot armament works. His uniforms were slightly on the fantastic side and his French pronunciation was atrocious. He combined pleasure and business and, as a sideline at Prague, made armament purchases for the Romanian War Ministry. It was an open secret that the management of one of the country's heavy industries paid his hotel bill.

During the games the general sat down by the rink on the players' bench. He didn't know a thing about ice hockey and his approach to the game was purely emotional. When the Romanians were about to lose, the general called his men names which, it was admitted by people who understood Romanian, even the tough noncoms of the Romanian army would be reluctant to use. When the Romanians scored, the general embraced the players and offered them marzipan candy out of a big box.

Frequently the general appeared

in the press box wearing a newspaperman's badge. He explained that he had been assigned by a Bucharest newspaper to write special stories about what he called his "impressions." It was bitterly cold in the open-air stand. There was no heating system whatsoever. The general attained a certain popularity among the members of the press by circulating a bottle of fine Romanian slivovitz. He told us that he had brought two cases of slivovitz all the way from Bucharest and that they were a gift from a Krupp director there.

When the Romanian team won, the general invited everybody in the press stand to *une petite fête*.

He lived in a large hotel near Venceslas Square where he occupied a luxurious three-room suite on the first floor, next to the suite of his prince. The other Romanian players lived on the same floor, and so did the members of the American team. In the middle of the general's drawing room the waiters set up a big table loaded with delicacies from Prague's famous food shops—lobster canapés, salads, pâtés, cold roast beef, warm ham, breast of guinea hen, *párky*, *taliány* and other wurst, cheese, tarts, candies. There was a bar with batteries of beer, brandy, whiskey, champagne, slivovitz. The company was just as mixed as the food. The entire Romanian

team was present, the ever-thirsty American players, the prince and his female escort, every evening a different one. There were bank presidents, theatre people, professional party crashers, diplomats, hungry newspapermen, industry magnates suffering from gall bladder trouble who couldn't eat anything and the shapely "east" section of the Café Sterba.

The general lay on his bed in the rear room and ate marzipan candy. There was hardly a spot in the entire suite where he didn't keep some candy. The general told me that he was a light sleeper who often woke up at night. He would put on the light, take a handful of candy, eat it and fall

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"... of course, if Germany and Japan should fold up, Hitler and his entire staff commit suicide, and the Japanese navy should sink—"

The Slate and the Sorrow

Everybody in town except Dr. Eldridge knew the incredible stories that were being told about him since the tragedy

by WILLIAM MARCH

• FICTION •

GRADY had a rash on his scalp that spring, and his mother stood at the dividing fence discussing his condition with her neighbor, Mrs. Webster. She wondered unhappily if it were worthwhile to continue sending the boy to Dr. Cromwell, the doctor who handled the company business under contract, since his condition, as anybody could see for himself, was not improved.

Mrs. Webster was of the opinion that Dr. Cromwell was capable enough at simple problems in medicine, such as cutting off a leg or probing for a bullet, but that he was entirely inadequate before the more complex ailments of man. He was particularly bad when it came to rashes and eruptions, she said positively, and that was a thing which she had always told others with the completest candor.

The screen door of the Webster cottage creaked on its hinges and slammed shut with a bang and

Mrs. Webster, twisting her neck sidewise, watched her daughter Mamie lumber to the end of the back porch and empty a pan of dishwater in the weeds. Mamie Webster was a strong, clumsy girl of sixteen, and her mother regarded her now with heavy and habitual disapproval.

"Fix your stockings!" she said fretfully. "And brush that loose hair out of your eyes! How do you expect to catch a fellow for yourself when you go around looking like a tinker's slut?"

The theme of her daughter's unattractiveness was one which Mrs. Webster never quite exhausted. Mamie, as usual, pretended that she did not hear. She yawned placidly and came to the fence, the wet dishpan dripping grease and water against her legs. She stood leaning against the pickets and looked into space, saying nothing.

Mrs. Webster went on with her interrupted conversation. "No, sir," she continued heatedly. "I wouldn't even send a fice dog I thought anything of to Dr. Cromwell for tetter, ringworm or rashes of any sort." Suddenly she moved closer to Grady and examined his scalp thoroughly. "If this boy was *mine*," she said at length, half-closing her eyes and holding him away from her as if he were a collector's item, "I'd send him right off to Dr. Eldridge, dead wife or no dead wife, slate or no slate. Personally, I never saw

anything so crazy about the doctor. It looks to me like he was only grieving more than ordinary."

Grady pulled away from Mrs. Webster and glanced up at his mother, waiting for her to veto the idea; but she only raised her left hand and held it flat against her cheek. "I don't know," she said doubtfully. "I don't know what's the best thing to do."

Everybody in town knew the stories that were being told about Dr. Eldridge, except, perhaps, the doctor himself. He had married in his late forties, and his devotion to his wife, who had been a school teacher when he met her, had caused the town much amusement during the three years they lived together. Then, unexpectedly, tragedy had struck, and Mrs. Eldridge drowned while bathing with friends at Crown Point. The situation was commonplace enough, and the doctor's grief at the death of his greatly loved wife was understandable. That was all natural and to be expected, as everyone agreed; it was his behavior afterwards which gave rise to the whispered stories about him.

At first he had refused to believe that she was dead and he had worked over her without rest for a long time, trying to bring breath into her body once more. At the end of the third day he collapsed and they put him to bed, his exhausted hands lying quietly on the counterpane at last. "Do what you please with her body," he said, "but I will have no part in it." Then, turning slowly on his side, he wept.

They buried her that afternoon while he was still asleep. Afterwards he refused to discuss her death with his friends, and when the Reverend Hamber called to pray with him, to counsel him to bow in humility before the stern will of God, Dr. Eldridge said: "I find you a little presumptuous, I'm afraid . . . How dare you offer me sympathy? How can you possibly know what I have lost? . . ."

These things were in the mind of Grady's mother as she stood that day listening to Mrs. Webster's advice. "I don't know," she repeated. "Anyway, I don't think Grady would go, even if I told him to."

Mamie Webster spoke for the first time. "If Grady won't go of his own free will and accord," she said, "I'll take him for you, Mrs. Dorney. I'm not scared of

the doctor's wife or of his slate, either." She glanced down at the eight-year-old boy with quiet ferocity, nodding her head a couple of times. "I'll see that he gets there, all right," she said. "Don't worry about that."

"Maybe that's really the best thing to do," said Mrs. Dorney after a moment. "Nobody ever denied that Dr. Eldridge was a good *doctor*, even if he does hold traffic with spirits." Then, as if she had reached the end of her endurance, she gave her son an impatient shove and said, "Go see him! Go with Mamie right this minute! I'm tired of looking at that bothersome head!"

Mamie went toward her own house, saying over her shoulder: "Wait a minute till I change my clothes. I won't be gone no time at all." When she returned, she had on her Sunday dress and her new shoes. She had combed out the front section of her hair, but the back of her head remained as tangled and untidy as it had been originally. Her face was excessively powdered and she had sprinkled herself with cologne. She approached the dividing fence slowly, a little self-conscious in all her finery.

Mrs. Dorney said, "There, Mamie! Take his hand so he can't run away!"

"Come on!" said Mamie. "Come on, cry baby!"

"I'm not scared to go there," said Grady. "I'm not even thinking about that slate. I'm not thinking about ghosts, either."

"You're not scared," said Mamie. "Oh, no! I can see that!" She closed the gate behind them and gave him a jerk forward.

Later, on the road to the doctor's office, Grady abandoned his pose of contemptuous bravery. He spoke breathlessly now, half-running to keep abreast of Mamie Webster. "Is it really true that he keeps a slate under his pillow?" he asked. "Is it Mamie? Is it?"

"I wouldn't be surprised," said Mamie in an affected voice. "I wouldn't put anything silly past a man."

"Does his wife really come back from her grave and write messages on the slate like everybody says?" Grady insisted.

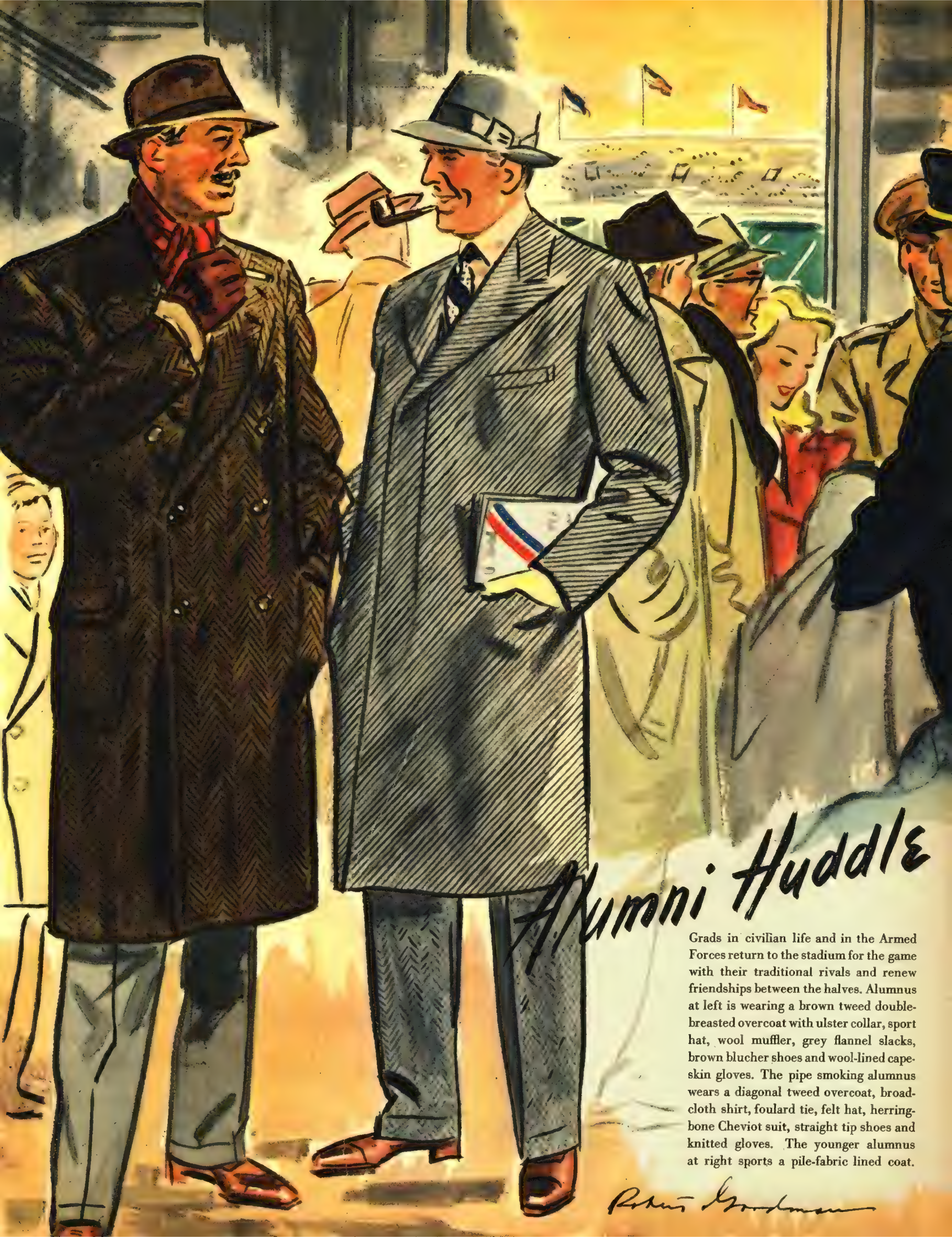
"Maybe she does," said Mamie. "Maybe she don't. How do I know?"

"People say that he looks at the slate every night and every morn-



"Like to use my binoculars?"

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Alumni Huddle

Grads in civilian life and in the Armed Forces return to the stadium for the game with their traditional rivals and renew friendships between the halves. Alumnus at left is wearing a brown tweed double-breasted overcoat with ulster collar, sport hat, wool muffler, grey flannel slacks, brown blucher shoes and wool-lined cape-skin gloves. The pipe smoking alumnus wears a diagonal tweed overcoat, broadcloth shirt, foulard tie, felt hat, herring-bone Cheviot suit, straight tip shoes and knitted gloves. The younger alumnus at right sports a pile-fabric lined coat.

Robert Goodman



*"The fellow who kissed me was wearing a white hat, white suit,
black tie and black shoes"*



"It's my hope chest"



"I could have had him—if I hadn't been so damn young!"



"... my past flashed before me ... my days at prep school : ... my first prom"

Most Wondrous of All Is Man

by **IRVING ROIR**



"Are you always so restless?"



"Excuse me, Madam—one chin or two?"



"She caught him on the rebound after he paid his income tax!"



"My laundress didn't show up today!"



"Say 'When'!"



"Would you mind removing your hat, please?"



"Is my case unusual, Doc?"

Frank
BEAVEN



"Sorry, old fellow—I'll get off your feet
just as soon as I can"

BOEING B-29's SOFTEN UP JAPAN FOR INVASION

WHEN our B-29 Superfortresses made their first historic raid on Japan last June, a Jap Domei agency dispatch called the mass attack a "mere propaganda stunt," and confused citizens were commanded not to be "spiritually depressed." But no oratory could laugh off the material damage our giant four-engined night bombers did to the Imperial Iron and Steel Works—Japan's largest steel mills at Yawata, on Kyushu Island. Operating from our then recently completed Chinese bases, our flyers reported that the bombing was accurate and that large fires and explosions were observed. Only one of the bombers, which are half again as large as our Flying Fortresses, was lost through antiaircraft action over the target. Two others failed to return because of accidents and a fourth was simply reported as "missing." Considering the long flights over enemy territory, the low level bomb runs and the fact that the Japs had known B-29's were preparing to strike their mainland, our losses were considered low. Few planes returned with flak scars and no casualties were reported among the returning crews. They still carried enough gasoline to go hundreds of miles farther. After the first raid on Japan, the Twentieth Air Force stated that because of home production problems and the terrific problem of getting sup-

plies into China, attacks would be sporadic for a time. The Boeing heavyweight bombers carried out their second strategic mission against Japan on July 7, hitting three important enemy targets on the island of Kyushu and also attacking two points in occupied China: Laoyao, a coal and shipping port and Hankow, a principal supply base for Jap operations in Eastern China. In Japan proper the heaviest load of bombs was dropped at Sasebo, the enemy's third largest naval base; Japan's steel center, Yawata, was again attacked on this mission as well as Omura, another war industry center. The Superfortresses met weak fighter opposition and anti-aircraft fire, and all of them returned to their bases in China. Rear bases were constructed for the B-29's in India by thousands of Americans and tens of thousands of Indians, working sixteen and eighteen hours a day. In China, where the forward bases were built, problems were greater because every bit of manufactured equipment needed for the installations and every gallon of oil and gasoline burned by the Superfortresses had to be flown in by plane "over the Hump" from India. The Superfortress itself proved the best cargo carrier for this purpose; it could not only carry a big pay load but could and did defend itself against Japanese fighters.



Seidenfrost



The Metropolitan Opening Night

The opening night at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, retains its place as a cultural and social event. Scene between the acts: man at left wears single-breasted dinner jacket of midnight blue, plain bosom shirt, pearl studs, wing collar, midnight blue tie, patent leather shoes.

The Vagaries of Jimmy Savo

**He has perfected the art of the mime
and his finely distilled comedy ranges
from delicate satire to broad burlesque**

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

LIKE the other magnificent Jimmy, Savo reminds you of the great Italian clowns, the Harlequins and Pantaloons; like Durante, Savo is always sweet, as fresh water is sweet, but while Durante's masque is mad and hilarious, Savo seems melancholy. It might be a good idea for them to appear together sometime.

Savo's career runs back so far that most people have to be reminded of the team of Savo and Allen (or vice versa, the Allen being Fred). I thought it was a funny act, but I'm told it wasn't considered so by either of the principals. I know Savo spoke in the act because, by straining a little, I heard him say that he'd rather be Shakespeare than Chaplin, and the reason he whispered to Allen was that Shakespeare was dead. Some time thereafter, Savo seems to have fallen silent; he was hailed by Chaplin as the greatest of living pantomimists, and almost inevitably didn't get to make any pictures while the movies were using pantomime; one of the movies he appeared in, with Balieff and some other people, was a sad fiasco. Today Savo has a new run of fame; in a smallish, but successful night club he sings *River, Stay Way from My Door* as the final number of his act, and people who have known it all along are again pleased to discover that he has one of the greatest talents of our time. Just why it cannot take on a more universal appeal, I can't say. I think it's only something about the medium of the movies that he hasn't solved—or that the movies haven't solved for him.

Savo is a mime and a comedian; and I don't think that his astounding contribution to his art has yet been identified. Pantomime has to be simple, because there are only a few Delsartean gestures with universal meaning; the mime can't have a secret significance for wringing his hands or smacking his lips. Every little movement has a meaning of its own but it has to be generally accepted.

Savo knows all this; and he has gone on to create a new area of gesture. I give you first an example: he is singing *As Time Goes By* and when he comes to the words which are the title and the refrain, he brings his wrist watch up near his face, walks it across in four little steps to the music, while he turns his head to follow

the movement, as if he were watching a troop of men going by. He has, in a word, pantomimed a pun. At other times he gives the literal meaning of a word, totally inappropriate to the sense. For "you must remember this," he shakes an almost threatening finger, like a schoolmistress. When thrills occur on his spine, he chooses to shiver. When a dream comes and stands beside him, he shrinks from it in an agony of fear. When the flame of love is to be extinguished he covers it with dirt, like a dog, but with the delicacy of a cat.

To say Savo pantomimes will strike the purist as nonsense. Since the man sings he isn't a mime. But the fact is that Savo sings one thing and, as I've said, mimes another, with puns, transliterations and charades.

Another brilliant idea is taking sentimental songs for his material. Savo's recent repertory consisted of *Mandalay*, *As Time Goes By*, *I'll Get By*, *That Old Black Magic* and *River, Stay Way from My Door*. The popular songs he burlesques with the sweetness that is his own—without mercy, but without hatred. And the *River* song is a pure ecstasy of movement and sound. Savo is short; his face is round and pale and he makes it up with a big tragic-mask mouth; his eyes are big and rolling; he has a shirt on, but it disappears into a vast coat and vaster trousers; his whole head often disappears within his collar. His general appearance is, then, that of the grotesque clown of history; but when he begins to circle, a little like Bobby Clark, and to dance, and when he lies down under the piano and clicks his heels in a pure excess of feeling, he is like no one else on earth.

He can do lively tricks with his voice. He will sing twenty bars of a song off-mike and suddenly drop one word right into it, so that his voice booms all over the place. Then he runs away from it and begins shooing the river away with hands and feet—and needs no mike. Once I saw him do his stuff at a benefit, with a few thousand people, in a large place, and while he had to use the mike more, he put himself over beautifully, with every fine gradation of humor perfectly apprehended even at a distance.

An act he now omits was once my favorite. He would get a piece of music, take it to one corner of

the stage, show it to the drummer and then run headlong to the other side, showing it to all the men in the pit—and having done this, would wait for them to play it, as if they had had plenty of time to learn it while he scuttered by. Sometimes he would tear most of the music to bits, saving only a piece as big as a thumbnail, and show that to a player; he still is frightened by the sounds of the orchestra, and makes a lot of play with the men.

Seeing Jimmy Savo is a long laugh punctuated by gasps of wonder at the extraordinary delicacy of the means he uses for the broadest humor. He seems to operate on two levels: the voice and the miming, the song itself and the illustrated pun, the tragic face making comedy of the sentimental song, the light-fingered touch and the loud hearty laugh that follows. He's a great man; and I think I appreciate him more because so many comedians have taken a tack which is becoming woefully tiresome.

The thing began well enough. Jack Benny's miserliness appeared on Benny's program, it was part of his humor; the running gag about his quarrel with Allen and the names they called one another were legitimate. But something has grown out of it. Listen to radio, look at comic drawings, observe the movies, and you will find that most of the comedy comes from nasty remarks. Guests

are introduced on programs and they and their m.c.'s insult one another; usually on the ground of personal appearance and clothes. The reciprocal razzing of two people has to be lively, truly witty and good-humored to constitute comedy; not just brittle snapping of wisecracks—like dogs snapping at the wind. In the movies, the thing cannot be so constant, because there is a plot to carry on; but the germ is present.

These sour wisecracks are just a mechanical outpouring of lemon drops; they aren't new confectations. And the old humors of a man like Savo are new every day.

He is a great artist, using the simplest means; and although I have long ago realized that giving advice to movie-makers is a sure way to guarantee oblivion to myself, I still think someone ought to bring Savo into the pictures. And for once try to find out what he has to give, without telling him what they want. #



"Gee, just think, in the post-war world when the phone rings it'll be a man wanting a date"

The Rhythm Section



Diagnosing the malady of music in the Whiteman manner and presenting several ear-witness accounts of immortal jazz

by **PAUL EDUARD MILLER & LEONARD FEATHER**

• JAZZ •

PAUL WHITEMAN once wrote that he was trying to "make an honest woman of jazz." Paradoxically enough, in those days honesty was one of the principal virtues of jazz and Whiteman's attempts at reforming her are evidence that the old King of Jazz really did not understand her in the first place. Not only was she honest, but she had guts and a living spirit which Mr. W. proceeded with diligence to repress and frustrate. Having thus exhorted the lady's soul, he further proceeded to make up for the omission by supplying her a grand manner achieved with refinement and fiddles.

These grandiose efforts of Whiteman, together with those of others like Vincent Lopez and Ferde Grofe, found ready acceptance by classical critics who were somewhat bothered by jazz *per se* anyway, and it was not long before there was a wholesale bowing and scraping in the direction of "symphonic jazz." Even so astute a student of the American scene as Henry L. Mencken wondered wistfully back in the Coolidge

Age of Gold why the Negroes waited for "Paul Whiteman to make jazz a serious matter."

The critics responded warmly to the idea that jazz was a matter of new technique or, to use Whiteman's words, "saying the old things with a new twist." The twist consisted largely of tonality tricks and instrument augmentation until, if left to his own devices, it is conceivable that Mr. W. might have had every musician in the country playing in one gigantic symphonic jazz orchestra for the sake of a new thrill.

This type of thinking made many converts. In 1929 Paul Fritz Laubenstein carefully explained to the readers of the *Musical Quarterly*: "It will be seen that the credit entries of jazz lie chiefly in its means and technique of expression, i.e., in externals rather than in its underlying spirit, motivation, quality of ideas, or its substance. They can be little else, since, if we may believe Mr. Whiteman and other authorities, jazz with a few important exceptions is as yet not the thing said, but the manner of saying it, an affair of instrumen-

tation." Only last year Winthrop Sargeant, hitching his wagon to a psychological star, gave assurance in the pages of the *American Mercury* that "As a musical language jazz is graphic and colorful, but, in poetic resources, it is about as rich as pidgin English. A great deal of it makes its appeal exclusively to the motor impulses without affecting the emotions at all." And there are others. Gilbert Seldes, thinking in terms of rhythms, writes, "never have I felt them go anywhere, progress and develop and go!" Jazz "is so busy sending that it doesn't get anywhere itself."

Jazz, according to these proponents of serious criticism, is an adventure in technique, without substance, possessing no quality of lyricism, abounding in rhythms which go nowhere.

I distrust Mr. Whiteman because he had jazz in the head instead of in the heart, because his campaign of reformation was a basic error. Whiteman could have done jazz a real service had he fully understood it. Instead, he choose to become a messiah for a whole new cult of tonal technicians. It was Whiteman's music, and not jazz, that had little to say, and we can still grow melancholy every Sunday afternoon listening to the Whiteman and Kostelanetz schools of saying the old things with a new twist. By now, of course, there are scarcely any new twists left, and symphonic jazz has blazoned its way into staleness and dreariness. At last even the polish dulls.

I distrust Mr. Laubenstein also, because he believes that Whiteman was right in saying that what really mattered was technique. Like that of Whiteman himself, Laubenstein's thinking was hell bent for surrealism.

Winthrop Sargeant too seems to have jazz in the head, or at least in the motor impulses. He sees in jazz a source of "sexual excitement, exhilaration, sorrow (in the Blues) and a sort of hypnotic intoxication."

That is, most jazz—for this is a qualification made by the more wary of critics. It is always "most jazz" or "a great deal of it" or "all of it with a few important exceptions." The significance lies in the fact that this ambiguity of respect and sneering, while invariably present, is never explained, nor are specific examples cited. Mr. Sargeant, of course,

does admit that there is something vital in the Blues, that jazz is capable of expressing the emotion of sorrow, but little else. Having thus pronounced sentence on the scope of jazz, he fails to name even one composition which fails to encompass these other emotions, fearful, no doubt, that the naming of names might open his arguments to attack from other writers.

The theory that jazz is a method of expressing and nothing more brings to mind the words of a sincere young jazz musician and composer who once told me: "I used to be impressed by technique and the terrible straining for effects that went with it. You could keep polishing your technique forever, like building a house, two bricks high, all over the world. But you keep reaching out for new territory, never satisfied, until finally you have exhausted yourself. What really counts is that you must *feel* something and live it out. Then you are ready to write and play."

And the greatest jazzmen have lived it out. The feeling, the emotional quality is there. Technical brilliance is present in large amount, but emotion is there, too—the whole gamut of emotions. For grandeur try *Sugar Foot Stomp* (the King Oliver Vocalion recording); for inspired romanticism, *Drop That Sack* (Armstrong on Vocalion); for exaltation, *Dogtown Blues* (Bob Crosby on Decca); for humor, *Stompy Jones* (Ellington on Victor); for gaiety, *Seein' Red* (Edmond Hall on Blue Note); for tragedy, *Ko Ko* (Ellington on Victor); for sheer lyricism, *Dear Old Southland* (Sidney Bechet on Blue Note).

Those who are mere technicians find their severest critics in the ranks of jazz itself. Virtuosity for its own sake is not tolerated long and every seasoned player knows this. The great ones are more than virtuosos, although they are certainly that besides. But unless their music comes alive with feeling they are set down as mechanics. The real men of jazz have no sympathy for mere mechanics and reject it for the same reason they rejected Whiteman's symphonic jazz and went right on playing the thing they felt. Maybe, as Mr. Seldes says, jazz does not always get somewhere, but there are some things, like inequality and prejudice, for which resolution is impossible.—P. E. M.

ON THE EDGE OF THE CLEF

MAKE an unhesitating recommendation: listen to Jimmy Hilliard and his orchestra on the program which emanates from WBBM, Chicago (CBS, Tuesdays, 11:30 p.m., CWT). Not only is his group one of the best full-sized jazz orchestras in the country today, but what is all the more remarkable, it is a staff band of studio musicians *par excellence*—musicians who can and do play good jazz. The striking, full-bodied arrangements are by Hilliard himself, and both the section and solo instrumentalists maintain a high level of performance with gusto and feeling.

To be sure, this is big-band jazz, but as I have publicly stated many times before, I do not subscribe to the notion held by the so-called purists that all big-band jazz is anathema, or more correctly, not jazz at all; nor to the opinion voiced by the so-called modernists that small-band jazz styles represent a regression to the less artistic past of jazz. I find great heights of the true jazz spirit expressed in both groups, and when I find it that way I do not hesitate to express myself without regard to schools and controversies that happen to be raging at the moment.

It is significant, however, that jazz is no stranger to Jimmy Hilliard—I mean the kind the purists

call jazz. He has a keen ear for it, developed not only by playing it himself, but by engaging in and listening to jam sessions during the '20's when they were strictly private—for and by musicians. It is further significant that he has scored excellent arrangements for some of the nation's top jazz bands: indicating that his schooling and knowledge have been diverse.

Five great soloists spark the band: they are easily the equal of the name sidemen acclaimed by jazz fans, and I believe that if they played jazz night after night in a dance band, they would be recognized as great; they would become known and talked about, and would acquire that extra intensity of feeling for jazz which is so essential to greatness in jazz. I commend to your special attention, then, the work of clarinetist Maurie Bercov, trombonist Ford Canfield, tenorman Dean Schaeffer, pianist Sid Nierman and trumpeter Rocky Casello.

Half the Hilliard program, unfortunately, is gummed up with inconsequential if pretty vocalisms by other "featured" singers. If I had my way I'd give the full half hour to Jimmy and his men, tell them: this is for jazz—let's go! I wonder if WBBM's program director and executives will take the hint? —PAUL EDUARD MILLER.

Jazz Symposium

What was the biggest kick you ever got out of jazz?

This month I cheerfully give way to my scholarly confrère, Robert Goffin, who gathered together the answers to this month's question from four musicians, one singer and one café proprietor.—L. F.

Benny Carter, alto saxman, trumpeter, bandleader and arranger:

I think my best memory is of the late Jimmy Harrison, right here in New York. I remember the first night I met him, around 1922 at Small's Paradise in Harlem. Jimmy seemed to play that trombone just as naturally as he breathed. And another thing—people never talked about it much, but what a singer he was! He had the emotion of Louis Armstrong, but a softer, more intimate style.

A few months later I had become a great jazz enthusiast, thanks to Jimmy, and we were soon good friends. Through him I got into June Clark's band at Small's in 1924. That was really a band. I remember how we used to tear into *Limehouse Blues*.

The next time Jimmy and I worked together was in Fletcher Henderson's band. After work we'd usually hang out at a honky-tonk on Seventh Avenue at 131st, Big John's. John Reda was the colored musicians' idol then, and Horace Henderson later dedicated a hit tune to him, *Big John's Special*. One night a few of us decided to get a small band together to make some records. We called our little group, who were mostly out of Fletcher's band, The Chocolate Dandies. We made several sessions. One day I arrived late at the studio, and while I was taking off my coat I heard the men running over a tune. I didn't know. Coleman Hawkins sounded great on it, and then I heard Jimmy Harrison singing it the way only he could sing. It turned out to be a tune of Jimmy's which he had composed and arranged the night before, called *Got Another Sweetie Now*.

Well, I decided we ought to record that tune right away, and the afternoon we made that record was an occasion I'll never forget.

Barney Josephson, proprietor, Café Society Uptown and Downtown:

There are two great events I can remember. One of them happened not long ago, early one morning, when the customers were slowly filing out and the club was almost ready to close. Teddy Wilson's band suddenly started to play some Dixieland music. I don't know what gave them the idea or who talked them into doing it, but it was something to hear. They played stuff like *Clarinet Marmalade*, *High Society* and *Panama*, with a freshness and originality that you wouldn't have believed possible. I can still see Sidney Cat-

lett hitting those rim shots on the drums.

Maybe that's too much of a personal souvenir since it happened at my own club. I'll tell you about the other one, which was way back in the twenties when I went to the old Cotton Club on Lennox Avenue to dance. Duke Ellington was on the stand and I stood there, sandwiched between the dancers and out of my mind with excitement, when the band played that frantic arrangement of *Tiger Rag*. You don't often get thrills like that.

Pearl Bailey, vocalist formerly with Cootie Williams' orchestra:

My favorite memory is the night when Cootie's band played opposite Duke Ellington's last year at the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem. It was like David and Goliath; Cootie was face to face with his old boss, leading a band of his own. He took up that trumpet and played the most beautiful things you could imagine. Duke seemed to get a big kick out of it, like a mother bird seeing its child spread its wings and fly. It was a great battle of bands. When my turn came to sing I felt as if it were judgment day before the heavenly judges of jazz. Maybe I was too knocked out with excitement to give the performance I wanted to give. All I can remember was that the public was too excited to dance that night. Everybody just stood crowded around the bandstand and listened as if they were in church!

Edmond Hall, clarinetist and bandleader:

It was in 1920, or maybe 1919. I had been playing clarinet a short while and working with different bands around New Orleans. One Saturday when I wasn't working they had a big dance at Economy Hall. They'd been talking about it for weeks from Perdido to Basin Street. I arrived around nightfall and stood in line. During the hour I spent slowly filing toward the entrance I was consoled by hearing some great music filtering out from the hall.

When I got inside it was a revelation. Buddy Petit was leading the band from up on a platform. His favorite number was the *Tin Roof Blues*, which I believe he originated. Then I heard tunes like *Climax Rag* and *That's a Plenty*. The band played them just perfectly. They had a banjoist named Buddy Manaday, Eddie Woods on drums, George Washington on trombone, Chester on bass and of course Buddy himself on trumpet. I can't remember the clarinetist's name; he was fine, but a few days later he left the band, and the following Saturday I was sitting right up there on the bandstand, in his place, trying to keep up with

JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

ON RADIO: Gene Krupa's broadcasts with his new band will have to make a very different impression from that created by his New York debut at the Capitol Theatre. Such personalities as Roy Eldridge and Anita O'Day, who sparked the old Krupa group that broke up early in 1943, are missing, and instead Gene has made every possible commercial concession, from a vocal quartet to a battery of nine strings, neither of which contributes anything of the slightest musical significance. For further bad measure, Gene even employs another drummer (an inferior one at that) to take over from him on half the numbers. Maybe I'm dumb, but it seems to me that Krupa waving his hands in front of a band is the same as anyone else waving any other pair of hands, whereas Krupa at the drums is an asset.

There is talent in the band, notably trombonist Tommy Pederson and a fine tenor saxman, Charlie Venturo, but most of the time they're lost in the scuffle. Something must be done quickly about the choice of tempos and tunes, the plethora of vocals, the strings that don't swing, the drummer who doesn't drum. Meanwhile Gene is doubtless making oodles of loot with this band, and I'll concede that it couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

ON RECORDS: Ill-wind Petrillo has blown a little good lately. The

Victor company, short of new material after two years of non-recording, has reinstated in the Victor and Bluebird catalogues 118 popular records, many of them jazz specials. There is enough stuff of all ages and styles to keep you broke but happy for several months. Tell your dealer he need no longer shake his head sadly when you ask for such gems as these: Ellington's *Jack the Bear*, *Bojangles*, *Saratoga Swing*; Armstrong's *Snowball*, *High Society*; Barnet's *Tin Roof Blues*, *Duke's Idea*; Hawkins' *Blue Heaven*; the 14 sides by Spanier's Ragtime Band; Benny Carter's *All of Me*; and countless Goodmans, Hampsons and Shaws.

Capitol's New American Jazz Album will introduce you to three men who've too seldom been recognized as the great soloists they are: Dave Matthews, Shorty Cheroch, Billy May. Mixed up with them—incongruously at times—are such veterans as Pete Johnson, Jack Teagarden, Zutty Singleton, Barney Bigard and the late Jimmie Noone.

Also recommended: Lionel Hampton, abetted by his rotund pianist-arranger Milt Buckner, in Hamp's *Boogie Woogie* on Decca; and two Savoy records, Johnnie Guarneri's beautiful *Salute to Fats* and *These Foolish Things*, and Hot Lips Page's crusty Blues shouting on *Uncle Sam Blues*.

—LEONARD FEATHER

those fast New Orleans pioneers.

Count Basie, pianist and bandleader:

My biggest kick was my first one, the one that changed my whole life. I was born in New Jersey, and in 1921 or '22 I was playing piano in a show that was on the road. We hit Kansas City and I was very sick and had to go to a hospital. When I got out, the show had left town and I was alone and broke. I wandered around the town and came to Paseo Boulevard, where I noticed a dance hall called Paseo Hall, featuring an orchestra named Bennie Moten, which I'd never heard of before. I came back again that evening when the music was due to begin.

I had no money to get in, so I stood at one of the windows with a bunch of folks who were trying to get all that music for nothing. That band had a new, powerful rhythm that got me from the first note. Their *Moten Stomp* was too much. Well, a few days later I got enough gold together to go in and hear them at a place called the Labor Temple, and there I met Bennie Moten. He let me sit in and play a couple of tunes with the band while he went to get a drink. That was what decided everything for me. A few weeks later I made the recording of *New Moten Stomp* with the band, and eventually most of those boys were working under my direction when Moten died. You know, it's a very exciting thing for me to see that some of the musicians who gave me that first big kick almost a quarter of a century

ago are working with me right here today—Jack Washington, the baritone saxman (he was on tenor in the old days) and Ed Lewis, the trumpeter. It all seems like a half-forgotten dream now, but I guess it proves that dreams can come true.

George Johnson, alto saxman with John Kirby's orchestra:

It was about ten years ago in Paris. One evening we were drinking Pernod at one of those little corner bars in Montmartre where the musicians all used to get together. Somebody told us that there was a jam session going on that evening in some little club—I can't even recall the name, but it was near *rue Douai* and *rue Fontaine*. Later on most of us went over there. Boy, I never heard a session like that! Everybody was sent clear out of the world with that music. Bill Coleman was playing trumpet, Coleman Hawkins was on tenor, and there was a swell French saxophonist named André Ekyan; the two best guitarists in France were both there—Django Reinhardt and Oscar Aleman; and the French violinist, Stéphane Grappelly, was playing piano. Later on a pianist named Ray Stokes took over and Grappelly switched to violin; then Ray Ventura's trombonist, Breyère, dropped in. Panassié and Delaunay, the French jazz writers, were tapping their feet that night as they never tapped them before or since. Toward the end of the session half the customers from Scheherezade heard about it and came in to listen.—R. G.

The Esquire Sports Poll

Golf and baseball stars in the armed forces express their views on how the military life will affect their future

by **HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON**

• SPORTS •

EDITOR'S NOTE: This installment of *Esquire's* regular monthly sports poll varies from its predecessors in the lack of percentage points for the posed questions. This is in deference to Army regulations concerning questionnaires. The nature of the questions will become self-evident upon reading the comments of the various athletes, now in the armed forces, who express their individual opinions here.

PROFESSIONAL athletes now in the armed service believe that if the war doesn't keep them away from sports competition too long they'll be able to return to play in as good condition as they ever could expect to be in at their ages. They differ in their opinions of what period could be considered "too long."

"The time away from his sport will depend on the position he played, the age of the player and the amount and type of service participation," said Lt. George R. (Birdie) Tebbetts of the Army Air Forces, in expressing his judgment of the effect of war service on the ballplayer whose career has been interrupted by military service. The former Tiger catcher explained: "Catchers will be the least affected because they are not required to have as many of the superior physical qualities that other positions demand, and their experience in the game never leaves them. Pitchers will be the most affected by the lack of opportunity to get into first-class professional form. Should they remain in government uniform longer than three playing seasons I doubt their ability to regain their past efficiency, although, since there will be a general drop in all-around play, they may show the same comparative effectiveness."

An interesting aspect of much of the comment made by professional baseball and golf stars now in the war was that the sort of physical training received in military service would give the armed service athlete pronounced superiority over the civilian performer of sharply specialized sports skill were it not for the fact that the civilian specialist can keep his technique keen while the other fellows haven't the chance to keep in practice.

But the majority of former stars who expressed themselves in this *Esquire* poll are confident that when they get back into their games they'll be able to recapture their pre-war finesse because they'll again have the same eager spirit they had when they were fresh in their big-time careers.

Paul Runyan, golf's "Little Poison" who defeated Craig Wood and Sam Snead, two of the game's giants, in winning the Professional Golfers' 1934 and 1938 titles, commented:

"I personally do not hold with the contention that once a man has lost his knack he'll never regain it, for I feel that as long as a person wants strongly enough to regain his former skill he can do so; this, of course, depending on his age and physical well-being."

"As far as I personally am concerned I am confident that, barring injury, my stay with Uncle will have benefited me because it will have given my nerves and my entire system a complete rest, plus an opportunity to strengthen weak points in my physical make-up by exercise."

"Then, most important of all, my being away from golf for some time has brought home to me just how much it meant to me. This

will completely rejuvenate my zest for the game."

And how all those fellows would like to be back to the old pastimes! As who wouldn't?

Hi Bithorn, who went from the Cubs into the Navy, remarked that the mental attitude of servicemen returning to baseball probably will be as it used to be in their liveliest younger days. "They will enjoy playing more than they ever did the few years before they went into the Navy or Army. Then it was work; good work, but still work you had to do to make a living."

"Now I realize how nice it will be getting up at nine or ten o'clock in the morning, reading the papers, going out to the ball park, playing the game; then, until the next day, getting swell chow, going to the movies with your girl friend, dancing or taking it easy until it's time for you to sack in. I know that when I go back to pro

baseball I'll enjoy it more than I ever have. But now isn't my time for that; *mañana* will be my time."

It is evident in many of the responses that the war is not dulling the interest of the athletes in their games. You'll probably see more intense competition than you have seen for the past several years although the standard of technical proficiency may not be promptly re-established. Balance and coordination fitted to the games must be fine, and those features are certain to slump when employed only intermittently.

Sam Snead wrote from a Navy hospital that after going through training at Norfolk, he couldn't hit a melon when he finally did get a chance to play. But after he was transferred to San Diego, put into welfare work and got to play once in a while, he became relaxed and scored better than he ever had in tournament play.

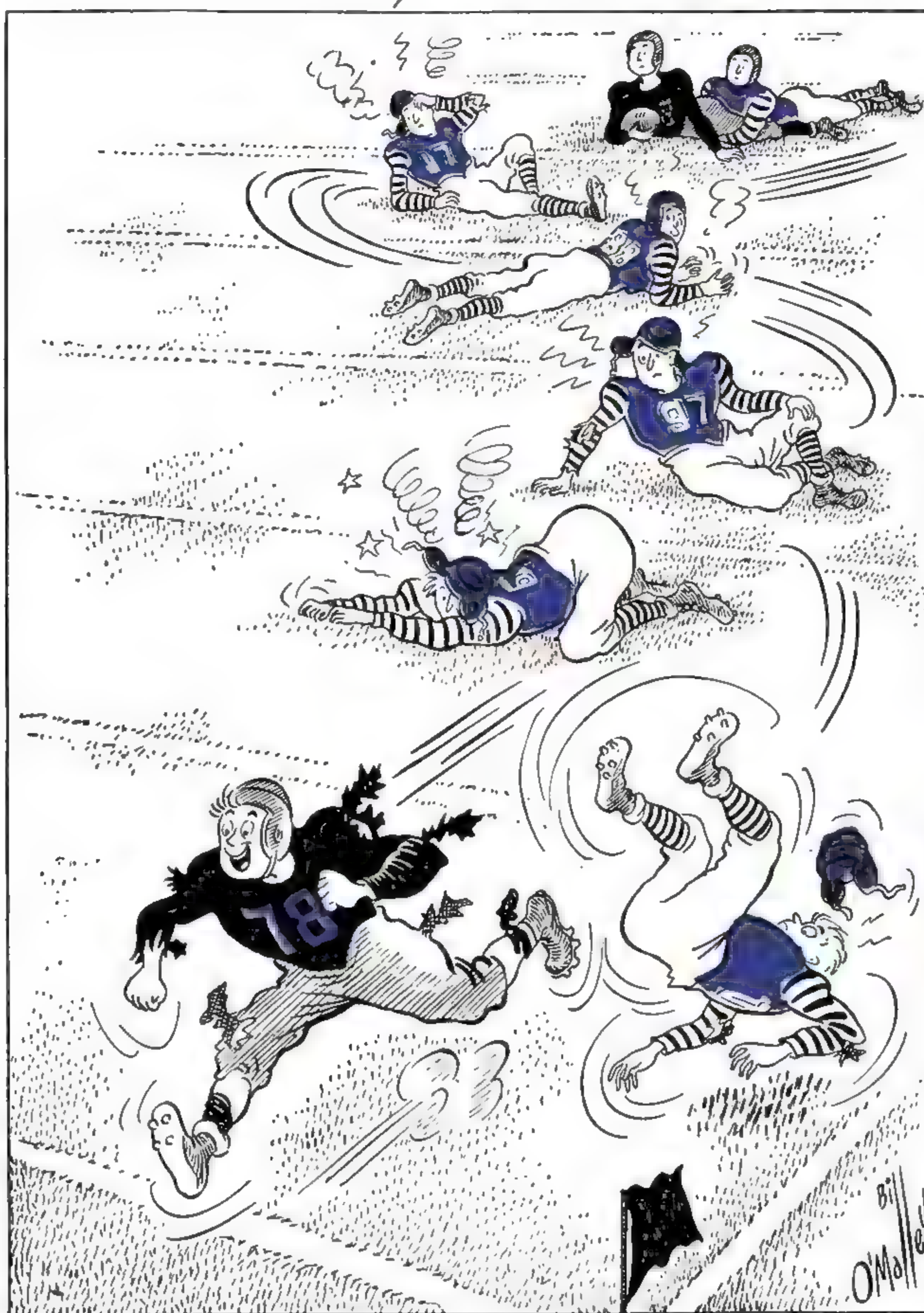
In 1943 his average for the 27 rounds he got to play was 65. He admits that some of the courses were not as tough as the layouts over which he's played championships. But this year he's averaged a little under 68, playing mostly over the San Diego Country Club course, which is a good test.

However, Sam pointed out, it's putting four very good rounds together that wins golf tournaments and the inability of a golfer in the services to play consistently may make it difficult for him to get himself into the money. "There aren't many comebacks in any sport," Sam noted, "so a fellow has to take advantage of every opportunity to keep in touch with his game. He'll have hard going to reclaim his standing."

There are indications in the athletes' responses to the poll queries that the physical conditioning of the armed services will make it easier for the nonathlete to return in better condition for civilian re-employment than for the athletic specialist to get back on his job at top standard.

Sport mastery is exacting. Enos Slaughter, ex-Cardinal pitching ace who has been away from major league baseball for two seasons, said that a risk the sports career man experiences in the armed services is loss of that "something extra" which carried him to the top before the war.

As far as good and balanced physical condition is concerned Slaughter is confident that military training will be invaluable to



"We made it"

men and women who have received it. He is a physical instructor at the San Antonio Aviation Cadet Center and is keeping in excellent shape for pitching by playing after working hours in that area's six club service league. Because of that he is confident that he could return to the Cardinals and take up where he left off. He is certain, too, that the sports attitude of men coming out of the armed services will be very keen. "They will appreciate sports more than ever before because of what they're going through now," Enos said.

The factor of complete physical conditioning also was referred to by **Birdie Tebbetts** who remarked:

"The armed forces will develop body, arm and leg muscles for combat purposes, which baseball players in most instances neglected purposely because they feared that overdevelopment of certain muscles might impair their efficiency. However, this risk of overdevelopment never bothered Ruth, the Waners, Gordon, Greenberg, Dickey and countless other stars."

Slaughter, among others polled, mentioned the possibility of accented development of some muscles interfering with the performance of specialists. He said that his own belief was that swimming developed muscles that were not effective for a pitcher.

Hi Bithorn reminded that almost everywhere Americans are stationed in the armed service, baseball is played; after duty hours in training or in rest locations after combat. Only at sea is some baseball play impossible. There is enough work and calisthenics to keep a fellow in tiptop shape, Bithorn said. He added: "So far as my line, pitching, is concerned, a young fellow in the service need not lose his zip on the ball or burn out his arm. If a pitcher in the service takes care of his arm by throwing once in a while, it will take him only one good spring training to get back into pitching form."

"It's going to be hard for the fellows who are well into their thirties to come back. It may take more work than they feel like doing to recover their skill and their confidence."

Jimmy Demaret, one of golf's brilliant performers, declared: "I can see no reason why athletes shouldn't be as good, if not better, after the war than they were before they entered military service. At the Bainbridge, Maryland, Naval Training Station, in the Navy's Physical Instructors' School, I have had the opportunity to meet and talk to sports notables of almost all fields. Most of the fellows seem to think that if the war doesn't run for several years more they will be better and last longer than they would have been as the result of competition in civilian life."

"Speaking for myself, I know that I am in better physical condition than I ever was in tournament golf, and with a month or so

of competition and hard, smart practice, I should be playing my finest golf."

Kirby Higbe, the Dodgers' stalwart right-hander before he went into the Army, figures that a couple of years out of big league baseball won't hurt any of the stars unless they were getting to the end of the line when they entered the armed service. That qualification also was made by **Tebbetts** who said: "Some players who were nearly through in major league ball will not come back. Normal times would have accounted for their failure to return. But your former stars will star again. Their timing will be slower, but despite that the scales will

balance and you will see relatively the same skill and power."

Higbe intends to go back to baseball just as soon as he can after he completes his war duties. "And I think that the rest of the ballplayers will get back as fast as the Army or Navy lets them go," he added. "How they'll do when they do get back depends on whether they have a chance to play a fair amount of ball during their stays in service."

"I don't think the war will hurt the performances of the men who went in as good players, unless injuries damage them. I've been lucky so far. The first two months this season I got into great shape and played a good bit of baseball."

But at the present I am in an infantry outfit and don't get much time for anything but duty. But every time I do get a chance I work out. I pitch a game every week or two. I haven't lost a game this year, but there isn't a lot of competition around Camp Livingston.

"In peacetime many ballplayers did a lot of hunting and fishing during the off season, to keep their legs good. The Army is doing that for them now. In the infantry, you march and march and march. In most places the boys get enough baseball to keep their batting eyes sharp. I agree with Al Simmons that too much swimming isn't going to do a ballplayer very

Continued on page 170



G.I.: "How does an ugly guy like you get a date?"

S/Sgt: "I get in my car, then tune in Bob Hope on my radio and drive around town. There's always some girl who will put up with my face to hear Hope."

—Ft. Niagara Drum

Passenger: "What makes this train so late, porter?"

Porter: "Well, you see, boss, there's a train in front that's behind which we can't be before."

—Homestead Clipper

The most jealous man in the world shot his sweetheart when she told him she ate her breakfast with gusto.

—Belvoir Castle

Old-timer: "Do you Marines still send the newcomers for two yards of skirmish line and feathers for the machine-gun nest?"

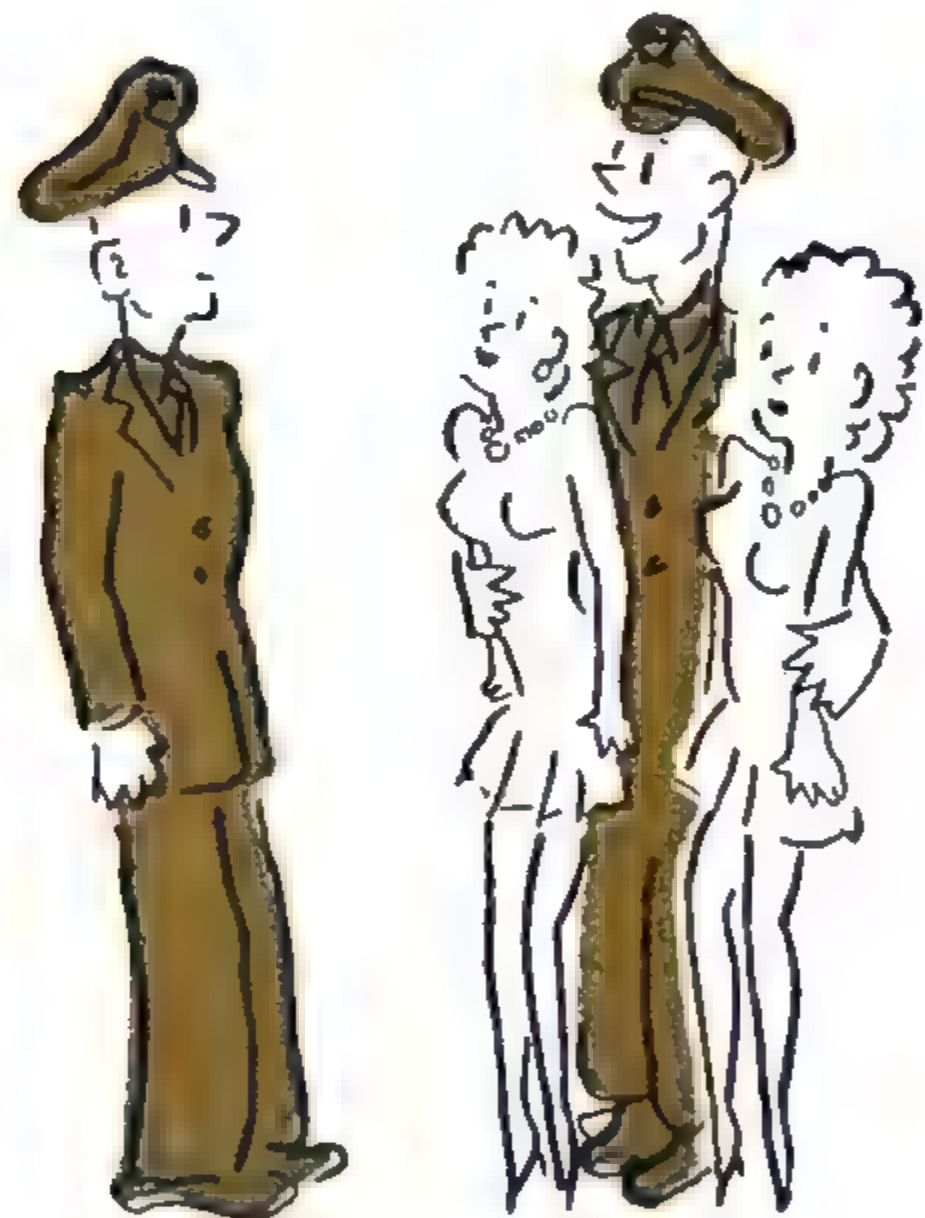
1944: "Yes, and we send them for a quart of green oil for the starboard light, a can of white lampblack and a quart of polka dot paint."

—Camp Lejeune Globe

Girl's Father: "Young man, we turn the lights out at 10:30 in this house."

S2/c: "Gee, that's darn nice of you."

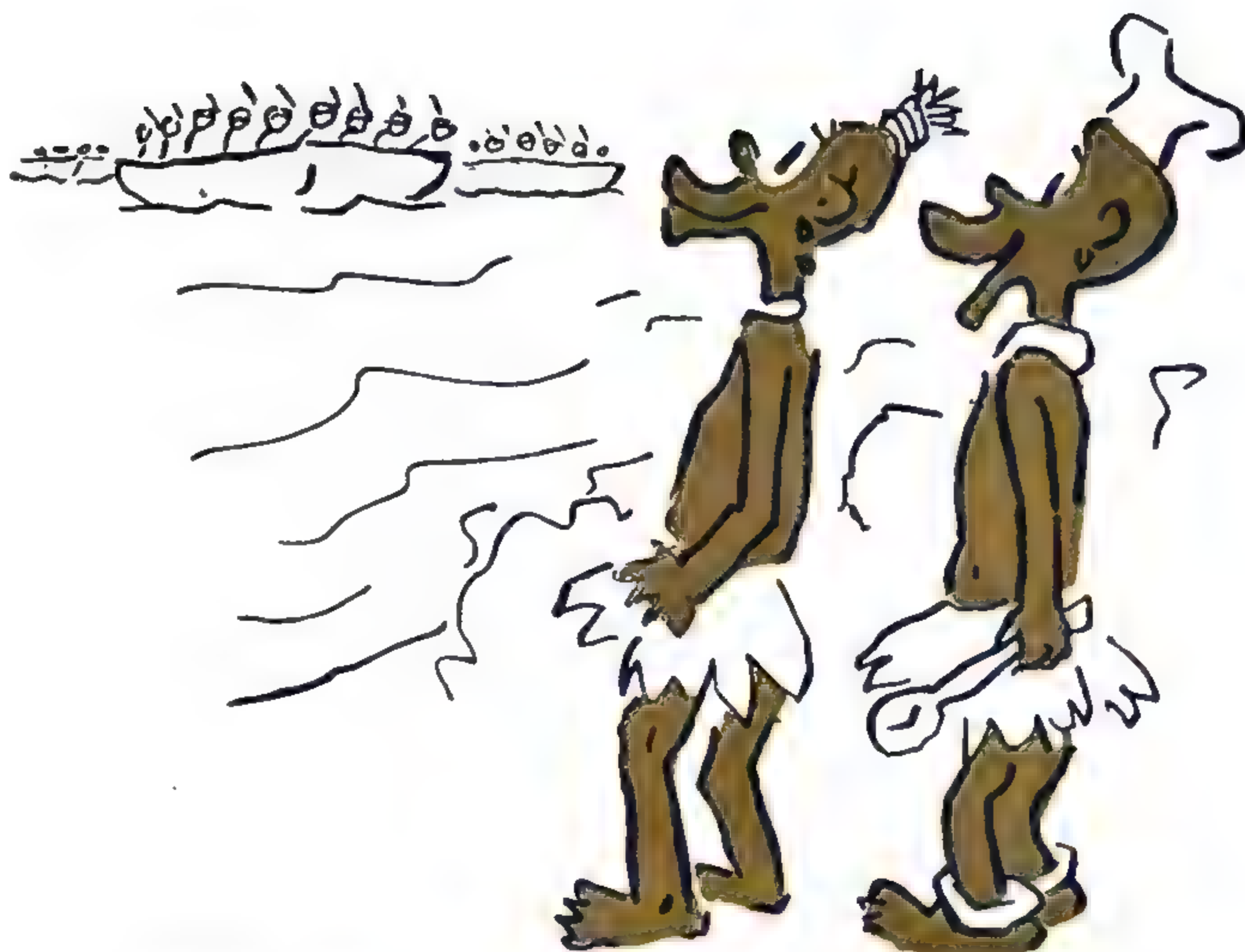
—The Bull Horn



"I like the twin machine guns in my gun turret so well I thought I would try twin sweethearts."

Sports fans in the Army are still chuckling about the time at Parris Island when Maj. Gen. E. P. Moses, now retired but then commanding officer and a rabid sports fan, overruled an umpire's decision. The general was in the stands when a noncom official ruled a man out at first in a very close play. Immediately stepping onto the diamond, the general overruled the verdict and put the runner back on first. At that the disgruntled umpire walked off the field in protest, only to have General Moses recall him and congratulate him on his forthright stand in the matter.

—Camp Lejeune Globe



"Surely meat will come off the ration list now"

SOUNDS OF BATTLE

There are sounds a man hears in a lifetime;

Sounds pleasant or mournful or gay,

But the sounds a man hears in battle

Will linger for many a day.

There's the deep throated "Bup" of a thirty,

The crack of a Jap twenty-five, The ricochet's twang, like a jew's harp,

The scream of a plane in a dive.

The sizzling switch of a mortar, The carbine that speaks with a ping,

The M-I its last round exhausted, Ejecting a clip with a ring.

A Yankee machine gun is spitting, Its coughing is deadly and flat, A higher-pitched Jap gives in answer

A woodpecker's rat-a-tat-tat.

An ack-ack burst somewhere close by you

Gives out with a thunderous whack,

And you hear, your head deep in tundra,

The hiss and the flutter of flak.

A Lightning drops out of a cloud bank,

Her Allison's purring a song,

The roar of a Cyclone soon follows, As Wildcats come screaming along.

There's a din as the pilots press triggers,

And fifties all join in a cry,

Like a million firecrackers on the car tracks,

Back home on the Fourth of July.

There's the odd booming blast of an antitank gun;

The whine of a rifleman's stray,

The Jap gunner's slug beckons graveward, As it passes not too far away.

The rifle grenade has a lingering boom;

Hand grenades have a bark like a fox,

Concussion grenades with a deep muffled sound,

Are like firecrackers deep in a box,

A hand grenade fragment sails past in the gloom,

With a buzz like a hornet or bee;

A seventy-five has a lingering crash,

Like the tumbling to earth of a tree.

There's the clank of the bolt on a Garand,

The clank that's distinctly carbine,

The clang of a bolt homeward bound on a heavy,

The snap of a latch sharp and clean.

There's the click of a clip inserted, A breach block that drops with a thud;

The snap of a twig on an outpost, A weary foot pulled from the mud.

All these are sounds long to remember,

Reminder of gladness or fear;

But the sound we're fighting for is the churning of screws,

On a ship pulling up to a pier

Where the Star Spangled Banner flies bravely,

Where faces with welcome will glow,

For the son, who it seems in his dreaming,

Left home millions of ages ago.

—Honolulu Midpacifican

Eskimo: "Darling, I came a hundred miles through ice and snow with my dog team to tell you I love you."

Eskimo Sweetie: "That's a lot of mush."

—Pecos Flying Time

Man (running breathlessly into police station): "Sergeant, lock me up! I just hit my wife with a baseball bat."

Desk Sergeant: "Did you kill her?"

Man: "No—lock me up quick."

—Randolph Rookie

The roadster skidded around the corner, jumped in the air, knocked down a lamppost, smashed three cars, ran into a stone wall and stopped. A girl climbed out of the wreck: "Darling," she exclaimed, "that's what I call a kiss."

—Key West Seabag

"Look, waiter, I ordered a steak and you're giving me a bone."

"I'm not giving it to you; you're paying for it."

—Goodfellow Field Flight Time

There is plenty of water here for every one. All you have to do is not wash when you're dirty and not drink when you're thirsty.

—A.P.O. 622 Bonjour

Ignorance: When you don't know something and somebody finds it out.

—Melbourne Hellcat



"Now we know what became of our helmet camouflaged nets"

The one thing worse than the quitter is the man who is afraid to begin.

—The Polar Tech

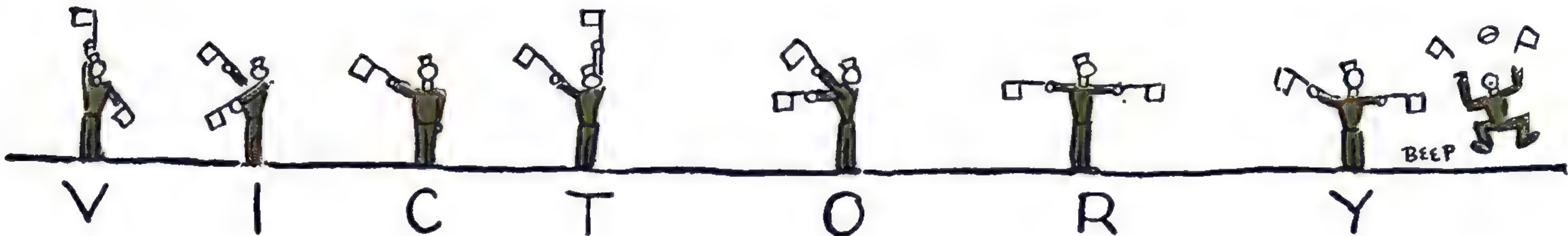
Many a tight nut has been loosened by a small wench.

—Pecos Flying Time

"This is called infiltration," said the G.I. as he edged closer to her on the davenport.

"This is called demolition," she said as the private hit the floor.

—Camp Beale Bealiner



The Luna Park Terrier

Mickey Shaw has taken plenty of punches, kidding and flimflams in his career as boxer, m. c. in honkytonks and doorman

by **JAMES R. FAIR**

• SPORTS •

AT THE training camp of the late Madame Sitky Bey in Summit, N. J., a dark, beetle-browed, heavily bearded prize fighter came downstairs to the living room and singled out a boxer who was playing cards with other boxers. He said he was nervous and couldn't sleep and asked this boxer to jog along the countryside with him. It was midnight. They were wearing turtle-necked sweaters and caps. A mile from camp two policemen in a patrol car stopped, scrutinized them, decided they were the thugs who had held up a store that night in Summit and told them to get into the car.

"Do you realize who I am?" asked the boxer who had been playing cards.

The cops said no.

"Mickey Shaw," he said, "the famous boxer from Coney Island and I'm training at the Madame's for a tough struggle with—"

"Git in the car," the cops ab-

ruptly interrupted the explanation.

On the way to Summit, Mickey said: "Take me to the railroad station. The newsstand man there will identify me." His companion sat quietly, saying nothing, and Mickey ignored him as completely as if he weren't there.

At the railroad station one of the cops asked the newsstand man, "Do you know these bums?"

"I don't know that tall one," he replied, glancing at Mickey, "but that other man is Max Schmeling."

Schmeling was only the world's heavyweight champion, Mickey his lowly sparring partner. But in Mickey's book it was the exact reverse.

Mickey calls himself the Luna Park Terrier, Coney Island Swatter and Brighton Beach Sensation. He's a heavyweight, but it has been whispered it's in left only; 238 pounds are none too evenly distributed around his six foot three-and-a-half super-structure. His name isn't Mickey Shaw; it's Michael Finkelstein. When he enters the ring he pounds his chest like Tarzan and snorts like a bull. If his right hand misses its objective it's liable to loop back and knock Mickey out.

When he isn't training for a fight he's a master of ceremonies in honkytonks, dusting off jokes that were aged when Methuselah was in kindergarten. But he stands up under kidding with the grace that befits one whose belly

is forever dispatching messages of hunger to his brain.

There have to be Mickey Shaws to brighten up the prize fight trade because too often when a man goes against another trained in the murderous art of pugilism one of them may never be the same again. He may be blinded. Or, having been a consistent winner, he is overmatched and takes a dreadful beating. He isn't gaited for defeat but he knows no other profession, and he continues fighting and taking beatings, and pretty soon there are marbles in his mouth when he talks.

But no one worries about tragedy catching up with this particular Mickey Shaw, or Finkelstein, because he's slippery as an eel and there are hinges on his joints. When the milling gets too tough he buries his head like an ostrich and what's exposed for the other man to whack isn't likely to bother Mickey if he doesn't sit down too soon after a fight.

Mickey fights mostly at way stations where no one cares who fights whom. If he wins, say in Podunk, he comes home thumping his chest and challenging Louis. If he loses he says, "It wasn't *the* Shaw but another tramp using my name for prestige."

Almost any seasoned fighter can outfumble him, but one manager wasn't gambling that his man could and he hired Mickey to work in an "understanding" bout. These bouts aren't tolerated in the big time where authentic boxing commissions operate, but elsewhere they are. If it weren't for their existence the manager of a likely-looking prospect might have difficulty building up enough victories to attract attention. The usual procedure, upon which no one frowns, is for the manager to pick opponents his man can whip. But when he runs the gamut of these, and if he thinks his fighter isn't yet ready to be thrown at a man capable of whipping him, the manager finds a man who will extend him but who ultimately will lose, either by decision or by knockout, depending on the terms of the "understanding."

There are some mighty odd men in these circles and the manager who engaged Mickey for this "understanding" bout comes under this general classification. He chiseled him out of ten dollars when he paid off in the dressing room before the fight. Mickey

didn't say anything, but when the bell rang he had a sudden lapse of memory about the "understanding" and flattened his inexperienced foe.

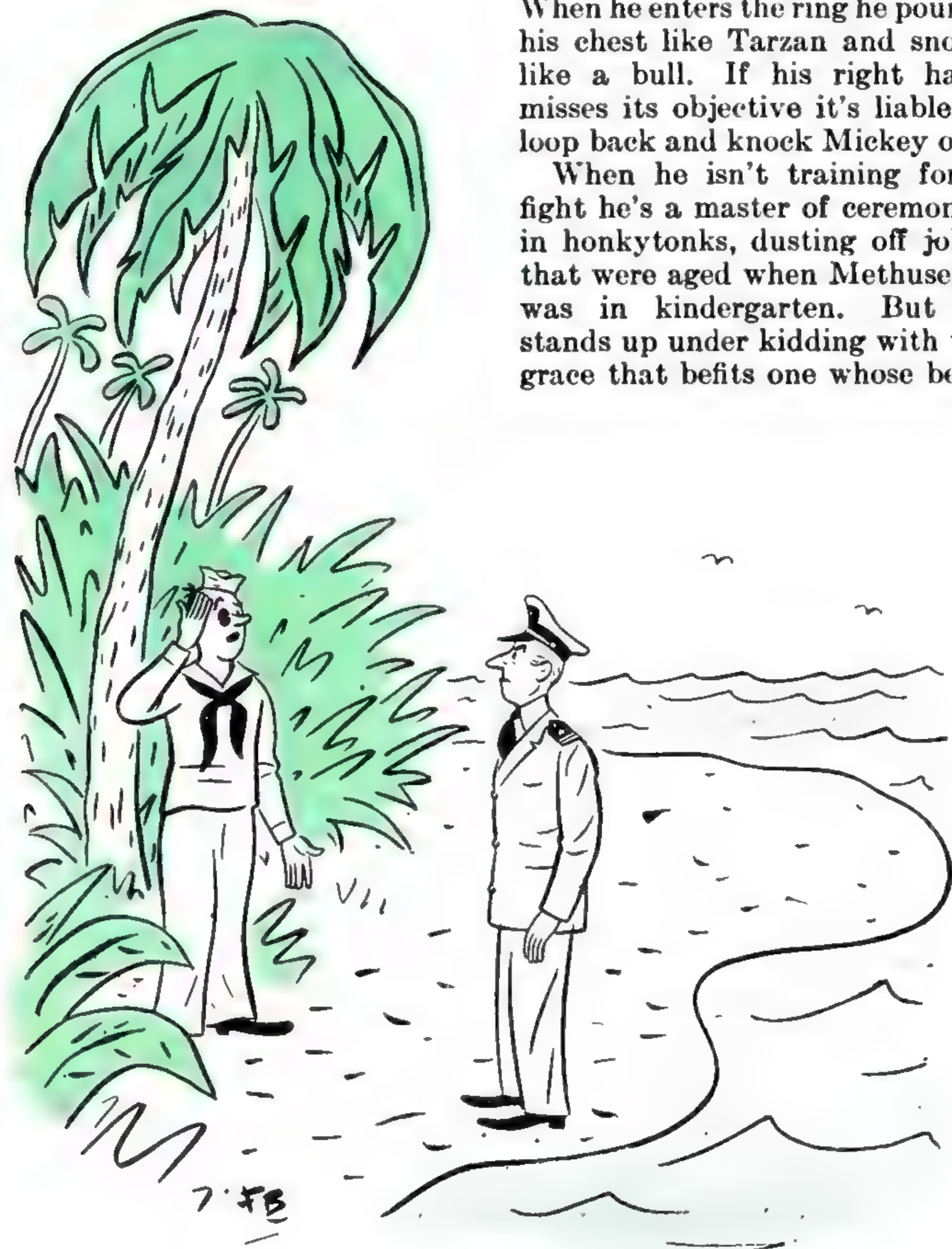
This bad memory stuff doesn't go with men who build up fighters for Louis to tear down—not even in a foreign country, where this affair was staged—and before they stopped sounding the alert on Mickey he had been reduced—many say promoted!—to uniformed doorman at a snazzy New York night club. He hustled around to newspaper offices, where he is welcome when news is scarce, and got some publicity for the night club but mostly for Mickey Shaw. The management reciprocated. It told him to bring in his friends any time as guests of the house.

Next night Mickey ushered in a bunch of men with flat noses and thick ears. They came nightly and in increasing numbers. Presently they were heckling the master of ceremonies and making light of customers in evening clothes. The management soon got a bellyful of these shenanigans and told Mickey to turn in his uniform.

Always the busy bee, Mickey lost no time looking for work. Besides, he needed some fast money. Via the boxing grapevine it got around that his memory had suddenly returned. He got a bout far, far from New York in one of those towns where boxing is on a lower level than cockfighting. His opponent was being built into contendership proportions, but he was a novice and, it later developed, always to remain one. Mickey was told to oil up his memory as it had never been oiled before. This called for so much lubrication that Mickey, mindful of the Shaw prestige, took another name. But his opponent couldn't hit even under this other name and started calling him unprintable ones.

It made Mickey so mad that he not only refused to flop in the third round, where exit was written in the script, but began punching with venom. The referee, who had read the script, took note of this fistic ad libbing. He followed Mickey to his corner, called him a crook, etc., then stomped heavily on his toes. It restored Mickey's memory and brought about the desired ending. A trusting soul, Mickey hadn't collected in advance from

Continued on page 160



"This island is inhabited, Sir"

What's the difference between (1) shoes (2) pants (3) suspenders (4) ties



(1) You wear 'em to make walking more comfortable.



(2) You wear 'em to cover your legs.



(3) You wear 'em to keep your trousers at a decent level.



(4) You wear 'em for no other reason than to add a welcome spot of color and warmth to your entire getup! And that's why . . .

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bouquets for blue

One sure way to get out of the doghouse is to lavish some beautiful blooms upon the woman of your heart. The bouquet will take the blues away. Men of the Armed Forces find flowers a long-distance expression of their sentiments. This gentleman savvies not only women's whims but the sound psychology of men's clothes. His overcoat is the easy-fitting dress-up type in dark blue, a shade which leads. It's the popular fly-front style with notched lapels and the sleeves are finished plain. His suit of chalk-striped unfinished worsted is of the same urban character. Ditto his white broadcloth shirt with widespread collar, Macclesfield tie in maroon on silver grey. The reddish tan capeskin gloves of slip-on style introduce a color accent in contrast with the somber black Homburg hat and shoes. The umbrella has a Malacca handle and wooden shank. Final touch is the red carnation in his lapel buttonhole.

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Tossing a kind word to poor old Broadway which welcomes talent with an open wallet

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •



ALREADY this early in the new season the articles on what is wrong with the theatre are making their customary appearance. Year after year they show up with locust regularity and for the

most part are as identical in content as so many bottles of ipecac. That, for all their indignation and occasional eloquence, they do not make any particular impression upon the theatre is not altogether surprising, since most of their allegations are only superficially true and since even if they were slightly more than that they still wouldn't be very convincing.

That something may be wrong with the theatre only a fool who believes that something isn't wrong with most of the rest of the things in the world would deny. Surely, something's wrong with the theatre, just as something is wrong with nations and laundries, with our social philosophy and the horse-radish sauce we are getting on boiled beef these days, and with economy, modern marriage and Cuban gin. But the reasons generally advanced in the case of the theatre are considerably less satisfactory than those advanced in these other directions, save perhaps only in the matter of the horse-radish sauce.

It is contended, for example, that one of the theatre's greatest ills is the poverty in new playwriting talent and that the only hope of developing it lies in the founding of professional community and municipal theatres. That the poverty exists there is little disputing, but that such theatres as are prayed for would quickly remedy the situation and give miraculous birth to a carload of white-headed young playwrights calls, I fear, for disputing of somewhat larger bulk.

The independent smaller theatres in the communities and colleges which have been in existence for some time now haven't noticeably produced any new, young playwrights of unusual gifts. In point of fact, they have given birth to little or nothing. And even in such exceptional cases as

"I hate to be mean—let one of us vote for the President and the other for the Republicans"

they have uncovered mild traces of talent, they haven't recognized them and have left it to the cursed Broadway theatre to develop them. And as for the other experimental theatres, they

haven't produced anything of any merit in years.

In this last connection, the fixits are always pointing back to Eugene O'Neill. It is true that the little Provincetown groups gave O'Neill his first hearing, but only because O'Neill wanted it to be the first to give him a hearing. And it gave him a first hearing only with one-act plays. His first full-length play was grabbed by the so-called commercial theatre immediately it got wind that there was such a manuscript. You may take my word for it, since I myself sent it along to a producer, the first to see it, who read it overnight and put it on as soon as he could. And if that same producer, John D. Williams, had been able to get hold of the one-act plays ahead of the Provincetowners he would gladly have produced them just as quickly.

It took the Broadway theatre and its collateral groups to give a hearing to Saroyan's best work, whereas the little provincial theatres have in the main contented themselves with his minor efforts, some of them very bad. Broadway and these groups, not the theatres dreamed of by the fixits, gave the early Lillian Hellman, S. N. Behrman, John Steinbeck, Ernest Hemingway, Rose Franken, Maxwell Anderson, Laurence Stallings, Robert Sherwood and Sidney Kingsley their first chances, as it did Clifford Odets, George Kaufman, Moss Hart, Marc Connelly, Elmer Rice, George Kelly, Sidney Howard, Robert Ardrey and almost every other playwright of any subsequent consequence that you can think of. The non-Broadway theatre, on the other hand, rests its case wholly on Paul Green, Susan Glaspell, Arnold Sundgaard and several such others, of whom only Green has later amounted to beans.

Broadway gave the Maurine

Continued on page 106



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The king's horses were pawing the earth. The king's men were ready to go. But as Queen Alexandra stepped into the state coach—SNAP! A strand of her necklace had caught on the woodwork—and the famous Windsor pearls were scattered under the horses' hoofs. While King Edward VII looked on anxiously, the pearls were safely retrieved by the royal footmen. ☆ When you are so fortunate as to obtain a bottle of William Penn, you have a gem among whiskeys. Guard it—save it for friends who really appreciate a whiskey of premium quality—at a non-premium price. Gooderham & Worts Limited, Peoria, Ill.

SPEND WISELY—OR NOT AT ALL
Keep prices down by purchasing only what you need. Buy your share of war bonds.



86 proof, 65% grain neutral spirits.

William Penn
Blended Whiskey

THE GEM OF THE BLENDS

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 105

Watkins of *Chicago* a chance when no one else would. It gave the Hatcher Hughes of even *Hell-Bent fer Heaven* a break, and the Zona Gale of *Miss Lulu Bett*, and the Robert Turney of *Daughters of Atreus*. Damned for its commercialism and for its apathy to ambitious playwrights, it nevertheless has gambled its money over the years on such poets, often impracticable, as Lynn Riggs, Stanley Young, T. S. Eliot, Brian Hooker and various others. And it has been the Broadway theatre and its allied interests, not the hinterland art centers, that have brought to light all the more recent talented kids like William Bowers, Alexander Greendale and Margaret Curtis.

The idea, furthermore, that civic theatres would be the answer to a maiden playwright's prayer is on the doubtful side. Look at Mayor La Guardia's New York venture in that direction, for one weathervane. Thus far in its career it has confined itself simply to reproduction of established Broadway plays and shows, and the only new talent it has given a chance are the ushers. To believe that a municipal theatre in, say, Toledo, Ohio, or Scranton, Pennsylvania, would conduct itself markedly otherwise and uncover such local dramaturgical genius as hasn't been heard of in the world since Molière showed up in the French hinterland on the back of a wagon, takes some pretty heroic believing.

The pre-war German municipal theatres, which were always pointed out in other countries, including our own, as being all that such theatres should be, were not the cradles of dramatic talent. That talent for the greater part first saw the light in other German theatres, as the records attest.

However, blaming Broadway for every misservice in the catalogue has become a habit and you can no more change it than you can get a waiter, for all your prayers and injunctions otherwise, to serve you iced tea without

the habitual slice of lemon. Broadway, surely enough, is not without its faults—I could, if urged, nominate maybe two or three thousand—but its faults are hardly those almost always nominated in turn by the fixits.

Another of the latter's howls, for example, is Broadway's indifference to the classics. It is true that Broadway is not particularly noted for any steady enthusiasm in the way of revivals of the fine drama of the past, but neither for that matter, so far as I am able to make out, are the remote from Broadway theatres which are customarily whispered to be hotbeds of culture. The Pasadena Community Playhouse in California, for one such, has indicated a much more consistent interest in revivals of Kaufman and Hart, George M. Cohan, Maxwell Anderson and Sidney Howard than in revivals of Sophocles, Aristophanes and Shakespeare. The admired Koch-Green theatre in North Carolina has not to my knowledge done anything about the classics, nor have most of the other community theatres that I know of. But Broadway at its worst has at least given us productions in the last dozen years of no less than sixty-five of the classics, ancient and modern, and included have been the works of Sophocles, Shakespeare, Strindberg, Ibsen, Sheridan, Wycherley, Molière, Chekhov, Gogol, Shaw, Rostand, Wilde, Yeats, Synge, et al. Which isn't too terribly bad.

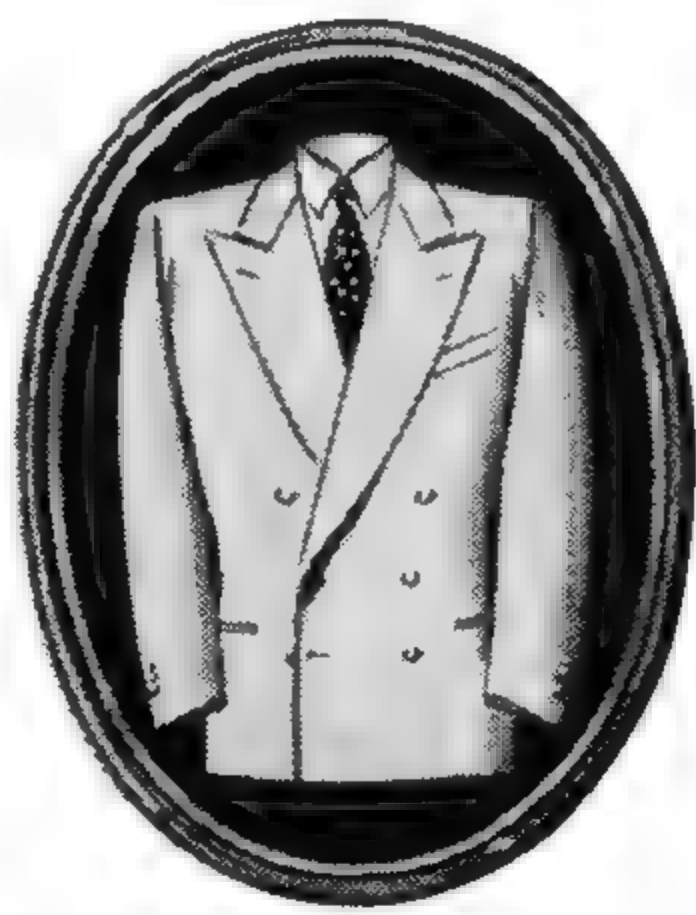
Urging as a cure for Broadway's grim *malaise* the launching of theatres by municipalities, Arthur Hopkins, who is one of the current leading grouchers, has had this to say over the radio: "When cities take as great pride in their theatres as they do in their baseball teams, America will be growing up culturally and spiritually. That day is coming. It is my hope that this radio program (*Arthur Hopkins Presents*) will accelerate its arrival."

Just how a radio program featuring such Broadway box-office plays as *The Late Christopher*

Continued on page 108



"He decided to start all over again!"



**FOR YOUNG MEN
AND MEN WHO
STAY YOUNG**



Society Brand Clothes

AT LEADING STORES FROM COAST TO COAST



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Footsaver Shoes

BOSTONIANS AT THEIR FINEST

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 105-106

Bean and The Philadelphia Story will assist in the cultural and spiritual growth of the nation appears to be Mr. Hopkins' secret.

Mr. Hopkins is a fine and upstanding fellow, and in his day served the theatre dutifully, but like so many complainants doesn't, one suspects, always ring the bell. "The economic burdens of the commercial theatre make venturesome production prohibitive," he says. He is right only to a degree. The economic burdens of the Broadway commercial theatre are certainly heavy, but they nevertheless haven't made venturesome production prohibitive. All kinds of such venturesome productions have not only been made but have turned out to be financially successful. The trouble is that there simply aren't enough venturers.

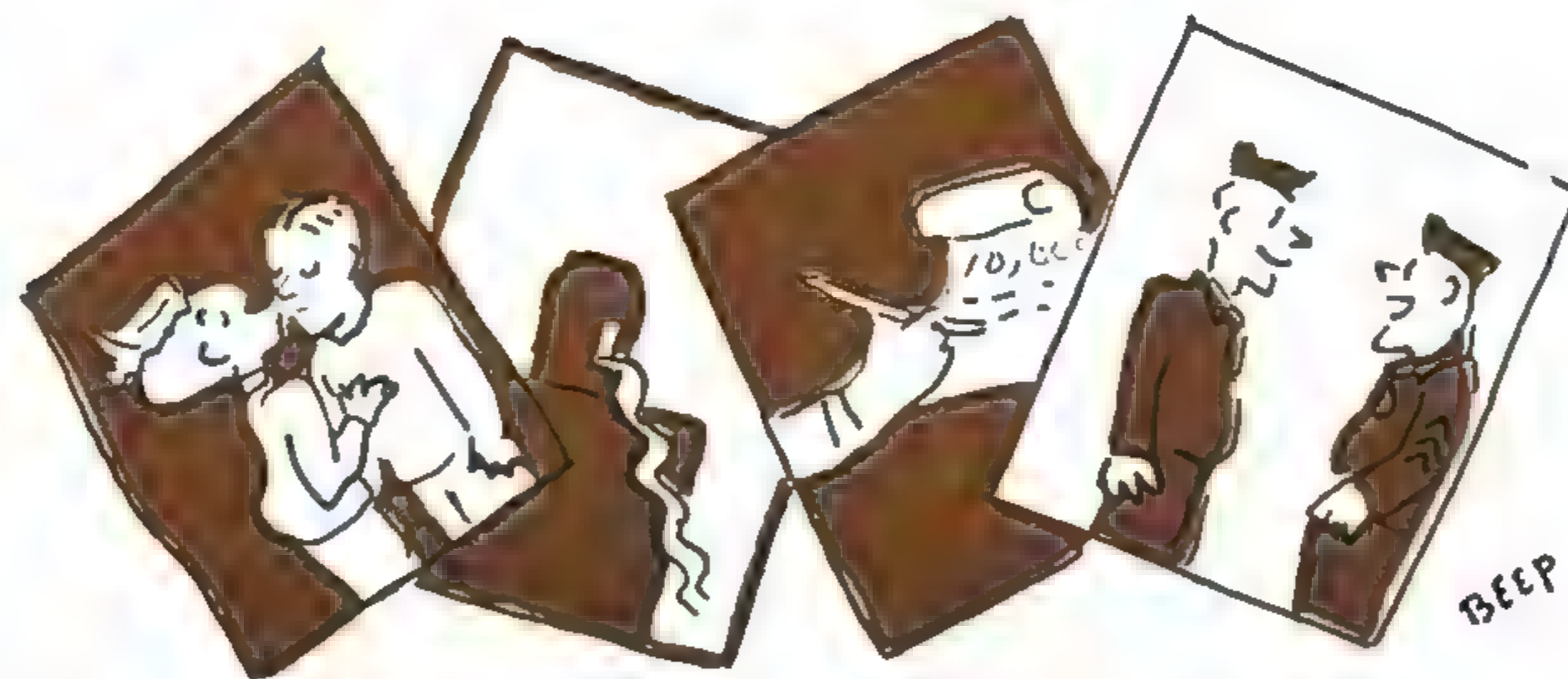
Among these venturesome productions that have succeeded in more recent years for all the alleged prohibitive cost have been *The Skin of Our Teeth*, *The Time of Your Life*, *Shadow and Substance*, *The Children's Hour*, *Abraham Lincoln*, *Juno and the Paycock*, *Winterset*, *Of Mice and Men*, *Death Takes a Holiday*, *The Last Mile*, *The Green Pastures*, *Uncle Vanya* and *The Cherry Orchard*. Also *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* (after twenty-seven other producers had refused to be venturesome), *Mourning Becomes*

Electra, *Tobacco Road*, *Russet Mantle*, *Family Portrait*, *Ethan Frome*, *Lady Precious Stream*, *Our Town*, *Oscar Wilde* and *The White Steed*. Also, if you want further examples of real venturesomeness, *Arsenic and Old Lace* and *Carmen Jones*. And that's only a very small part of the story.

Mr. Hopkins' final, devastating pie-in-the-face is as follows: "I believe the day is gone when America can look to Broadway for dramatic sustenance. More each year it becomes exclusively an amusement center."

Where, aside from the classics, one may ask, is this dramatic sustenance of which the good gentleman speaks? Broadway can't be expected to produce what doesn't exist, and if the dramatic sustenance is lying around unnoticed I, for one, would like to learn just where it is lying. If it is around, why, furthermore, doesn't Mr. Hopkins himself produce it? The answer is plain. There is a tragic shortage of worthy dramatic scripts these days, both American and European, and Mr. Hopkins himself well appreciates it, since he has for some time now bemoaned his inability to find anything to which he might give proud production.

Another thing. What is so dreadful about amusement? I leave the answer to that one to Mr. Hopkins and the reader. #



Football Hero's Rewards

1902

"You were wonderful," she sighed, "running through all those great, big, rough Yale men and making that touchdown! My precious! My hero!" Her arms closed around his neck, and for an instant—a fleeting instant—her lips brushed against his cheek.

1924

"Fuller," said C. Ronald Higby of Higby and Williamson, famous Wall Street brokerage firm, "your fine showing on the gridiron last fall has made you a famous character and we'll be glad to have you as a member of this firm with a modest salary plus commissions. You'll make plenty of the latter. Every executive in this city will be glad to admit you to his office and chat with an All-American fullback."

1935

Promoter McGrath puffed away on his cigar. "Sign here, Grablisk," he grunted. "Ten grand for the season you're getting and a bonus on every crowd of over twenty-five thousand you draw. Besides that you'll make a killing on endorsements and special articles and the Mammoth City Mammoths are a cinch to get in the league play-offs. You can't miss clearing thirty grand."

1944

"Hey," said Sergeant Dolan, "you ain't the Hefferman that caught that winning pass in the Salad Bowl game last New Year, are you? ... You are! Hot dog! I'll try to fix it so's you can get out of peeling potatoes on Tuesdays and coach the Company C outfit. We gotta win that regimental championship."

—PARKE CUMMINGS



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these coats look richer...wear longer!*

Yes, there are millions of reasons, but you'd need a microscopic lens to count them. For Alpagora's exclusive Double-Dense* Fabric has millions of wool fibres on its surface. Actually *twice* as many as there are on the ordinary coat! That's what gives Alpagora its deep, soft, luxurious "million-air" and at the same time (ask any textile expert) makes it doubly resistant to wear.

That's why Alpagora is America's favorite. **Year-round Topcoats 32.50 • Overcoats 37.50**

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Same famous fabric.

Same authentic man-tailoring.

Year-round Topcoats 32.50, Overcoats 37.50.

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ARLINGTON-*Loomed*

WORSTED GABARDINE
100% WOOL NAPHTHALATED

A superb fabric for all-weather Topcoats—unexcelled for waterproofing, for lasting smartness and complete comfort. The distinctive SHARLKO Topcoats (Cravenette-processed) are tailored exclusively from Arlington-loomed, quality-value Worsted Gabardine of 100% Wool Naphthalated (virgin wool gently cleansed in naphtha to preserve life, strength and resiliency of wool fibers).



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Buffalo.....The Kleinhans Co.
Dallas.....E. M. Kahn Co.
Hartford.....Horsfall's
Kansas City.....Palace Clothing Co.
Los Angeles.....Broadway Dept. Store
Newark.....L. Bamberger & Co.
Norfolk.....Shulman & Co.
Philadelphia.....Jacob Reed's Sons
Pittsburgh.....Kaufmann's
St. Louis.....Boyd's
Washington.....Woodward & Lothrop

For name of nearest store write Arlingcrest Service, 347 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Arlington Mills
LAWRENCE, MASS.

The Fruitful Grape

As Dr. Martin Luther sang: "Who loves not wine, woman and song is a fool his whole life long!"

by **LAWTON MACKALL**
• POTABLES •



"Give me a glass of beer with a scoop of ice cream in it!"

If human beings could live on air the way orchids do, there wouldn't be much call for wine. Slip us a bucket of dew and we'd be set for the evening. But our setup demands more material

pleasures—such as steak, chops, Southern fried chicken, apple pie and cheese. And there is where wine comes in—as flavor rouser and haste calmer. What might have been just another meal is transformed into a feast under the kindly auspices of Bacchus.

Seems vandalism, though, to be drinking up stuff that looks so pretty on the table. We ought to be content to fondle the stem of our glass and just gaze. But fragrance assails our nostrils, goading our possessive urge. So the lovely liquid goes down the hatch.

To that delighted destination went 112,000,000 gallons of American wines in 1942, scoring our all-time high as demonstrative wine-lovers but throwing us off balance, for it was *nearly twice as much as that year's crush and lay-away-to-mature*. Even the most near-sighted person could see shortage ahead.

California's climate hadn't bogged down on us, nor the vintners either; grapes had suddenly become scarce on account of the government's requisitioning all varieties that could be dried into raisins for the Armed Forces and lend-lease. Instead of its normal million tons, the wine industry had to get along with 600,000 tons, which were mostly "table wine" types. For Port, Muscatel, Sherry and Angelica there were slim pickings indeed, at unheard-of prices.

Last year, with vineyards bearing stupendously, it was the same story. I saw Muscats puckering on trays in the sun while Muscatel vats pined for them, and large gorgeous Flame Tokays (eating grapes that make a fine show on fruit baskets) being shoveled into crushers. Said a plant manager, "I don't know where we're going to get off, paying seventy-five and one hundred dollars a ton for the grapes instead of the twelve and fourteen dollars a ton we used to pay. But we've got to have grapes."

One gathers that American vine husbandry has been nice work lately and bids fair to continue so. What with sensational super-wineries out for the best in support of their nationally famed

brands, and co-op production and sales organizations offering member-participation all the way through, a grower can't lose.

The crop now being gathered probably won't quite equal last autumn's 174,609,000-dollar whopperoo, but wineries are getting a larger share, thanks to raisin program reduction. In fact, for those of us who'd sooner enjoy grapes' liquid than sear, prospects are definitely heartening, even though the wholesale robbery of reserves during those years of underproduction will have to be paid for by patience while vintners struggle to catch up with runaway popularity.

Never will American wines be back where they were on the social anxious seat. Extinct by acclamation is the *carte des vins* that grudgingly listed them at its fag end under the forlorn designation "Domestic." In the very same restaurants these ex-unknowns now lead the parade, both in print and in performance. The oh-so-gracious gink with the striped waistcoat and cellarer's key chain is glib in expounding their fine points; he knows the flavor nuances of every valley from Sonoma to North Carolina. And he had *better* know, for he is dealing with customers who name what they want instead of nervously saying, "I'll take this . . . er . . . No. 16."

Ranging from dry to honey-sweet, from delicate-of-the-delicate to lusty, these "pronounceables" embody the hues and flavors of 1,200 grape-breeds, but not all at once. They are the work of vintners who decided that Old Man Tradition had lost touch with the times—belonged to the era of Lord Sniffington of the cob-webbed bottle tragedy ("You haven't shaken it, have you, Meadows?" "No, Sir, but I'll do so right away, Sir."). Modern American existence was the thing

Continued on page 112

CROIX ROYALE ★ ★ ★ ★ *a new rival to an old legend*



The old order changes . . . and lovers of old-world brandies discover a new land of promise down in the valley of the San Joaquin.

Here in warm dry sunny weather the peach, the cherry, and the plum, the grape and the nectarine, ripen to beautiful maturity against a backdrop of snowy mountains. And here a fabulous new legend is springing to life around Croix Royale Brandies.

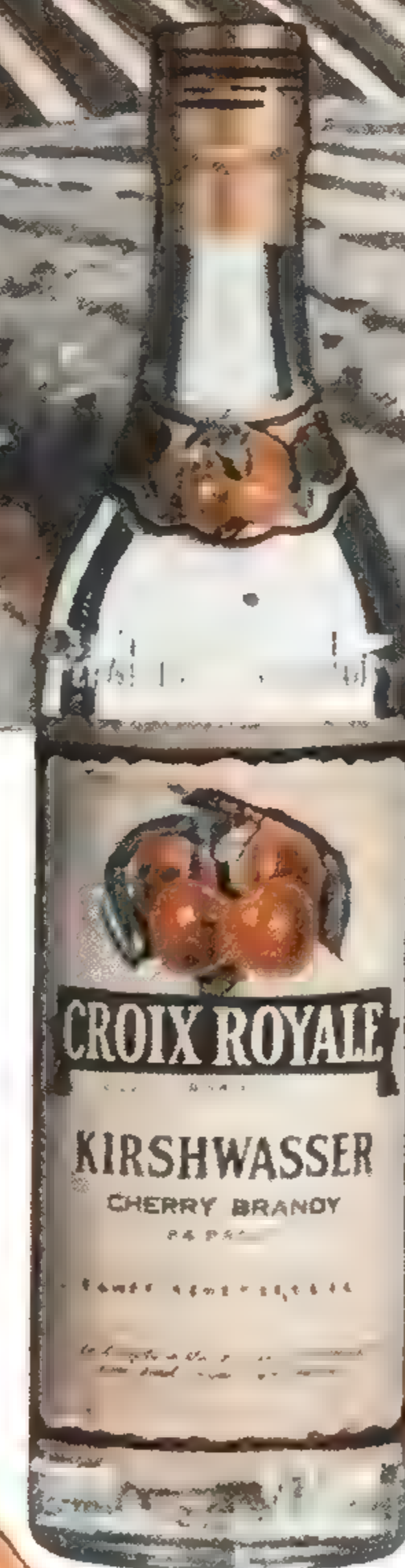
Mark well this point: Croix Royale Brandies are distilled according to sound European tradition by the old-fashioned pot-still method. And the result is after-dinner

delicacies that rival legendary old world liqueurs and cordials. A great name throughout the nation—Croix Royale of California.

**BUY WAR BONDS
TO HASTEN PEACE**

CROIX ROYALE

Say Croy Royal



Croix Royale
LIQUEURS
CORDIALS
FRUIT LIQUEURS
FRUIT BRANDIES
AND
Super Fin
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ALLIGATOR for Style in the Rain!



Thousands prefer Alligator Rainwear quality—Alligator style—Alligator dependability. For Alligator is America's most famous "first" for rainy days and damp, chill weather. Compare the fine water repellent fabric. Compare the distinguished workmanship—the impeccable tailoring. Yours at popular prices, at better dealers everywhere. The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

ALLIGATOR Rainwear

because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

The Fruitful Grape

Continued from page 110

they knew they had to gear to.

Hence wines that are as practical as they are palatable. The reds—Burgundies, Clarets, Cabernets, Chiantis, Barbera—age faster than Europe's do, yet their sedimentation is slight. You don't have to decant them or serve them laid in a straw cradle, with the pesky horizontal cork-pulling act and the tricky pouring while you peer for the impending load of silt. You can stand the bottle right on the table, and it's a bottle whose neat attractiveness is an asset to any party. Old World bottles seemed designed to please spiders; with us it's the beholders.

Maybe America is remiss in not producing hefty-bodied Ports that become crusty, but by foregoing the crust we can get to our Port without nipping the neck off with a red-hot wire.

Champagne and Sparkling Burgundy traditionally call for buckets. In restaurants they have to have them; the frosted silver (cold-sweaty to the touch), the ice water, the spinning of the bottle between the waiter's palms (how everlastingly it takes the damn thing to get cool!) are all part of the act, not to mention the napkins, towels and other laundry items that keep falling into wetness, to be retrieved dank. At home, no pail is necessary. Oswald the refrigerator, our wine steward, handles the job with his usual skill; the chilled bottle emerges at the proper moment for unharnessing, cork-loosening (watch out for your eye and the chandelier) and serving, after which it is parked on a tray or plate. Get warm standing there? Hardly. Surveillance is too covetous.

Nonsparkling whites in the Old World were less often accorded the luxury of pail or box treatment. Invaluable, inexhaustible Oswald is meticulous. Our Sauternes, Chablis, Moselle, Riesling, etc., and our Eastern American exclusives—Catawbases, Delawares, Elviras and so on—he gratifyingly chills (and I don't mean by the month or year). They refresh. And, though it's not his achieve-

ment, our Rhine wine types don't cloud the way the wines of the River Rhine were apt to. We don't have to resort to colored goblets as cover-uppers.

American Dry Sherry, the finer examples of which are mellowed by the sun's cookery exactly as in Spain, receives a light cooling before serving. It is Oswald's One-Piece Cocktail.

That herb-imbued pair, Dry Vermouth and its Sweet side-kick, are in-and-out residents, ready for the mixing glass and the siphon. Dubonnet-hued Dubonnet (American to the extent of being made here from the original French formula) plays cool recluse only to be pestered with, "Will you come peaceably or must we swear out a thirst warrant?"

In the run-of-the-mill quencheries overseas, none of these was chilled. What knocks Continentals for a loop-the-loop is that many Americans chill even Burgundy and Claret. Personally I prefer these two at room temperature, not because ancient custom decrees it, but because to me they taste better that way. However, I deposit in Oswald's care any half-used bottle of such wines for perfect keeping, but see that it is taken out in time to acquire room climate before serving. Half-empty whites, reconsigned to coolth, are brought out at napkin-unfolding time.

Unopened American wines are phenomenally rugged as compared with those made abroad. Traffic vibrations don't raise sediment flurries in them. Long journeys are endured without harm. Their enemies, steam heat and summer scorch, find them slow to succumb. If we let that happen, our heads as well as our cupboards need looking into.

Will we ever renew old ties with the châteaux of France, the slopes of Tuscany and such? My guess is that if we do, we shall not be disappointed but that, as modern Americans, we shall go right on drinking the superb wines produced here, keyed to our palates and our way of life. #



"My wife says you keep me out too late!"

PARK & TILFORD RESERVE

"The Blend of Experience"

*"Proud legacy of an
unchanging tradition
- a Quality tradition
born 104 years ago"*



*The finest-tasting Whiskey
of its type in America!*



no tricks with mirrors

The shoe manufacturers of America have put all their know-how and the best leather into the shoes for the military, to give the fighters a sound underpinning. At the same time they have succeeded in turning out good-looking, long-wearing footwear for civilians. The mirror tells no lies. The satisfied expression on this customer's face indicates that he has made a wise choice for his needs. His selection is the town last with slightly squarish tip and medallion perforations in the toe caps. Despite WPB restrictions, varied styles in men's shoes are available. In the foreground are the wing tip, with one thickness of leather in the front part of the upper and composition soles; the straight tip blucher, and moccasin pattern, also with composition soles. In the display is a pair of brown plain bluchers, the Argyle plaid woolen and herringbone lisle socks. Composition soles are for conservation.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

SEA WOLF *with Fangs of Fire!*

OFFICIAL INSIGNE
OF ONE OF THE
CARRIER-BASED SQUADRONS
UNITED STATES NAVY

This insignie was specially created by the Walt Disney Studios for the men of the "Sea Wolf" Squadron. They carry it on their planes, the famous cannon-firing Curtiss Helldivers.



Take a group of alert, aggressive, fighting-mad, young Americans. Give them all the flying and fighting "know-how" the Navy can provide. Equip them with the very latest of dive-bombers . . . the Curtiss Helldiver . . . a "triple-threat warplane" that can bomb, or strafe, or fight. Then turn these men and their planes and their Fire-Power loose in Axis skies . . . roaring down to plant their bombs on enemy carriers . . . sweeping back to clear the decks with high-explosive cannon shell... There you have a perfect picture of the "Sea Wolves"... a fast-flying, straight-shooting, hard-hitting squadron that's typical of America's fighting Navy!

We at Oldsmobile have long been associated with the production of Fire-Power for the Army—cannon for planes, tanks and tank destroyers, shell for the artillery and armored forces. Only now, however, can it be told to what extent Oldsmobile is producing for the Navy, too. The famous Curtiss Helldiver, for example, carries Oldsmobile-built automatic aircraft cannon in its wings. Other well-known Navy planes, such as the Corsair fighter and Vega Ventura bomber, are powered with Pratt and Whitney engines, the same type for which Oldsmobile produces vital parts. And the Navy's surface forces have long been using high-explosive shell from Oldsmobile. Fire-Power is Our Business, and horsepower, too . . . for both Army and Navy!



HELP OUR CARRIERS CARRY ON!

The great task forces of the U. S. Navy are fighting their most critical battles in the enemy's very backyard. That takes courage, and skill . . . and money!

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THREE FEATHERS
Reserve

*First among
fine whiskies*

**Yours to enjoy
AT ITS PRE-WAR BEST**

With its rare basic whiskies drawn from precious pre-war stocks, Three Feathers is skillfully blended with the choicest of American grain neutral spirits. Three Feathers, at its pre-war best, is deservedly termed "First Among Fine Whiskies"!

Five-Minute Shelf

Lauding the first of the new visual books and commending *Esmé of Paris* to Hollywood

by **BENNETT CERF**
• BOOKS •



BEHIND the scenes in a score of publishing houses post-war planning boards have been experimenting with visual books—volumes of carefully selected photographs that will tell, with the aid of expert running commentaries, a graphic and connected story. One of the first of such volumes to be offered for public sale is *Look Magazine's Woodrow Wilson—As the Camera Saw Him Then and As We Begin to See Him Today*, with a text by Gerald W. Johnson and published by Harper's. If this book is any criterion of what is to follow, the non-fiction market is in for a revolution comparable to the one that hit Hollywood when talking pictures were introduced. This book has drama, mounting excitement and the breath of life; it depicts as no mere word picture could do the career, aspirations and tragic defeat of a President whose vision and greatness are just beginning to be truly evaluated by the American people. The deadly parallel of Wilson's fight for a lasting peace with the events of our own day will be apparent to the veriest dolt; the nature and identity of the opposition—which are virtually unchanged—stand revealed and crystal-clear in the photographic record. You have only to look at it!

Woodrow Wilson's career was the final answer to the charge that a real leader cannot triumph over the back room politicians and tawdry machine bosses of America. Princeton president, nominated for the office of governor of New Jersey by a typical boss who expected to turn him into a Sad Sack, he grew in a few years from a secluded scholar to one of the great figures of history. His triumphs were the triumphs of the common man. His betrayal plunged the world into another war a generation later.

Woodrow Wilson had his "Fourteen Points" as a basis for international peace. Clemenceau, the perfect example of the practical, worldly politician, sneered that "God managed to get along with only Ten Commandments." Sena-

tors Lodge, Reed, Borah and Johnson spearheaded a relentless opposition at home that ended with the effective sabotage of the League of Nations. Wilson died, a defeated and broken-

hearted man. Twenty-five years later an Atlantic Charter restated his fundamental philosophy!

Speaking at St. Louis in 1919, Wilson said: "I would like to say to the boys who fought in this war: you are betrayed. You fought for something you did not get. There will come some time, in the vengeful Providence of God, another struggle in which not a few hundred thousand fine men from America will have to die, but as many millions as are necessary to accomplish the final freedom of the people of the world." Lloyd George, Orlando, Clemenceau—and shortsighted Americans—forced Wilson to sign a peace treaty at Versailles that he knew to be a negation of everything we had been fighting for. An amazingly prophetic cartoon of the day showed the "Big Four" striding down a Paris street. The caption read, "I think I hear someone crying." Behind a pillar stood a naked baby, sobbing bitterly. The baby was labeled "1940"!

A careful study of the pictures and text of this extraordinary new book on Woodrow Wilson may prevent thousands of readers from falling into the same disastrous errors of judgment and false sympathy for a beaten enemy that turned our last victory into a mockery. Nobody can whine more piteously for mercy than a beaten bully. There are always fools and unstable male and female columnists and commentators ready to forgive and forget—and start building up the bully so that he can sock you in the jaw again twenty years later. The voice of Woodrow Wilson cries a warning against such madness from the pages of one of the most exciting books of the year.

The publicity note read, "A first novel by Jean Stafford, *Boston Adventure*, will be published soon by Harcourt, Brace. When

Continued on page 118

Good advice for
**Men
and Women**
from **Diana
Barrymore**
daughter of the
great John
Barrymore:

"I am glad that people today realize that it is as necessary to use a deodorant as it is to use toothpaste, or any other article of personal hygiene. I am enthusiastically pleased with Arrid and recommend it highly. I think Arrid is a wonderful product because it gives complete protection. Men as well as women should use Arrid."

New Cream Deodorant Prevents Under-arm Odor... ...Vanishes Instantly!

1. It prevents odor caused by under-arm perspiration.
2. Arrid checks excessive under-arm perspiration and prevents staining and rotting of shirts and coat linings.
3. It takes only half a minute to use Arrid — it vanishes at once.
4. Arrid is a pure, white, antiseptic, greaseless cream, especially pleasing to men.
5. Arrid does not irritate — gives complete protection — use it regularly.



Start using Arrid today. Get a jar at any drug store, 10c store or department store. 39c, 59c a jar.

ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING UNDER-ARM DEODORANT

Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 117

Sonia Marburg was ten years old, substituting for her mother as chambermaid in a resort hotel outside Boston, she saw the golden dome of the State House and dreamt that life could hold nothing better than the imagined splendor of Beacon Hill. *Boston Adventure* is the story of how the dream came true." I picked up an advance copy of the book, expecting to find a Pinckney Street version of *Kitty Foyle*. I toyed with the idea of referring to the book as "A Tree Grows in Brookline" in this review. That made the shock of what I actually found in the book all the more acute.

For this is certainly one of the most astonishing first novels of the decade—a detailed, relentless dissection of a peculiarly individual segment of American society, sprayed with insanity, death, cruelty and perversion, by a neurotic, humorless, but gifted young writer who has evidently sat a little too long at the feet of Dostoyevsky, Proust, Charlotte Brontë and Henry James. At least there's no trace of Hemingway or Steinbeck in her prose style. The publishers think that may indicate a trend.

John Marquand gave the incredible scions of Beacon Hill a once-over-lightly in his recent

novel; in *Boston Adventure* Jean Stafford fixes them under a powerful microscope and analyzes them with pitiless absorption. Their clannishness, supersnobbery and magnificent ability to insulate themselves against anything that even hints at change or progress gradually steam-roller the authoress herself into a semicoma. Her book suffers from the same fault that afflicts her characters: total lack of humor and genuine feeling. These people are lost if they wander more than a mile from Louisburg Square. They have preserved themselves by intermarriage and horrified rejection of alien blood. They are tough and enduring. They are also, unfortunately, insufferably dull. "Their roots," writes Miss Stafford, "were so deep that I thought they were eternal. But the word 'decadent' was misleading. Decay must come from within. I could imagine nothing but an internal calamity, a social revolution that could eradicate this solid society. It was not that what they said and the judgments they passed were of any profundity or of any insight (on the contrary, they often sprang from a primitive and passionate ignorance of the opinions of the rest of the world), but that the manner of these pilgrims' heirs was so fearless and direct

that one was not struck with their fatuity."

Sonia Marburg achieves her ambition of living in a fine house in Boston by becoming the Girl Friday of Miss Pride, a crochety old spinster who has all the tenacity, inner strength and utter selfishness of her tribe. The old martinet and her headstrong granddaughter, Hopestill, kick Sonia about to suit themselves and make a virtual slave of her. Truth to tell, Sonia seems to like it. She is one of the most spineless and namby-pamby "heroines" of all time. The end of the book finds her evidently fated for the permanent role of companion to Miss Pride, unloved and content to be patronized or cut dead on the streets by the arrogant nonentities whose standards have become her own.

The two principal men in Sonia's life are singularly inept and unattractive; both of them have physical defects to boot. Sonia seems unperturbed when they drift away from her. In marked contrast to this indifference is her profound agitation when Hopestill so much as enters a room. Besides being a sycophant and a snob, it seems to me little Sonia has a well-defined streak of homosexuality in her make-up.

Despite its faults, *Boston Ad-*

venture is well worth reading. Jean Stafford has style and quality. Her first novel is perhaps in some respects autobiographical and bogged down with characters whom she holds in evident awe. When she gets around to a less desiccated lot, with some genuine relationship to the world about them, there will be more warmth and three-dimensional substance to her writing. She needs only to raise her sights above her blue-blooded horizon.

A book reviewer with a retentive memory can pick up all kinds of stray nuggets in the course of his reading. In *Exploring the Dangerous Trades*, for instance, Dr. Alice Hamilton reveals the true origin of the phrase "mad as a hatter." Dr. Hamilton explains that mercury is used in the making of felt hats and the poison resulting from its use over a period of years eventually caused the unfortunate victims' muscles to jerk violently and involuntarily. The hatters' friends drew false conclusions.

Robert Briffault, in his novel, *Europa*, declares that the origin of mourning lay not in a desire for the bereaved to show sorrow over the loss of the departed, but in a desperate attempt to prevent the ghosts of said departed from

Continued on page 120

THIS IS KNOWN BY *Medical Authorities* about PHILIP MORRIS

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, SUBSTANTIALLY EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT — DUE TO SMOKING — CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

Facts reported in medical journals on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors... *Proving this finer cigarette is less irritant!*



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Finer flavor...
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FINEST
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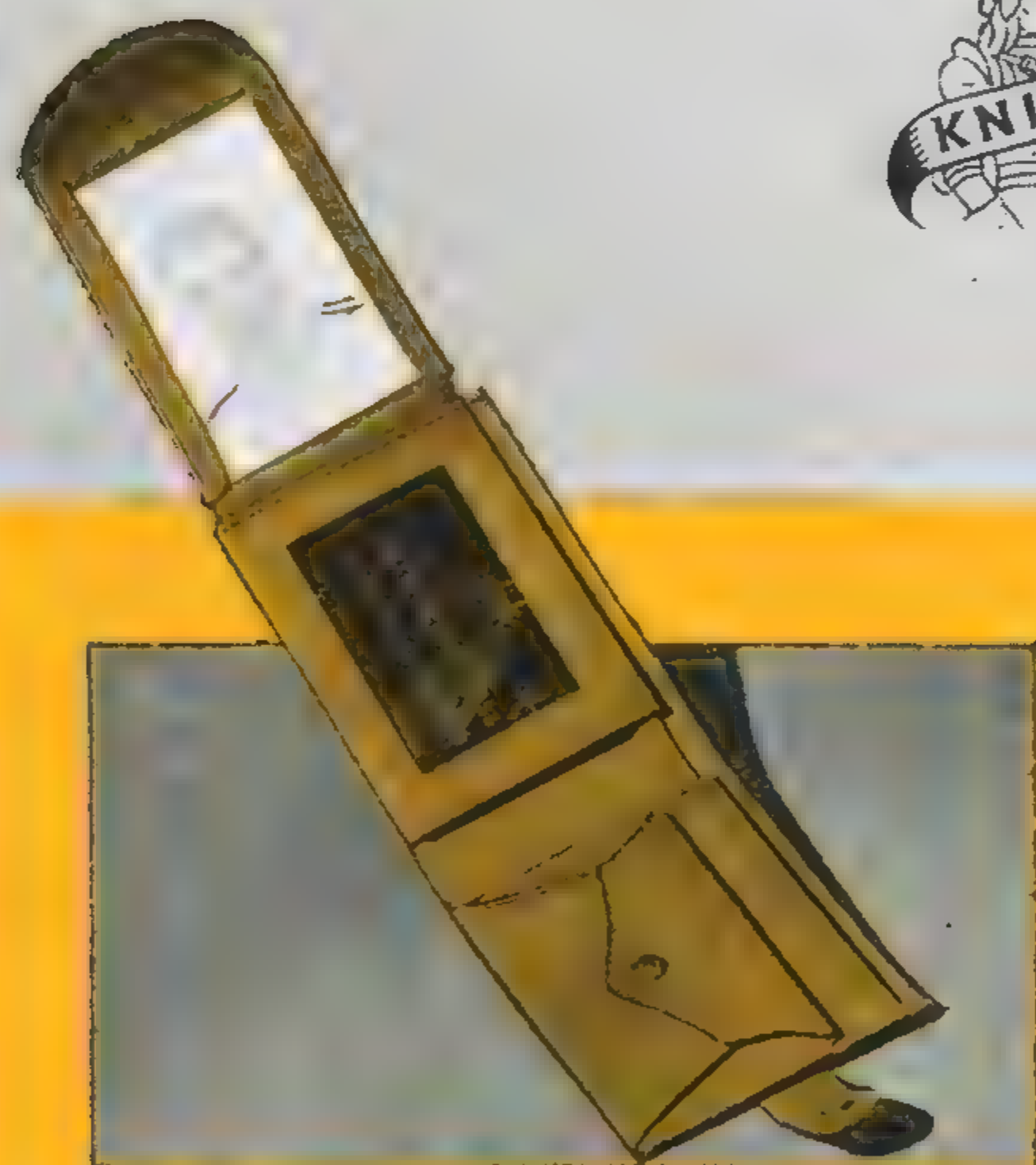


SLIM, TRIM AND SOFT

What finer gift for him or her than a Knight Lounge Wallet or Billfold. Crafted of the finest leather, they're slim, trim and soft, yielding to the movements of your body and the lines of your suit.

Roomy yet absolutely without bulk—easy to carry on your person or in your purse. Made in a variety of styles and colors for men and women, they're available at all men's and department stores that carry nothing but the best.

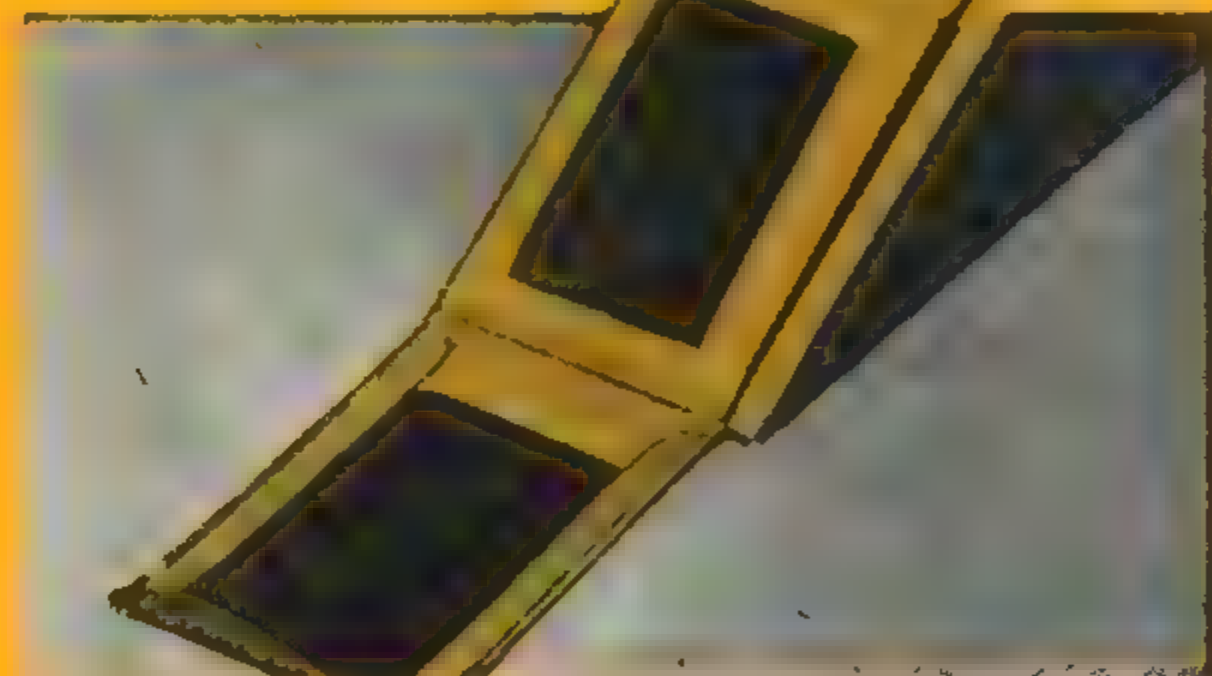
the thin man in leather



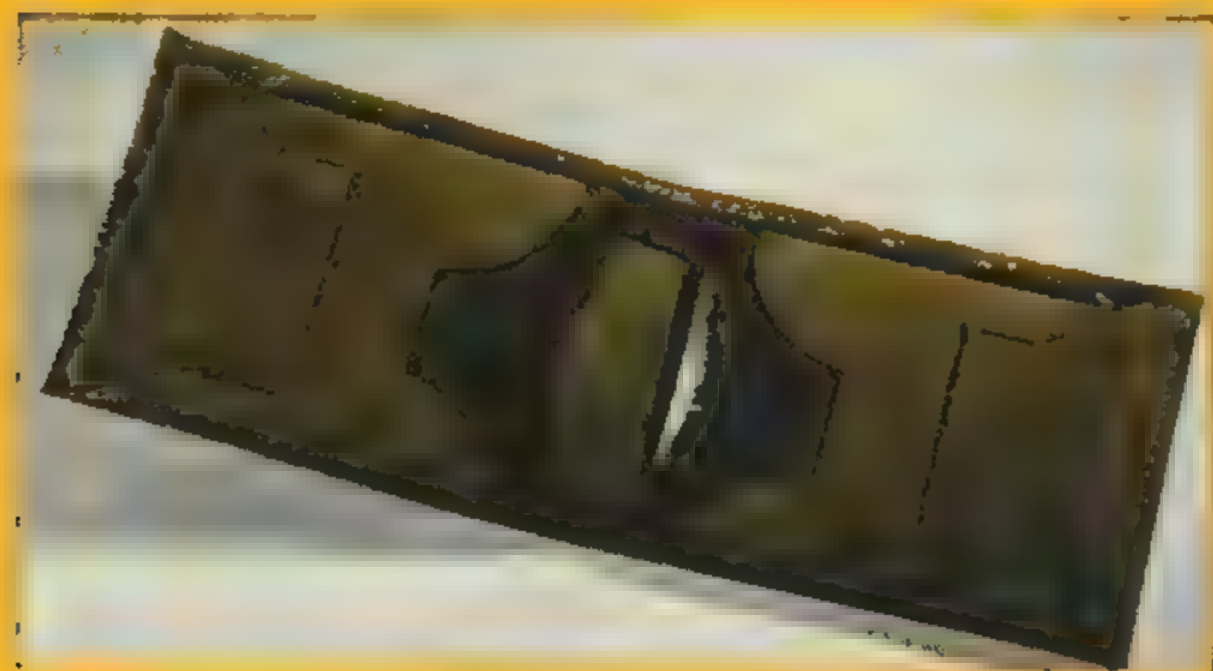
"Thin Miss" Billfolds. In red, blue, tan, black and brown. In solid and two-tone combinations to harmonize with hand bags and gloves.....\$2 to \$5



Breast Pocket Model. Fits comfortably into your pocket without distorting the lines of your suit. In brown and black.....From \$3.50



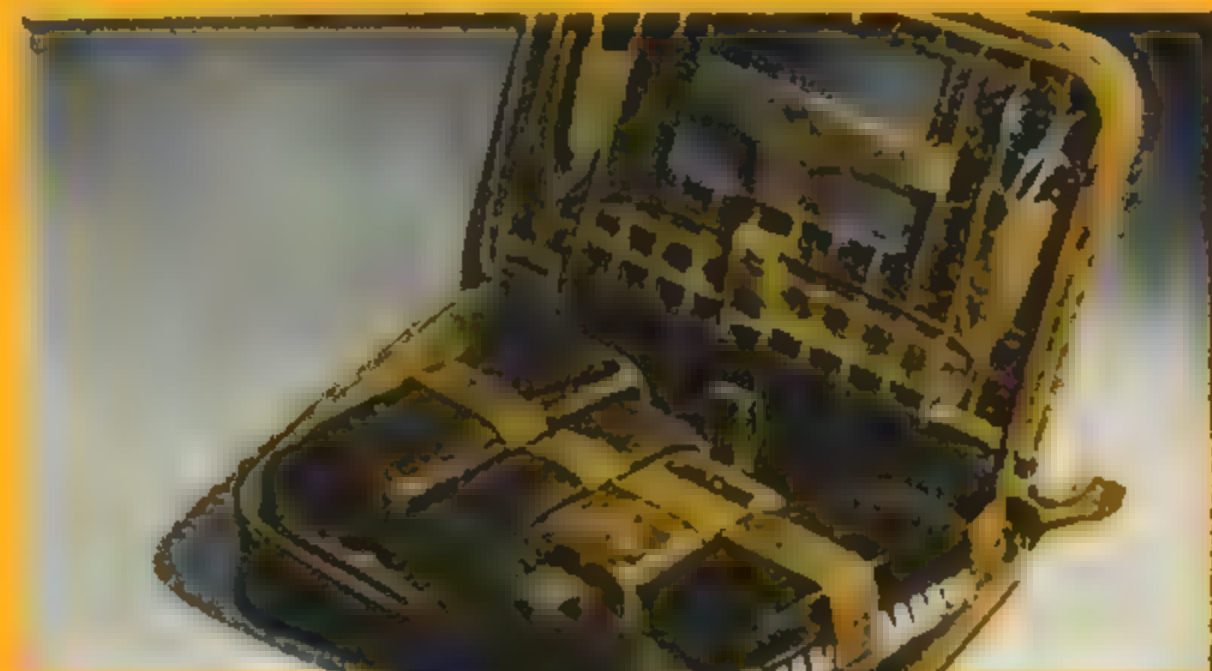
"Invisible Window" Wallet. All the windows you need for snapshots, cards, license, etc. — yet still remains slender and flexible. In assorted fine leathers.....\$2.50 — \$7.50



Hip-Pocket Model. Won't bulge, won't get out of shape. Holds twice as much and still retains its trim, even silhouette. In genuine cowhide, goat skin, and pig skin.....\$2.50 — \$7.50



Knight Key-Keep. Zipper closure. 6 removable hooks. In assorted leathers.....\$2 and \$2.50



Knight Fitted Traveling Case. Genuine Leather Fitted Kit. Zipper closure. Can also be used as unfitted utility case....\$10

Knight

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"The Thin Man in Leather"

BOSTON AND NEW YORK

Best in its Class!



YOU CAN STILL GET a Dry Martini with a pedigree — and *know* what you are getting.

Just ask your liquor store for HEUBLEIN'S DRY MARTINIS, made with scarce, smooth, pot-stilled MILSHIRE GIN, and the world's finest Dry Vermouth.

Completely ready — and perfect. All you do is add ice and serve.

THE FIVE POPULAR COCKTAILS

Dry Martini, 71 proof • Side Car, 60 proof
Manhattan, 65 proof • Daiquiri, 70 proof
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HEUBLEIN'S

Club

COCKTAILS



Milshire Distilled London Dry Gin is 90 proof, distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford 1, Conn.

Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 117-118

haunting them in the days that followed. They figured that by dressing in black they might escape the attention of presumably nearsighted ghosts entirely.

If you crave still more fascinating information, Bruce Bairnsfeather, creator of *Old Bill* and *The Better 'Ole*, explains the origin of the little row of buttons on the sleeves of men's coats. It appears that His Majesty's troops in the old days didn't take very enthusiastically to the notion of wiping their noses on handkerchiefs when a good sleeve served the same purpose. Buttons were added to the sleeves of the uniforms to introduce a keen element of hazard — and the custom stuck.

The late Hugh Walpole told in one of his early novels how the phrase "mind your P's and Q's" became popular. In English countryside pubs, the barmaids would chalk up on a blackboard the number of pints and quarts of beer that thirsty darts players consumed in the course of an evening. At closing time, patrons had to settle for the "P's and Q's" tabulated opposite their names.

Try a few of these facts on your dinner partner some evening. See how quickly she becomes fascinated with the conversation of the man on the other side of her.

Esmé of Paris is the almost incredible autobiography of a dazzling young woman whose career makes Mata Hari, Belle Starr, Catherine the Great and Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model sound like members of the Winnebago Sewing Society. Esmé's grandma was a gypsy flamenco dancer who cultivated snakes on the side. Her mother was an opera singer more versed in raising tantrums than singers. Her father was a plain businessman in Canada. That's where she undoubtedly inherited the instinct to keep a diary of her doings, with an eye to Publisher's Row and Hollywood. Her brother, at last accounts, was a Trappist monk. Esmé herself was a circus acrobat at five, a ballet dancer with Pavlova at thirteen and the "primera ballerina absoluta" (her own billing) of a whole troupe three years later. When she wasn't traipsing around the world, she painted water colors, learned to speak seven or eight languages and played the piano. Today she distills rare perfumes.

Her book, apparently ghosted, is badly edited and often incoherent, but on the whole highly readable and amusing. A smart Hollywood producer could make four full-length features of Esmé's ma-

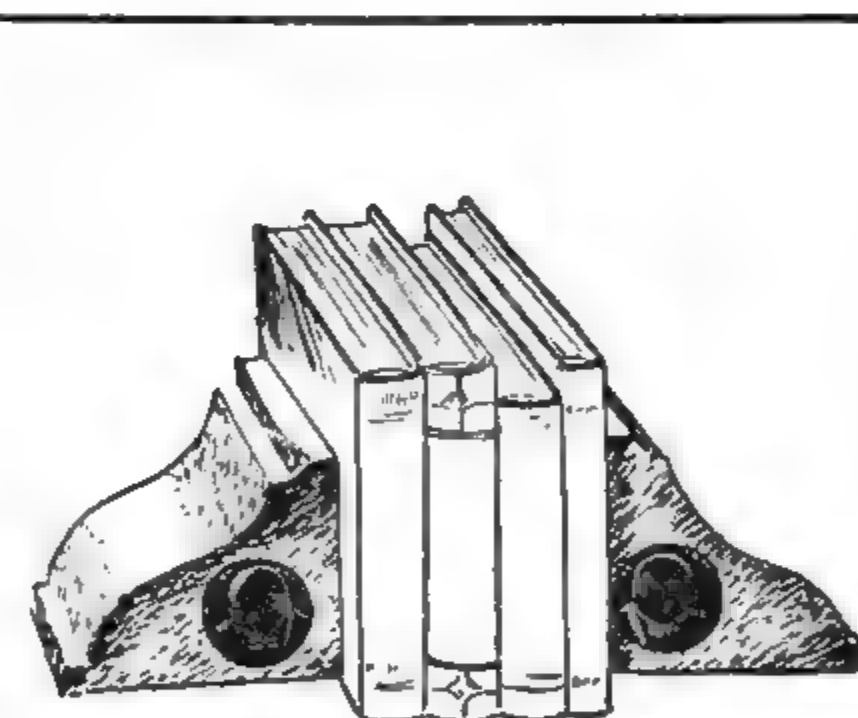
terial and have enough left for a couple of stage shows at the Roxy.

One reason why people in the publishing business can take thoughts of hell and damnation in their stride is that after having to listen for years to their authors struggling on lecture platforms and literary luncheon programs, any torture the devil can think up is going to come as an anticlimax. The more brilliant and persuasive an author can be on the printed page, the more boring and tongue-tied he seems to be on the podium. If he extemporizes, he forgets to talk into the microphone and wanders so far off his subject that it takes a B-29 to bring him back. If he reads a prepared speech, he swallows his words and bumbles on three times as long as he should.

It isn't the poor lug's fault, of course. Because a man can write like an angel is no reason to suppose he can talk like one. Often he puts up a valiant struggle before the irresistible haridans who run those appalling literary affairs rope and brand him. His sufferings before and during his ordeal are too acute to be feigned.

Unbelievable as it seems, American women, with an infinite capacity for absorbing punishment, keep coming back for more. Literary luncheons, book fairs, "meet the author" rallies at department stores and straight lectures where the audience actually has to pay to get in, grow more popular every year. Our esteemed wives and sweethearts don't seem to give a hang whether the poor victims talk English or Tasma-

nian; whether noises come from their mouths or their navels. They just want to see what their writing idols look like. "My dear, I saw that dramatist Moss Hart at luncheon yesterday. He looks positively like Mephistopheles." ... One after another, our most diffident authors are succumbing to the blandishments and wav-



Book ends of stone from the British House of Parliament are decorated with Churchill medallion. Initial proceeds go to the Red Cross and St. John Ambulance Brigade.

ing checks of persuasive lecture managers. Even a few book publishers are beginning to study voice culture in a tentative way. The most determined holdout to date is the bearded Elliot Paul. He explains that nobody wants to hear a man who speaks above a whisper. Just the other day, however, I saw him in deep conclave with the demon lecture manager, Colston Leigh. The next time Elliot sees Paris he will probably be dressed in tails, lecturing about Henry Wadsworth Longfellow to the eager ladies of the *Rue de la Huchette*. #

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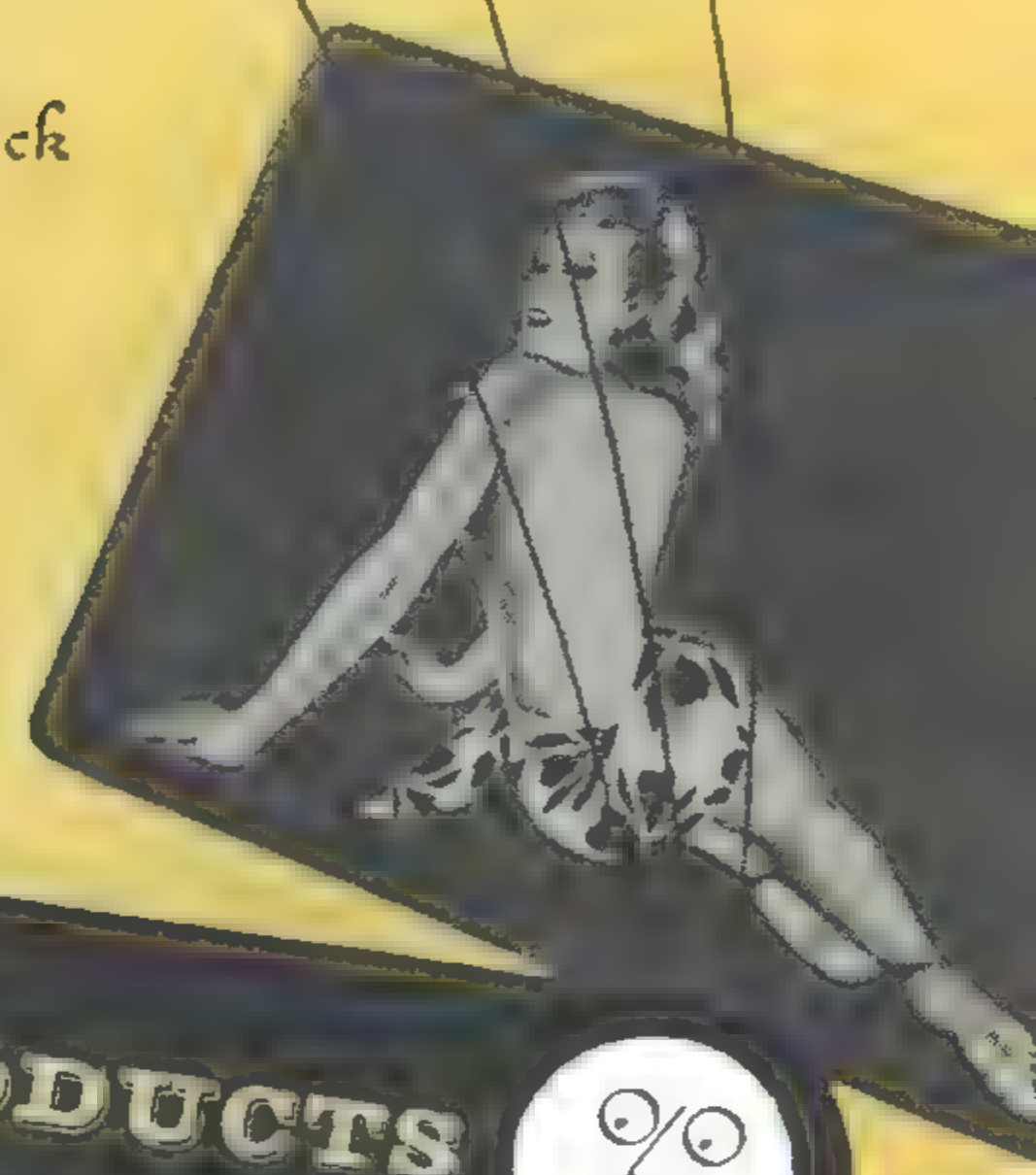
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The Sporting Scene

Touring war zones with Gomez and Sharkey, Corcoran learns our lads know all the answers

by **HERB GRAFFIS**

• SPORTS •



"How can I use my head when he's using it?"

FRED CORCORAN, tournament manager of the Professional Golfers' Association, has made a business of sports since his boyhood as a caddie around Boston. He takes sports very seriously, for sport has been good to him in supplying him with a living and travel in return for work he likes so well he'd do it for nothing. Corcoran, after a U.S.O. circuit in England and a more recent tour with Lefty Gomez and Jack Sharkey in Africa, Sicily and Italy, declares that very few in sports at home can realize how sports rate with the overseas lads as the tie that binds them to carefree days and in reviving hopes long deferred.

In his first tour Corcoran teamed with Henry McLemore in conducting fanning sessions. Fred, having a pretty fair memory for sports records, worked out the pattern of offering cigarettes to fellows in U.S.O. groups who had the right answers to sports questions and to fellows who'd ask a sports question he couldn't answer. McLemore, although then a war correspondent, recalled incidents of his sports writing career in applying a temporary but very effective cure for homesickness. It was swell entertainment for the lads.

When McLemore went into the Army and Corcoran made a return trip to the Mediterranean area, the sports quiz routine was retained and the intimate ad libbed autobiographical recitals of Gomez and Sharkey provided close-ups with baseball and boxing that rounded out a very effective entertaining and psychological job for the battle-weary, the wounded and the waiting.

On occasions Corcoran had to cable back home for authoritative answers, notwithstanding a rather comprehensive but compact library of sports reference books on his second trip. The lads had the answers to sports questions that stumped the expert.

Sports editors of Army and Navy camp papers give prominence to the sports quiz idea. In

most of these publications there are Q. and A. sports features compiled by the staff or the Camp Newspaper Service "Ask Me Another" sports query feature. Often some trick question will be made a special story, such as was

done when Lt. Col. William L. Poole, Commanding Officer of the A.A.R.T. at Fort Eustis, Va., asked the staff of the Fort's *Sky Watch*: "What is the distance between home plate and first base on a standard baseball diamond?"

The sports editor immediately responded, "Ninety feet, Sir."

The colonel said, "You're wrong."

After the lads had stabbed at answering, the colonel gave the correct answer as 87 feet, nine inches, inasmuch as 12 inches of home plate and 15 inches of first base are included in the 90 feet and must be deducted in determining the distance between home and first.

The old idea that the star athlete is, by the law of compensation, often a washout as a scholar has been exploded. One needs only to consider case histories of the highly competent and successful doctors who played on the University of Pittsburgh teams when the club was rated as practically a pro outfit to be reminded that brains and athletic ability are not necessarily a twain that ne'er shall meet. As a matter of fact, students' developed capacity to study and absorb the playing diagrams and assignments, the scouting data and command of situations arising in contests which must be solved by quick and accurate thinking, might indicate to some authorities exercise of greater pedagogical ability by the coaches than is demonstrated by the book learning professors.

Certainly instructors in the scholastic courses would be content if their pupils, a couple of years after high school or college exit, could answer classroom curriculum questions comparable with the following sports queries which were selected offhand from Army and Navy camp papers:

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SWANK

What pitching great won three World Series games, all by shut-outs, and what team was he with?

In what sport is the Henley Cup awarded? Who has won it more often than any other man?

What third baseman hit the same percentage two consecutive years and fielded the same percentage two consecutive years?

What Kentucky Derby winner won in the fastest time?

Who was the first well-known boxer to use boxing gloves?

Runs batted in champion of both major leagues and successor to Ted Williams as home run king of the majors was.....?

Who was lightest of the Four Horsemen and what position did he play?

What two fighters each held three world titles?

These are representative questions submitted to typical young Americans who have the answers easily in mind and who complain if sports queries are too easy. Corcoran learned in his first few shows under U.S.O. auspices in England that unless the questions were tough the soldiers and sailors lost interest.

Of course, many of the sports quiz answers given aren't right, but they don't miss far. For instance, at a camp of Negro troops in Africa Corcoran asked, "Who made the Grand Slam in golf?"

A soldier jumped up yelling, "Sam Snead."

Corcoran replied, "You're wrong. It was Bobby Jones."

The soldier shook his head. "You're wrong, Sir. I was caddy-ing for Sam Snead back home and on the 580-yard twelfth hole he was on the green in two shots. If that ain't a Grand Slam, what is?"

At least to Corcoran's satisfaction, one question that has been debated by ring fans since June 29, 1933, was answered one night in Italy. When the trio of Corcoran, Sharkey and Gomez were uncomfortably close to the lines and took shelter for a legitimate nervous sweat and to contemplate their pasts, presents and futures, Gomez asked Sharkey: "Did you lay down to Carnera?"

Sharkey swore that he didn't.

The circumstances couldn't have been better for bringing out the right answer.

That night eleven years ago in the Long Island Bowl when Primo, who had given no previous sign of being able to lick his upper lip in a good square contest, laid out Sharkey with a right hand uppercut in the sixth round of the world's heavyweight fight, gave off lasting fumes. In case you are interested in reading the background you can consult Chapter Five in Paul Gallico's *Farewell to Sport*, which becomes each year more firmly established as the one classic journalistic volume on the most glamorous period of American sports history to date.

But without that tense moment of authoritative testimony the Sharkey role in the Mediterranean tour was richly worthwhile. Sharkey fought Dempsey in 1927, get-

ting knocked out in the seventh round. Nine years later Sharkey lost to Joe Louis by a knockout in the third round. Sharkey met Dempsey when Dempsey was on his way out and Louis when Joe was on his way in, yet whatever doubts there might be concerning Sharkey's qualifications as an appraiser of the respective merits of Dempsey and Louis would not occur to miserably mangled youngsters by whose hospital bedsides Sharkey stopped and visited and punched his level best in trying to help the lads win decisions.

In the appearances before large groups of troops overseas, Sharkey, Gomez and Corcoran had pictures of knockout rounds in famous fights, World Series films and a golf film at Pinehurst. After the pictures the trio went into its patter. Sharkey told about leading Dempsey through the fifth round. "In the sixth I looked up and he rifled me. In the seventh you saw for yourself what happened. I woke up two days later in St. Elizabeth's Hospital," Sharkey told the lads in summarizing his affair with Dempsey.

Gomez and Sharkey maintained a crossfire of kidding during the tour, with the fluent Lefty getting most of the decisions. Relating how Sharkey found himself without a towel while shaving one morning at a camp, Gomez told soldiers that Jack had had so many towels tossed into the ring the Army thought he brought his own with him on the trip.

Talking to men of Clark's Fifth Army shortly after they'd been hauled back from battle for a breather, Lefty cheered the gladiators by remarking, "You thought it was tough up there. Well, think of me. After thirteen years with the Yankees I had to go pitch for the Braves. Was I glad when they gave me my unconditional surrender!"

The lads loved that sort of confidential offhand stuff from El Goofey and Sharkey's frank narratives of getting soundly mauled. "Neither one of them being inclined to talk big and both having the knack of looking humorously at their victories and defeats made Sharkey and Gomez go great with the boys," Corcoran says.

The Mediterranean area tour of the trio was not conducted on the thoroughly arranged basis of the trips by picture and radio stars. But when you have an audience that comes out of battle to supply an 80,000 attendance at the Fifth Army boxing bouts within sound of the front line guns and which has 224 teams attired mostly in G.I. underwear competing in a basketball tournament a jeep hop, skip and jump behind the lines, you don't need rehearsals for sports entertainment. The American sportsman-fighter is happy with a catch-as-catch-can show, but the performers must give it their all, just as the lads were doing a few hours before they sat back to relax, to laugh, cheer and remember sports back home. #

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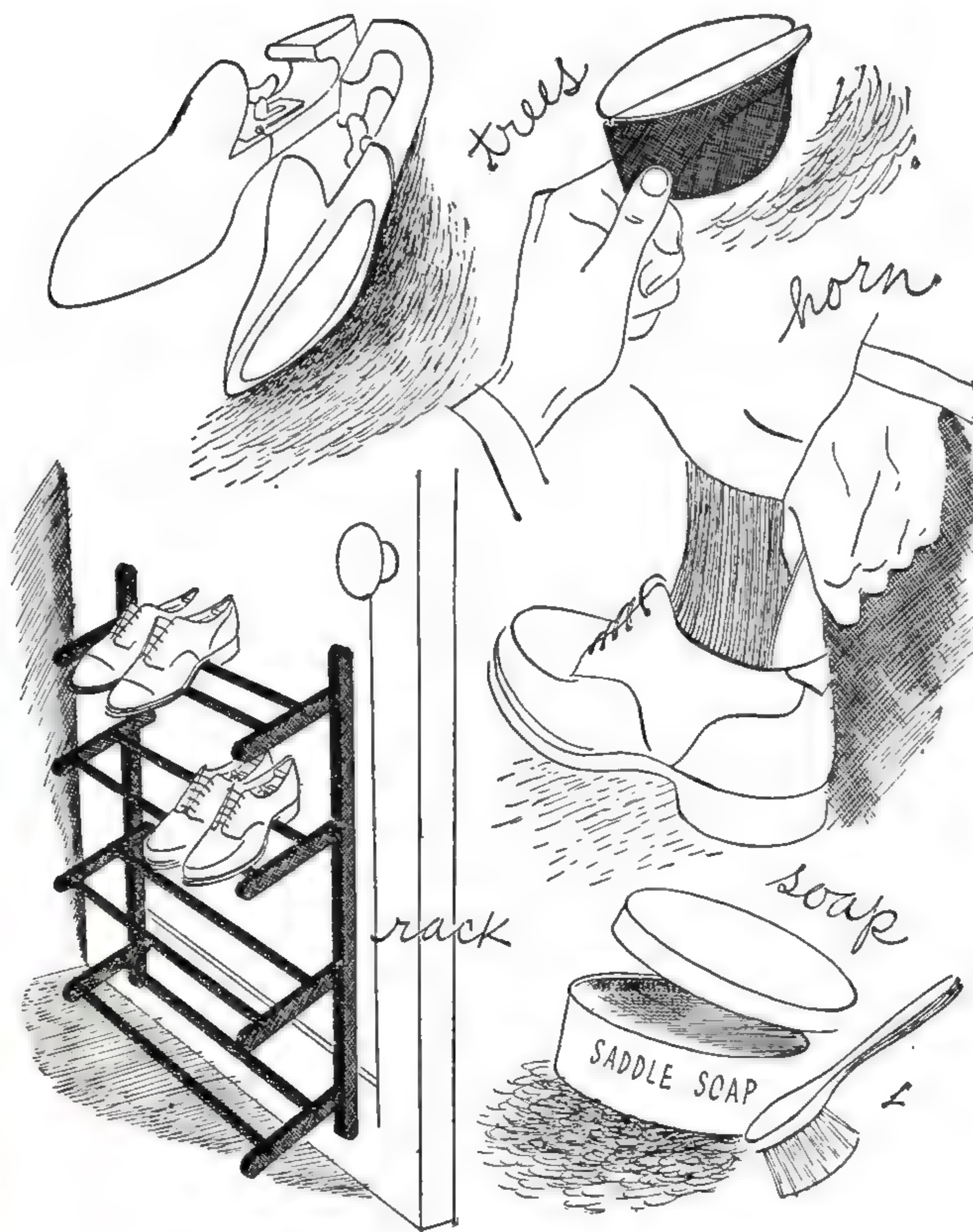
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Some Tips on Shoes

Prospectus for getting the ultimate benefit from your Airplane Stamp Number Two

by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**
• WEARABLES •



RATIONING has touched us so lightly in this land of comparative plenty that we must concede, at the risk of seeming flagellant, it has done us more good than harm.

One of the obvious benefits of rationing which will surely be extended into happier days is adult education in the selection and care of shoes. There is no second-guessing in regard to selection; good salesmen can be helpful, but buyers must learn to think on their feet and quickly. All this tends to make happier men of those erstwhile cynics in the adjustment bureau. Once shoes have reached the post-wear period, the rule is rigid; no more coupons, no exchanges. So the buyer makes sure there is no stress or strain at any point—thus obviating not only discomfort but also premature wear.

It's wise to have shoes polished before they are worn, and to repeat the treatment regularly, in order to keep them looking well and to protect the leather. Saddle soap, or castile soap generously lathered, are recommended for the pre-wear polish. There is also a special preparation which prevents grit from working its way into the leather.

Another sound idea—never

wear the same pair two days in a row, and use trees between wearings.

There are many good types of shoe trees available. One satisfactory kind has the slope of the top extended high on the instep to keep the whole upper in proper shape. Constructed of wood, it is hollowed out to allow better circulation of air. Another type, which folds, is popular for traveling. This slips into the front part of the shoe and prevents it from curling up.

Never dry wet shoes near a radiator. The combination of heat and moisture almost cooks the fibers and destroys the lubricating oils that are tanned into the leather. Let them dry, therefore, at room temperature.

Remember the old cliché about a stitch in time, and have repairs made early, when soles or heels are worn, or when there is a slight break in a seam. Use a shoe horn to preserve the shape of the counter.

Shoe racks help to keep the shoes in order and out of the way; fastened to closet doors, they allow the soles of the shoes to be exposed to the air. One available shoe rack is wooden and unpainted. The idea, of course, is to paint it to match your door. #

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS

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Who would mind the rain under these pleasant conditions? The canopy and doorman keep the elements under control and the girl in green brings sunshine into a rainy day. As far as the weather is concerned, this man would not need a cab. His coat of natural tan worsted gabardine is based upon the newest scientific developments in military garments. The same philosophy of protection, that of layers of fabrics in military uniforms, is applied to the civilian coat. The buttoned-in removable lining is not silver, but well worth its weight in wool. Set-in sleeve goes well with broad-shoulder jackets and slash pockets open through for convenience. Also worn are brown snap brim felt hat, Kerry Blue cheviot suit, brown blucher shoes and brown deerskin gloves. The young lady's raincoat of processed rayon has tie tabs at sleeves and waistline, fly-front closure, and convertible collar.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

A detailed illustration of a pheasant in flight, positioned diagonally across the upper half of the page. The bird's wings are spread wide, showing intricate feather patterns in shades of brown, tan, and black. Its tail feathers are long and pointed. The background is a plain, light cream color.

American Game Birds

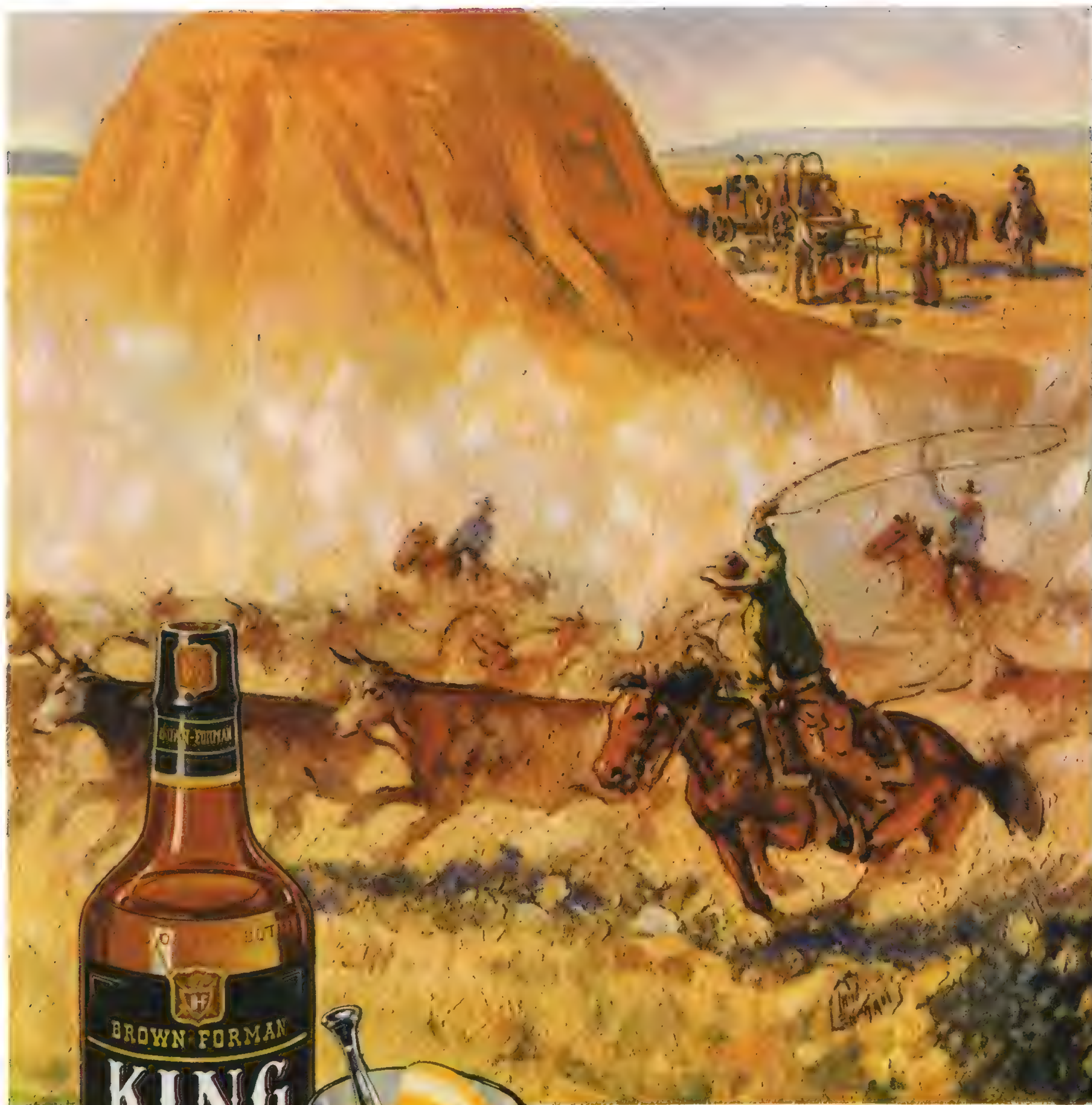
A small, stylized illustration of a person, possibly a soldier or worker, in a dynamic pose, located to the right of the braces.

Nature's best-dressed males... inspired these handsome new Hickok Braces. Their colors are beautifully blended... and your search for smartness is ended... when you choose your favorite! They're just \$2... including the comfort of Hickok Elastic Action Back.

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Man the Kitchenette

Herein a post-war plan for the civilization of Germany: let *Königsberger Klops* be purged

by ILES BRODY
• EDIBLES •



THE German General Staff will be dead forever after this war and, I hope, so will *Königsberger Klops*, *Hamburger Aalsuppe*, *Bremer Brauner Kohl* and *Leipziger Allerlei*.

Teutonic dishes were, as a rule, sickeningly heavy and solid, with none of the finesse and fantasy of the French cuisine. German specialties—unless you grew up with them—were murderous. At least they shortened the lives of addicts. On the other hand, nearly every French recipe was created with a thought to longevity. No German could ever have invented the slogan: *Le meilleur médicament est une bonne nourriture*.

Molnár, the playwright, who often visited Berlin in a former era, usually ate his midday meal at the fashionable Horcher Restaurant. Not because of the good food, as he pointed out, but because there was a doctor in the house! For Professor Schwartzkopf, the famous heart specialist and friend of Molnár's, was also a daily luncheon guest at the place. "I dare to enjoy *Esiig-Schmorbraten mit Zwiebel* potatoes when I see the good doctor eating the same thing two tables away," the playwright said. "If the dish proves to be fatal, Schwartzkopf would see me sliding under the table and he'd be at my side in a split second with his scalpel, leeches and nitroglycerin drops—unless he dies of acute indigestion first."

Once Molnár complained to professor Schwartzkopf at Horcher's that he was tired. The professor advised him to take a Scotch shower, scalding hot water first and then ice cold on top, and then hot again and cold again. The son of the owner of the restaurant happened to hear the conversation and, scoffing at the professor's suggestion, volunteered to fix Molnár up. He disappeared in the direction of the kitchen and soon returned carrying a huge platter, with a waiter behind him bringing the silver duck press.

There was an enormous raw hamburger on the platter, a so-

called cannibal steak with all the trimmings, raw egg, anchovy, capers, chopped onions, chives and parsley. The proprietor's son emptied the entire contents of the

platter into the duck press, poured a goodly amount of Worcestershire sauce on top and started to turn the wheel of the instrument. Blood, carmine beef blood, oozed out into glasses through the spout of the press, and Molnár felt his energies quickly restored as he drank the beverage.

"I made blood drinking a habit then," he told me with a twinkle in his eye. "I developed a bellicose nature, I bought a stiletto hidden in a walking stick and a small revolver of Belgian make."

The author of *Liliom* became a mild man once more when he moved his headquarters to Paris and to a bistro near the Odéon Theatre. He soon forgot beer soup and Bavarian cabbage with potatoes, in favor of *potage santé* and *choucroute garnie*—as who wouldn't? Lest these passable German specialties become merely a memory, however, I give you their recipes. Here is beer soup:

Slice or grate some black bread (pumpernickel) into dark beer, with sugar, lemon peel, a sherry glassful of *Kümmel* liqueur, and a small piece of ginger. Let it come to a boil, then strain. When ready to serve, add a lump of butter and salt according to taste.

And here is Bavarian cabbage with potatoes, or *Bayrisch Kraut mit Kartoffeln*:

For eight people dice a quarter pound of bacon. Fry slowly. Mix in three or four tablespoons of flour, add water, vinegar and salt, making a thin sauce, strongly peppered. Shred two to four heads of white cabbage (according to size). Also peel and cut into quarters a pound and one half of potatoes. Now place the potatoes in a stew pot, spread the cabbage on top and cover with the bacon sauce. Simmer with a tight lid on the pot till the cabbage and potatoes are tender and the sauce has completely amalgamated. Serve with sausages (*bratwurst* is the real thing), fried or cooked in beer.

I don't regret the passing of these heavy dishes, and I believe the tempting Russian cuisine will be immensely popular after this war. As you know, the basis of Russian entrées is sour cream, and thank God for that. Sour

Continued on page 130

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Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 129

cream can also be transformed into the best heavy sweet cream if you sprinkle sugar on top of it, and so it may be used with desserts. Russian food is sane, appetizing and light, although, of course, the latter virtue wasn't there until French chefs invaded Russia in the eighteenth century. Ah, how wrong Herbert Spencer was when he said that only the best-nourished nations can dominate other nations! For Russians are modest eaters, and were amply satisfied with a dish of mushrooms with sour cream, which, if made right, can be heavenly.

Wash, drain, and slice a pound of fresh mushrooms, but don't peel them. Heat two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add a small onion chopped fine and the mushrooms and sauté together for five minutes. Season with salt and pepper, then sprinkle with two teaspoonfuls of flour. Mix well and simmer for a few minutes under lid. Now stir in—a little at a time—a cupful of sour cream, but do not let it come to a boil. Add a few drops of lemon juice or a few drops of Worcestershire sauce.

I have praised the virtues of sour cream on these pages several times, but I don't think I have ever sung the glory of mushrooms. Probably the delay is due to the fact they aren't so extolled here as they are in Europe.

Fresh, dried and pickled, mushrooms have figured on the daily

menu of nearly every European, rich or poor, since the earliest times. Martial, the Roman epigrammatist, declared that one can refuse diamonds, gold, money and even the purple, but one cannot refuse mushrooms. Pliny the Elder lamented: "How can one find such wonderful pleasure in an edible which at the same time is so doubtful, treacherous and full of duplicity?"

Pliny wouldn't have to worry if he were living today; the mushroom situation is pretty well in hand. We almost never hear of a mushroom poisoning case anymore and I salute the food inspectors of American markets for allowing only the tame mushrooms to reach us. In my childhood we had to make the test at home by pressing a silver spoon next to the fungus; if the silver quickly oxidized and turned yellowish, we threw the innocent-looking but fatal mushrooms out.

The French, greatest lovers of mushrooms, called them *gibier sans pattes*, game without feet, and *viande végétale*, vegetable meat. Fathers in the country took their offspring at an early age to the meadows and the woods and taught them the mushroom tricks. If they had the slightest doubt, they soaked the mushrooms in salted water or in water and vine-

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Here is a miniature model of the attractive and justly popular man's ETERNA Automatic. There is a limited quantity of these truly feminine watches at selected jewelers, since the majority of ETERNA watches are reserved for the armed services.

ETERNA

WATCH CO. OF AMERICA, INC., NEW YORK CITY

gar for a half hour. This solution was said to turn even a poisonous mushroom into an edible one, but I say beware of the fungi you pick yourself unless you are a botanist. Leave it to experts to furnish your table and to me to give you a recipe for mushroom salad:

Mix in equal proportions, canned mushrooms sliced into strips, cold cooked potatoes cut into rounds and strips of raw celery. Season with salt, pepper, olive oil and wine vinegar.

I adore mushrooms. But then I am merely an expert on eating. Other experts, food economists, inform me that food will be very inexpensive soon after the war. The expensive restaurants, making such a haul today, will disappear, to give way to marvelously organized, immense, self-service eating places. It will be a gastronomical world for the frugal. It will be a place in which the first Duke of Marlborough, Winston Churchill's ancestor, would have been happy to live. For history tells us that he was loath to spend money on anything including even food! However, he had great virtues: once during a march in France, as he rode at the head of his army, he sent word back to his orderly to bring him something to munch on. The orderly took his time, and when he finally handed his master the provender, he grumbled insolently. The Duke thanked him for his trouble in a gentle tone,

and afterward he said placidly to his *aide-de-camp*: "I feel sorry for this man. I wouldn't have his temper for all the world!"

Food economists also tell me that the soybean has the greatest future on the American gastronomical horizon. It certainly has a great past in China, where it has been that vast country's mainstay for over five thousand years. It has vitamins B₁, B₂, E, K and niacin, calcium, iron, magnesium, copper, phosphorus, potassium and sodium.

Excuse me for introducing into these pages dedicated to good eating, in spite of paunches and apoplexy, a soberly nutritious note. But at home I am just as hen-pecked as you are and, if I must, I submit to soybean steaks. Worse yet, Mrs. B. recently finished reading Gayelord Hauser's latest book, *Diet Does It*, and my house now teems with bottles of black molasses, wheat-germ oil, carrot and beet juice, alkaline broth, spinach tarts and sorrel delight. It is no use for me to tell my wife that I often see the dapper Dr. Hauser gaily gourmandizing in the Oak Room of the Hotel St. Regis. Vegetarians, health-food eaters, seem to form a free masonry. From the head of the table comes the curt rejoinder: "Lies, always lies! Keep quiet and finish your sorrel delight."

Mr. Anthony, what shall I do? ... #



Cartier

Give her Cartier Jewels. . . All in gold: rings from top — diamond tipped lapis in flexible settings \$240; with diamonds and sapphires, flexible settings \$410; adjustable, with rubies \$117; rubies in flexible settings \$335. Gold bracelets, heavier one \$80; the other \$27.50. . . Prices include 20% Federal Tax.

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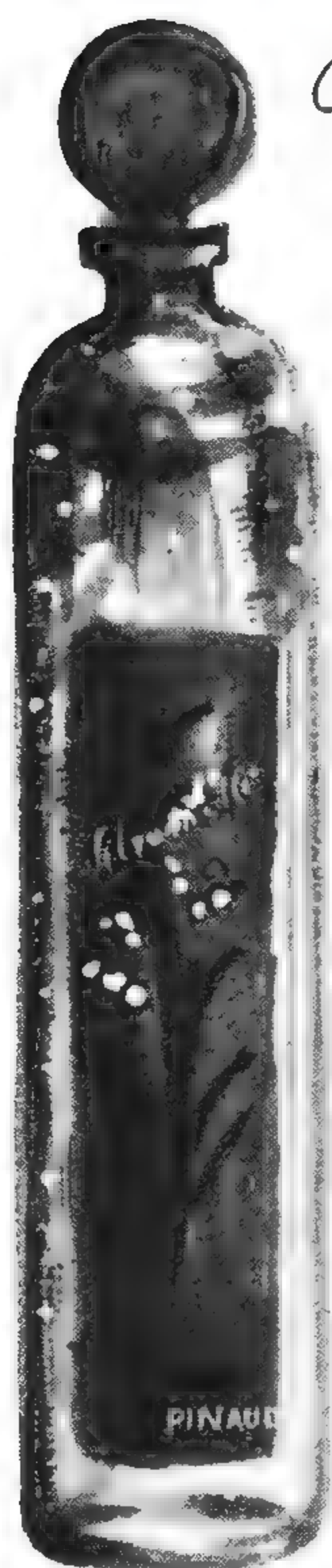


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When I followed in the wake of your
perfume I was conquered. Memories of
rippling waters, emerald meadows, the shade
of those trees in our valley . . . yearning
for the one I could love forever . . . YOU.

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ESQUIRE ON THE RECORD

BEST SELLERS

Compiled by GILBERT SELDES

At Last—But What of It

Lili Marlene (Nazi!)
(Victor—Perry Como)
(Decca—Hildegard)

When our own Marlene Dietrich sang this on the air, she brought back a vision of her special, and vanished, romance. On records this is a pretty ordinary song—but so was *Tipperary*.

Retrospectives

Sextet
(Columbia—Benny Goodman)

Like Victor's *Tommy Dorsey*, *Star-maker*, this Goodman collection features the players made famous in the band. The Dorsey records mention the "featured" individual; the Goodmans render all anonymous, which is a pity.

Bing Crosby Album I-II
(Brunswick)

No identification trouble here. The first collection has *Now That You're Gone* and the top-style *Million Dollar Baby*. The second is even better with *Star Dust*, *Dancing in the Dark* and *Sweet and Lovely*. Incidentally—or should it be featured?—Crosby's *Amor, Amor* (Decca) is the best vocal *Amor, Amor* and his *Long Ago* is spoiled by almost comic fanciness in the middle of the beautiful song.

Jimnie Noone
(Brunswick)

Hot clarinet, with Earl Hines at the piano, and some of the pieces composed by Noone and other members of the Apex Club band. Two of these are "second master" which the initiated understand to be recordings now preferred to the one originally chosen.

American Waltz Memories
(Musicraft—Paul Lavalie and strings)

This album has the unity which some of this company's grab bags miss. It's a holiday in pseudoclassic and sometimes muddy strings for Lavalie of Basin Street; maybe our "State" waltzes (Missouri, Ohio, etc.) are our true folk music. What is *A Kiss in the Dark* doing in this gallery?



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When Victory is won Lamb Knit will again supply all sport lovers with fine knitted outerwear.



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KNIT GOODS COMPANY

Some Singles	
<i>Bolero at the Savoy</i> <i>Side by Side</i> (Columbia—Krupa)	This is Gene Krupa's comeback year. Musically this record is between all right and darn good.
<i>Without a Sweetheart</i> (Decca—Evelyn Knight)	The torchy beginning is like all the others; as the beat takes over, the vocal gets better; then there's a dulling piano section. Reminds me of the time when the longhairs used to say that all jazz sounded alike—but then I didn't know what they meant.
Longhair (see above)	
<i>Toccata & Fugue (E Minor)—Bach</i> (Columbia—R. Serkin) <i>Double Concerto (D Minor)—Bach</i> (Victor—Menuhin and Enesco)	A lot of classical music "sounds alike"—dozens of dainty bits dashed off for court quartets—like sawing with a cello bow. On the other hand, Bach is as pure as Irving Berlin. Serkin's piano in this familiar masterpiece is clear and delicate. The double concerto should be current by the time this is in print—and "on form" should be wonderful.
<i>A Wagner Concert—Wagner</i> (Columbia—Fritz Reiner)	Not new recordings—a combination of preludes and concert versions. The <i>Siegfried Forest Murmurs</i> and <i>The Ride of the Valkyries</i> are—for once in a good sense—sound and fury.
<i>Sonata No. 3—Debussy</i> (Columbia—Szigeti-Foldes)	With this, on the fourth side, is <i>Clair de Lune</i> , beautifully recorded, as if through a specially transparent air.
Mass Appeal	
118 popular records (Victor)	What has been done piecemeal now goes wholesale. Victor will reissue 118 records—and 100 more to come—like Artie Shaw's <i>Carioca</i> and Jelly Roll Morton's <i>Beale Street Blues</i> and things by Muggsy Spanier and old "Fats" Waller and a few pieces of sentimental drivel.
We'll See!	
<i>Poems & Prose—D. Parker</i> (Victor—Ilka Chase) <i>Hinky Dinky Doo</i> <i>Hot Palatta</i> (Columbia—J. Durante)	Miss Chase has stuck her pretty neck out. The album is due any day now. Mr. Durante has stuck his—er—neck out.



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To gather with friends and strangers alike, to talk politics and vote as you please... that is the American way. But whether your ticket wins or loses, election day calls for an extra fine smoke... a Dutch Masters Cigar. That, too, is the American way.

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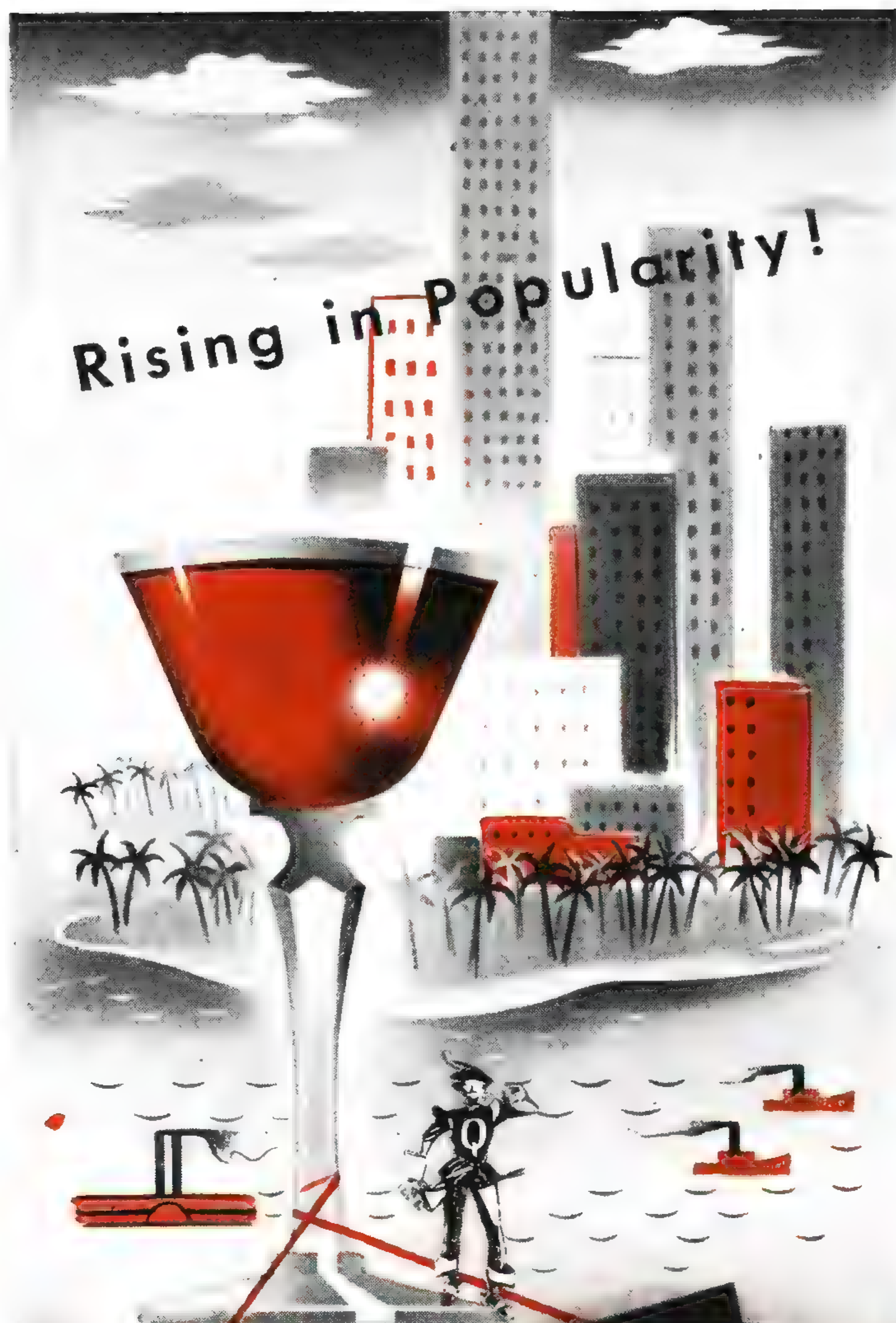


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Bequest

I see that Mrs. George Bernard Shaw left 400,000 dollars towards the improvement of Irish manners and speech, causing some indignation among certain people—and I don't mean the Senegalese. Well, if Mrs. Shaw could do it, why can't I? In my will I intend to leave funds for the following:

(1) The improvement of Southern cooking which, running altogether too much to fried foods, is in my opinion the most terrible in the world. (2) To do away with the Boston flat A. Too many Bostonians say "Pack Street," "Havad" and "maket" when they mean Park Street, Harvard and market, and does it sound lousy! (3) To make Californians stop boasting about their wonderful climate. That gives me a pain in the neck. And (4) for the improvement of the scenery in Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and other Midwestern states. The way it is now—flat and monotonous—I can't see why anybody in his right mind would want to live there.

NOTE: All abusive and threatening letters demanding: "How the —!! x-x-x!! do you get that way, you —??" or "Give me your ad-

dress, you x-x-x-!!! so and so, and I'll come there and horse whip you within an inch of your life!" must enclose stamped self-addressed envelopes to receive reply. Any letter containing less than eight single-spaced typewritten pages will not be read. And I mean written on both sides. There's a paper shortage.

This is also to announce the formation of the Hang-Cummings-In-Effigy Club, stockholders and beneficiaries: Minnie B, Jeremiah Q, Gaston V, Mathilda R, and Arabella W. Cummings. For one dollar in coin or stamps the club will send by return mail a realistic twelve-inch-high effigy of the undersigned complete with hanging, burning and tar-and-feathering instructions. (California ten cents extra.) For five dollars the subscriber will receive a life-sized effigy with noose and twenty feet of rope already attached. We feel this is a bargain you can't afford to miss.

We also sell a complete line of horsewhips, brass knuckles, blackjacks, rubber hose and sawed-off shotguns. Prices reasonable. That is all. Good-bye now. I'll be seeing you—I'm afraid.

—PARKE CUMMINGS



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The All-American Boys' Ball Team

"Here's how!" chuckled Mayor Fiorello La Guardia as he welcomed Esquire's All-American Boy Baseball players at the City Hall in New York on August 5th.

Those in the party were, top row, left to right: Othur Perdue, Nashville, c; Henry Quinn, Davenport, ss; Jim Enright, St. Louis, 2b; Mason Leeper, Dallas, North Carolina, p; Pat Wohlers, Portland, Oregon, 1b; Herb Pollock, Columbus, Ohio, of; Leo Reming, Lawrence, Massachusetts, ss; George Worgul, New York, p; Ervin Palica, Los Angeles, p; Vic Picetti, San Francisco, 1b; Virgil Jester, Denver, p; Frank Azzarello, New Orleans, of.

Second row: Paul Walmsley, Buffalo, counselor; Bill Herstek, Pittsburgh, p; Bill Pierce, Detroit, p; Udo Jansen, Little Rock, 1b; Jack Lindsey, Dallas, Texas, ss; Richie Ashburn, Tilden, Nebraska, c; Jim Propst, Kansas City, p; Marvin Homan, Cheyenne, Wyoming, of; Jim Presley, Seattle, c.

Front row: Charlie Perchak, Chicago, 1b; Howard Raines, Oklahoma City, 2b; Mayor La Guardia; Jim Winter, Cincinnati, 2b; Pierce McWhorter, Atlanta, Georgia, c; Jim Nelson, Birmingham, c; and Gilbert Mills, Memphis, of.

Not shown were Roger Brown, Minneapolis, ss; Joe Fromuth, Reading, Pennsylvania, 3b; and John Moskal, Buffalo, c. The Eastern Team won the game at the Polo Grounds on August 7th, 6 to 0.

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PLAID

WOOL SHIRTS BY

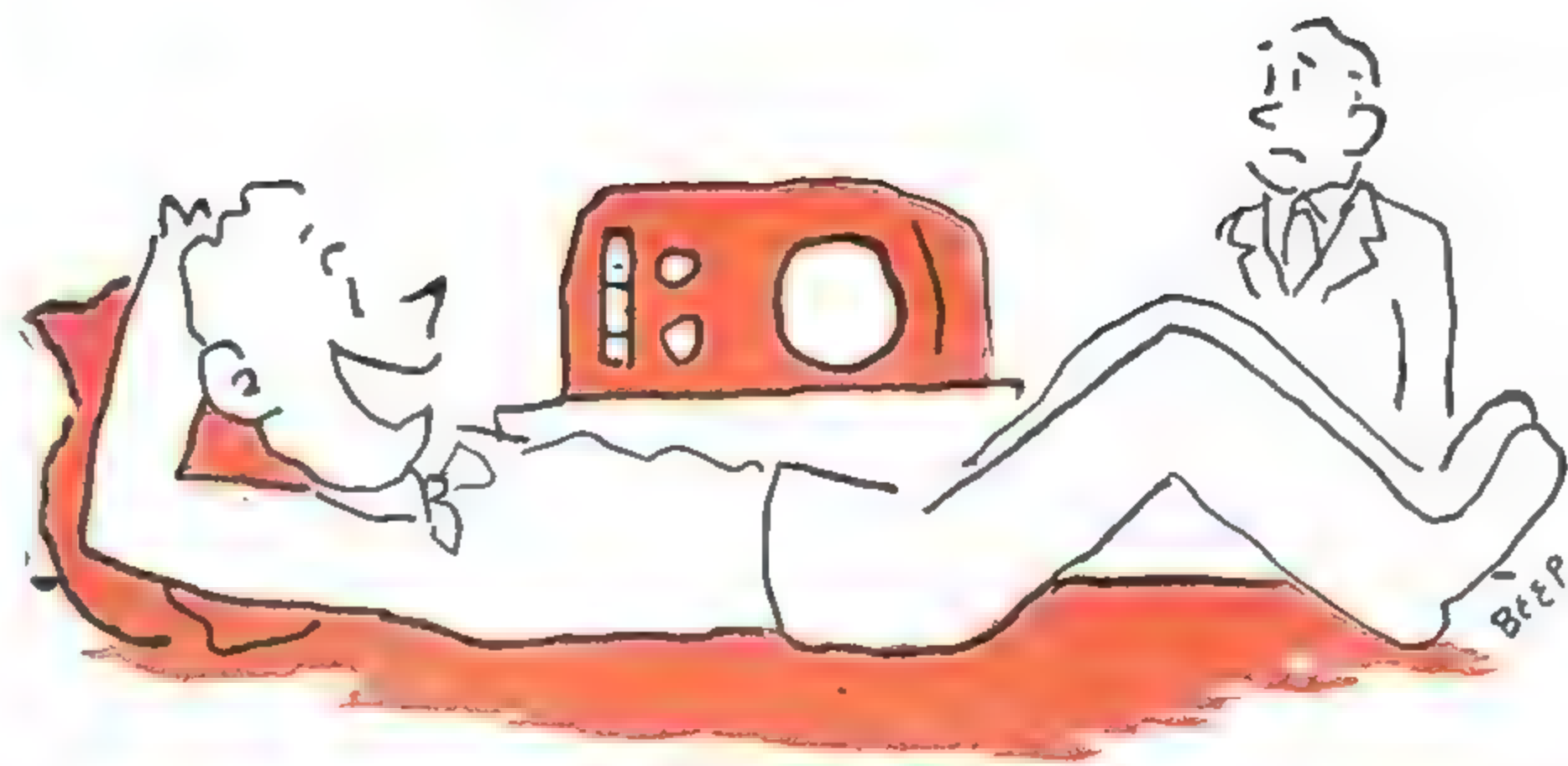
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At least you can dress a good game in these New Era wool plaids! Soft-feeling woolens and wool blends, warm but not weighty. New Erashirts in quality-approved AMERITEX fabrics, make it smart to be clad in plaid. At many better retailers...

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Whaddaya Know, Whaddaya Know?

"Joe, put down that paper and listen to this football broadcast! What an announcer! He's immense! The Purple Pumas have just shifted to an unbalanced line, crossing everybody up. The dope was they'd stick to a balanced one... Wow! And Driggins has just come in for Folsom at left end! Driggins is six feet two, weighs one-eighty-three and is a junior majoring in astronomy and due to go in the Army Air Corps. He likes swing and double chocolate malteds, hates red fingernails and thinks the U. S. ought to regulate licorice consumption after the war. That announcer knows his stuff, Joe!

"Hey! The Red Rodents have shifted to a diamond defense against passes! They're spacing their ends wide and their guards and tackles are now charging directly ahead. Wow! He says that's the same system that Coach Bong Dagin used in 1934 when his famous Eleven Ogres rolled up four hundred and nine points to their opponents' two and crashed to a

37-0 Salad Bowl victory over Higher Anthropoid. Joe, this announcer knows everything!

"Oh boy! The Pumas have a back in motion and they're putting two men on the defensive left tackle, Jeb Wilson. Wilson's twenty, comes from Oakvale, Maine, was all-scholastic tackle three years ago and had chicken pox when he was eleven. His father's sheriff of Nottingham County... Gee! The Rodents are now using the Princeton variation of the old Carlisle end-around play... And Hinchman's in at fullback! He's working his way through college feeding the dean's goldfish. And Dean Martin has over twenty-five hundred goldfish of at least fifty different species. What an announcer this guy is! Wow! Now the Pumas are uncorking play GW-362—that's the same thing as Wisconsin's famous 'up-and-back-through-the-middle,' and... what, Joe?... What's the score? Mm. Lemme think now. Did he say anything about that, or didn't he?"

—PARKE CUMMINGS

OUT OF THIS WORLD

(FOR THE DURATION)

Hollycourt

The Miracle Pipe—It Stays Dry

We're sorry Hollycourt Pre-Smoked Pipes are "out of this world"... no longer made... for the duration of the war. But after Victory they'll be back and you'll still say they're "out of this world"... a Hollycourt with the patented groove in the bottom of the bowl is so cool, so sweet, so dry from the first to the last puff.



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PRODUCED IN U. S. A. under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.



For your few leisure hours these days, you may enjoy your favorite drink made with Corby's, the light, sociable whiskey. Supplies of this whiskey with the grand old Canadian name are being distributed evenly so you can buy Corby's from time to time. *And an occasional trial of Corby's now may grow to lasting preference after Victory!*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits
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1918 **NOTED FOR RUGGED** strength and intelligence, the Airedale was the dog of the hour in thousands of American homes from coast to coast. The Pug Bull had gone the way of peg-top trousers and bowler hats in this 60th year of Corby's fame.



1944 **COCKER SPANIELS** far outnumber all other breeds in America today. Originally developed for hunting small game, Spaniels have reached a stage of ideal gentleness and smartness. And Corby's has reached its 86th year of fine whiskey tradition.



sure clicks

Women have invaded all professions and jobs, all sports and diversions, from the trout stream to the bar and bowling alley. One of the last strongholds for men exclusively is the billiard room. Here is an atmosphere of subdued light and cigar smoke and the click of the ivories. And it's a safe bet that this background is a source of ideas in good clothes. The man about to make a shot gives a lead with his diamond pattern worsted suit in black and white, with red overplaid. The close-up of the fabric at right shows the lighter tone that is clicking now. Also worn are a broadcloth shirt, foulard tie and brown shoes. The man in the foreground favors a different version of this lighter tone trend, a brown Glen plaid as per swatch alongside. Third man in group wears a blue diagonal suit which features the two button jacket currently gaining. Also worn is the maroon and grey striped tie.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



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a RAINFAIR raincoat . . . and

a well-dressed man" . . . says Annice Wadsworth, check-room girl at Los Angeles' fashionable Ambassador Hotel.

Seen in smart places, and in the smartest company, a Rainfair is the natural choice of the man who wants his raincoat to look the part of a topcoat. Every Rainfair is proof against showers. Yet it's so superbly tailored . . . from soft, supple, quality fabrics . . . that it's at ease anywhere, any day. Try on a Rainfair . . . see how perfectly it fits, how comfortable it feels. You'll find a selection available at better stores everywhere.



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right Ziprain...\$13.75 Casual English Balmacaan style with the easy fit and fine details that come only from expert tailoring. Slash pockets, fly front with Talon fastener. Made of top-quality showerproofed gabardine, in bleached bone or light olive.

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10

11

12



Mountains Are Funny Things

Continued from page 49

and B and I carried it over to the big window; the one with the best view of the bay. San Francisco was clustered dreamy-like in a thin fog. And the neons looked like antiaircraft popping at you and it all seemed to be making a lot of noise but I couldn't hear any of it. Just a sort of roar like the engine in my ears.

So I stood there just half-thinking and feeling sort of empty in all the buzz of friendly conversation. One of the buzzes got clear and sharp and I looked around. There was a Smilin' Jack with gold leaves on his shoulders at a table with a cushy looking

civilian and a couple of attractive brunettes. And one of the girls was sort of leaning over him and fingering his ribbon and he was telling them about the ribbons and I opened my mouth just a little to hear better.

"Oh, that one is for flying five missions over enemy territory. And they gave me this one for fly-

ing across the submarine infested waters to Midway . . ."

And I knew they had. My stomach made me reach up to my own breast and I felt my fingers unpinning my ribbons and my hand put them in my pocket. And it pounded through my brain:

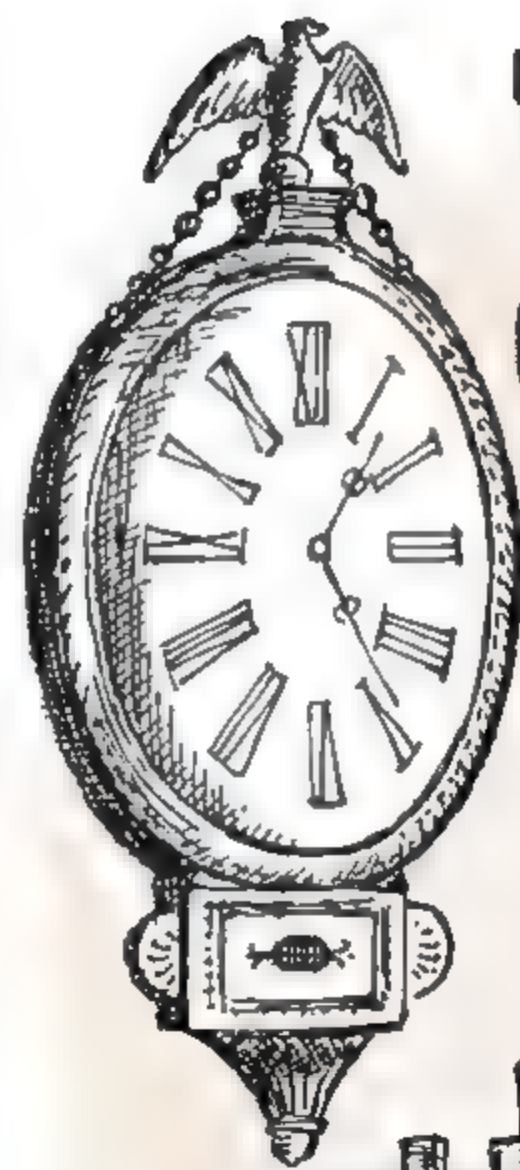
"... You can leave the goddam Zeros

To all the goddam heroes. Distinguished Flying Crosses Do not compensate for losses . . ."

And there were fifty million uniforms all gesturing with cocktail glasses and they were pressing in on me. Glistening gold buttons seared my eyes. Pouter

pigeon chests in blue and in khaki, row on row of colored service ribbons. And all of them were taller than I, growing taller and I was shrinking among them. They were crushing the breath of life out of me and I tried to shriek my pain

And I knew the mountains had closed in. ##

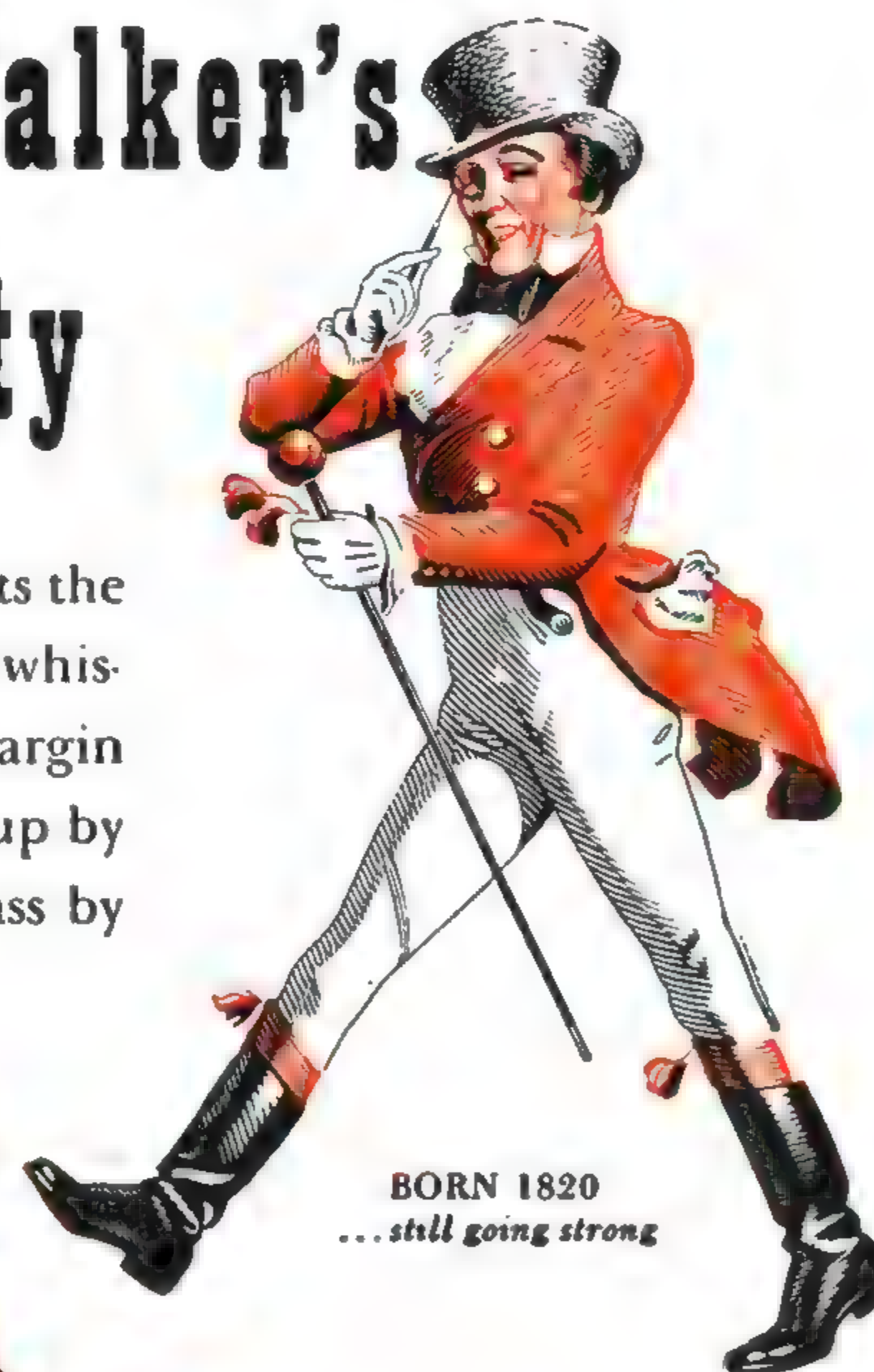


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But time has added to Johnnie Walker's popularity

Johnnie Walker still sets the pace among fine scotch whiskeys. You get an extra margin of mellowness backed up by a flavour that's in a class by itself.



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Both 86.8 proof

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Popular Johnnie Walker can't be everywhere all the time these days. If occasionally he is "out" when you call ... call again.

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Mido WINDS AS YOU GO*

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Extralarge playing surface—*1-piece continuous.*

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Fiddlers of the Ozarks

Continued from page 47

of the two hundred pieces that they knew. We were there when Sarah brought this subject up. She said, "Them hounds is bound to get my boys, and I won't have it. I jest won't have it." And Henry said, "It's all right, Sarah, let 'em go." The whole family then huddled about the father and mother. Henry grew impatient and spoke out to Nance Ermine, "You go back thar." She had crawled from bed to hear what was being said. Henry struck at Nance Ermine and she began to whimper, saying, "I guess I want to hear." Her heart was hurt over the prospect of losing Homer and Wilbur. She began to shed tears.

Henry said, "A good many is drivin' to the fair, and the boys can pick up a ride. It might not be so good a time to go later on."

"It don't make no difference," said Sarah. "It ain't so awful fur to Vienna but what they can walk if they go at all, which they won't."

"Well," said Henry, "six dollars is some money for a little fiddlin', and that will help with the family, for Virginia and Nance Ermine. You girls better have sense, more'n your mother."

Finally it was getting toward the last week of the fair. Then came a letter from John Tice, the

headman of the fair, in which he enclosed a handbill which announced that Homer and Wilbur Noel, the Ozark Fiddlers, were expected on the grounds to play selections from their great repertoire. "They never give up," observed Sarah. "They never quit." By this time Virginia shed tears and Nance Ermine went hiding about the yard and the house, so full of grief that she could not conceal her feelings. She felt with her mother that the boys might never return, in any case that the home would never be the same again after this trip to Vienna. We witnessed all this: Sarah's indignation, Henry's stoical silence, the shy grief of the girls, and even the hound dog seemed to have an understanding of impending change.

Another night Sarah was sewing a case for Wilbur's fiddle, making it from an old flour sack. We wondered whether she had given in, for the fiddle could hang from the wall without any case. Sarah looked sad and talked very little. Once she said to Henry, as she put in the last stitches, "Well, that's done—and you'll see that I am right about this—you'll see."

One of us spoke up and asked, "Are the boys goin' to go?"

Henry answered, "Yep, and they'll be back next Tuesday with

The Viceroy

It's a Wimbledon!

America's Finest Sport Shirt



- All virgin wool gabardine, two-ply warp... In six rich color tones.
- Distinctly styled for leisurely comfort... Feels exclusive.
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six dollars—and no one hurt."

Sarah just elicked her tongue.

Henry said, "They're startin' in the mornin'. Bud Traylor is drivin' to Vienna, and the boys will have to walk only as far as the road, jest beyond the timber here."

So the next morning we went to the cabin to see the boys start.

Sarah's eyes were red from weeping; the girls hid, and when the time came they went shyly to the door, then into the yard. Nance Ermine gave away completely to tears. Henry said, "What's the matter with you, Nance Ermine? Vienna is only seventeen miles away."

Nance Ermine replied, "That's enough, if they never come back."

"Oh, fiddlesticks," blurted Henry. "Your ma has got you into this foolishness."

There was an early breakfast at the cabin. Then Homer with his guitar and Wilbur with his fiddle in the new case made by Sarah stood waiting to pass from the door. They were impatient, fear-

ing that they might miss Bud Traylor at the road. Then the two boys stepped from the door into the yard; whereat Nance Ermine broke into a wail and Virginia hid her face in her apron and wept softly as her body shook. Sarah stood with dumb tears. Henry laughed.

"And you can laugh," said Sarah sternly, "you can laugh because you don't know what this means. How terrible men are. They feel nothin'."

"They feel nothin' about nothin'," said Henry dryly.

The boys passed down the dusty path to the edge of the timber. They entered the timber. They disappeared. Still Sarah and the girls looked, and Henry at last stared. Now they were really gone.

Sarah turned into the cabin. The girls began to wander about the yard. The boys were gone!

But the boys were happy. They found Bud Traylor at the road and went on to Vienna laughing and gay.

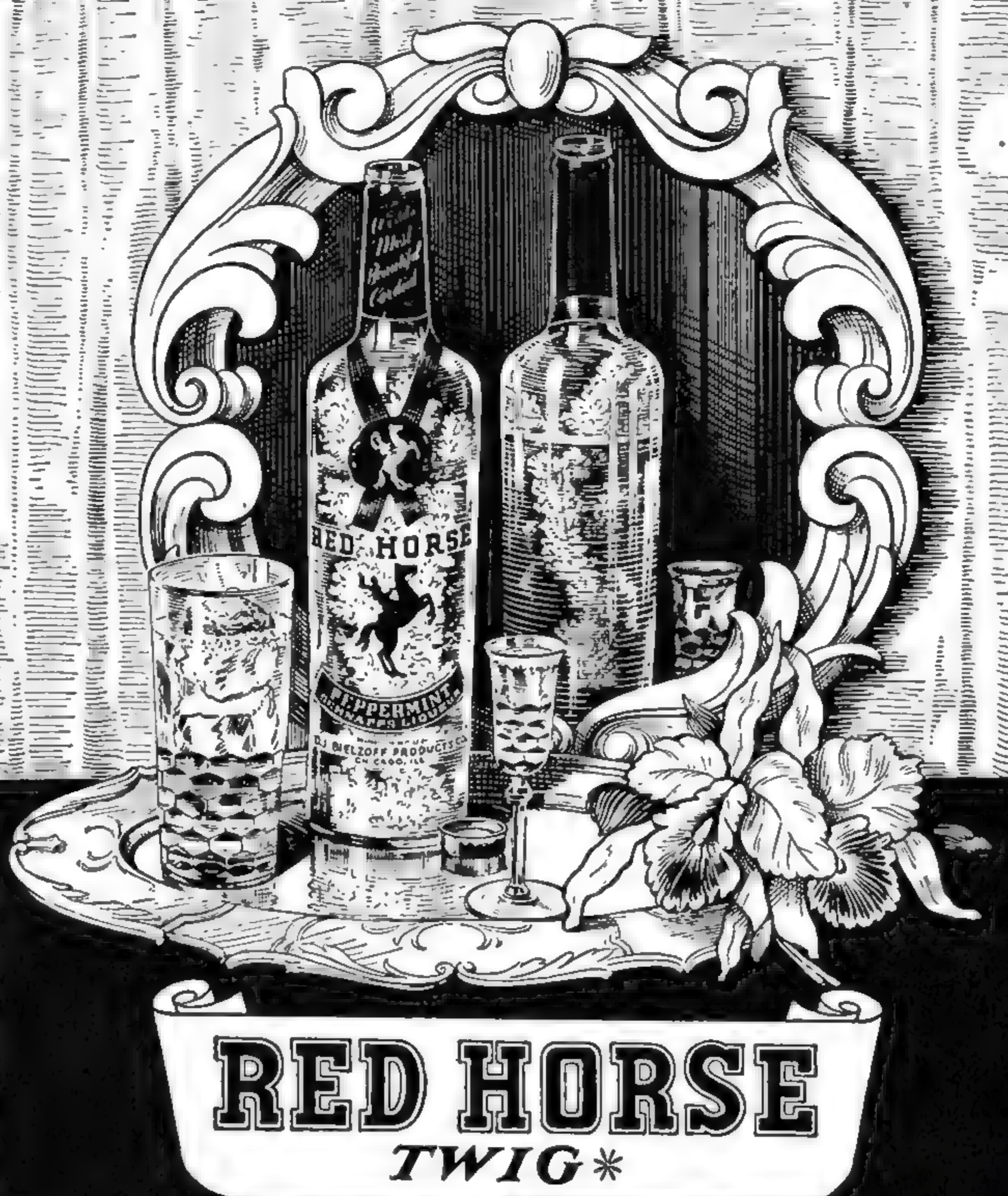
Oh, but there was fun at the

Continued on page 144



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STETSON SHOES

—They're "Longer on the Last"—

Fiddlers of the Ozarks

Continued from pages 47-143

fair. There was the merry-go-round which Homer and Wilbur had never seen before; there was to be a balloon ascension. They saw the aeronaut in spangled tights walking toward the place where the balloon was being filled with hot air. They went over where men were holding down the edges of the huge canvas bag; they saw him take hold of the trapeze; they saw the balloon start up and soar as the aeronaut held to the trapeze. They saw the stands where lemonade and popcorn were sold; they went to the stalls of the horses and cattle, the prize rams and bulls; and they played the fiddle and the guitar for the passing crowds, as half-drunken men danced and the children capered. Every minute was a delight, and they were well treated by John Tice, who took a great fancy to both of them. They slept in a good bed on the grounds; they had fine food at one of the restaurant stands.

One day John Tice came to them and said that there was going to be a fair at Metropolis in Massac County, right on the Ohio River where they could see the steamboats. Would they go there and play the fiddle and the guitar? "You boys are trumps," he said. "They will pay you seven dollars." The boys consented to go.

Why not? They were already away from home, and seven dollars looked good. So when the fair at Vienna was over, down they went to Metropolis and played there to great applause, having written to their folks that they were going.

"I told you so," said Sarah. "They will never be back."

Henry said, "Massac County ain't so fur away."

"It's furdur than Vienna, and so it will be furdur and furdur. Our old home is gone."

The boys sent ten dollars back home. Henry began to think that money would be coming steadily from the boys, but Sarah said, "I don't want no money—I want my boys and the old days."

One day the hound set up a baying. Sarah looked from the window and saw two figures emerge from the wood. They were Homer and Wilbur. Then Virginia and Nance Ermine hurried into the yard, crying out in wild happiness. The boys were back at last, wearing new clothes and looking like folks in town.

Henry, the day before, had killed two wild mallards as they sailed down to the pond in the pasture, and Sarah prepared these for the dinner. Henry was off in the field for the time. When he came in he said, "I told your ma you would be back, and here you are." The

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boys had money for the family which they handed to Henry. Then they sat down to dinner and Sarah was happy to have them home with her once again.

Finally Homer said, "Newt Lounsbury will be here pretty soon—it's about time."

"What's he comin' here for?" asked Sarah, with a worried look.

"To take us to the station."

"The station?" she asked.

"Yep, we're going to Springfield," Homer replied.

"No," said Sarah, with spirit. "No, I won't let you."

"We have to, Ma, we're hired at the theatre in Springfield."

"Why, that's way off yonder in Missouri. What are you goin' to do there?"

"Play, and then maybe go on what they call the circuit."

"Yes, and so you'll be gallivantin' around here and there, and you will never be home. This is the end of everything." Sarah's eyes misted.

"No," said Homer, "we'll be home every now and then, sure."

We'll be in Marion, Golconda, Carbondale and, yes, in Cairo, and we can run home for the night. The pay is wonderful and there will be fun all the time and no school."

"That's it," said Sarah with emphasis, "no school. Well, I won't have it."

"Keep still, Ma," said Henry.

Pretty soon Newt Lounsbury came driving a mule team hitched to a farm wagon. The boys climbed in. This parting was not as tearful as the first one. With a kind of patient resignation, Sarah said good-bye, and stood watching the wagon as it turned into the timber. By her stood Virginia and Nance Ermine who waved good-bye to the boys.

They did come home when they were at Marion, not when they were at Cairo. That was too far for them to come. So they traveled the circuit as the Noel Brothers, the Ozark Fiddlers. They sent money home—but the old days were indeed ended. ##



"Are you two enjoying the party?"



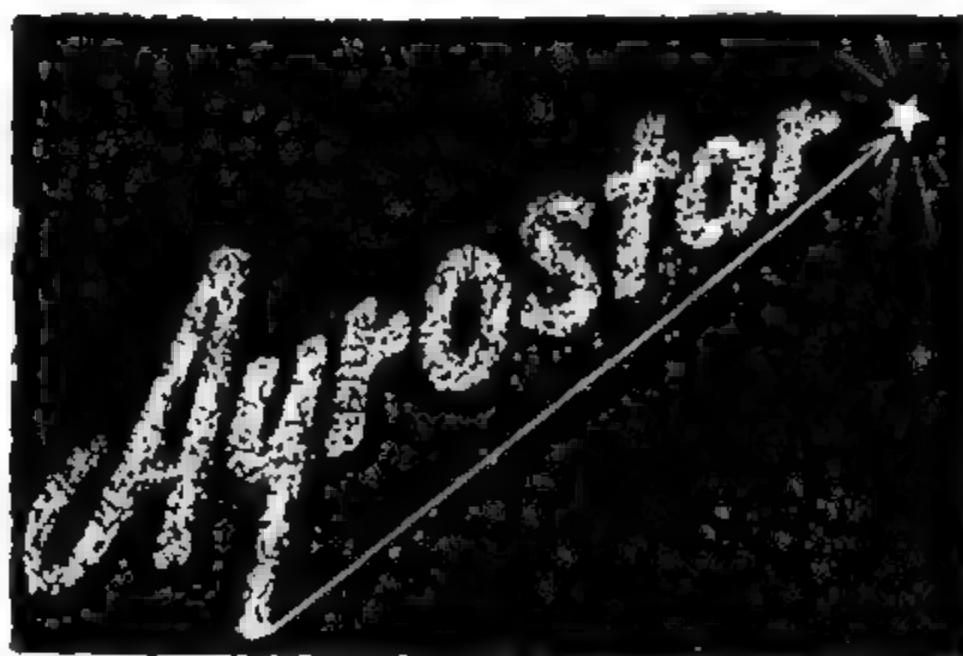
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He Dreams on the Beach

Continued from page 77

and resolving his doubts and problems. Most helpful was Jules Pascin, with whom he visited many of his favorite Parisian haunts, not all of them respectable, and always with sketch book, of the importance of which Pascin was a persistent advocate. The elder artist insisted on the younger man "sketching indiscriminately wherever he happened to be." From such abstractionists as Picasso and Léger, Julian Levi obtained what he describes as invaluable discipline in the architecture of painting, for from a study of their work he obtained ideas and suggestions concerning the scaffolding of painting. The abstract foundation of his art is evidenced by the fact that he has declared himself excited "by certain geometrical relationships, certain rectangular forms and arabesques out of which grow particular harmonies and rhythms."

When he returned to Philadelphia in 1924, he felt like an alien on the defensive. He had to defend not only himself and his values but also Cézanne and Picasso and the new concepts with which the School of Paris was attempting to fructify modern art. Fortunately he was not alone. With the group called the "31," and which included Franklin Watkins, George Biddle, Earl Horter,

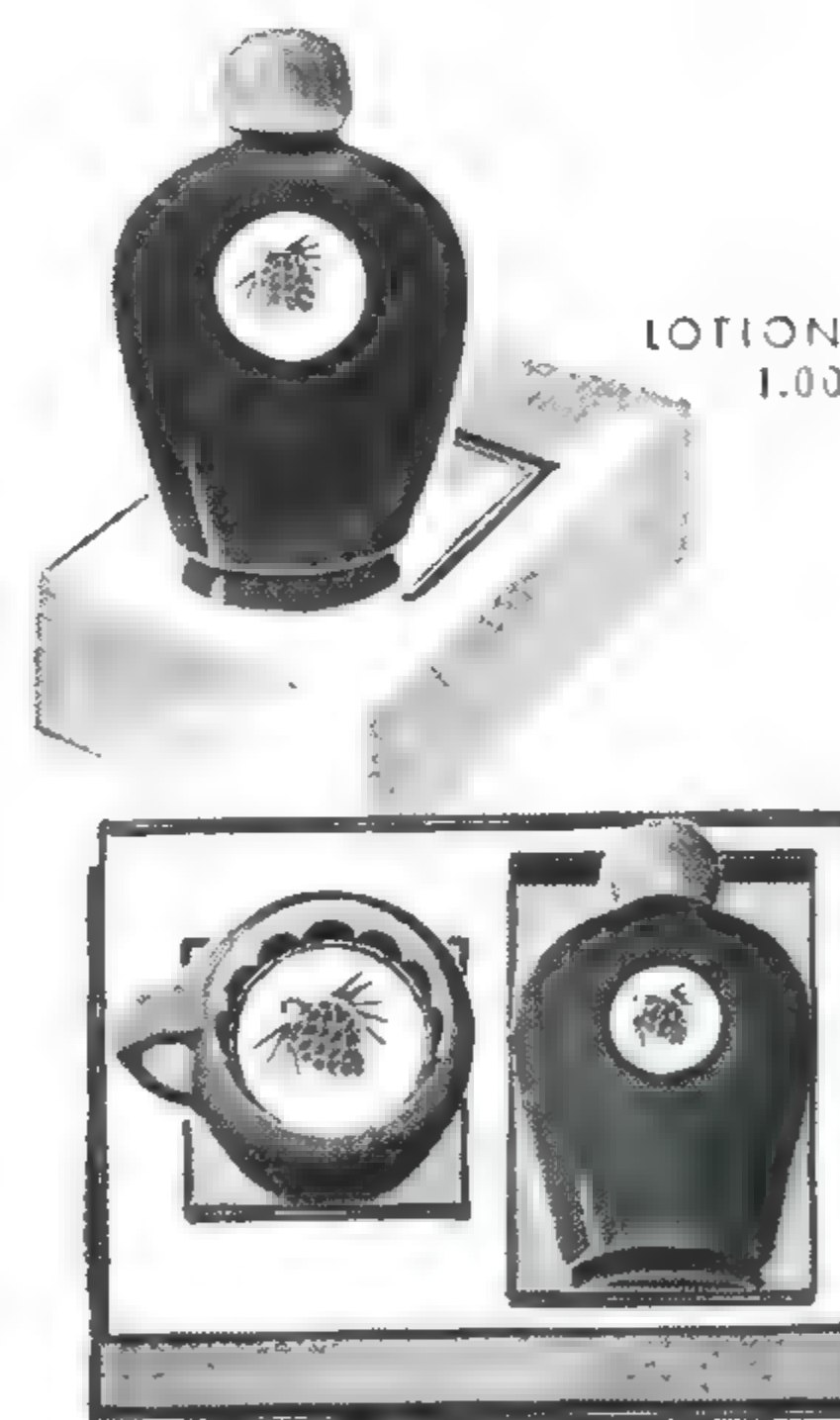
Charles Demuth, Arthur Carles and Henry McCarter, he exhibited some of his Paris pictures.

It was, on the whole, a bad period, with mitigations, such as the friendship of Horter and Watkins, and of visits to the magnificent modern collection of the Barnes Foundation at near-by Merion.

In 1932, with no regrets, Levi left Philadelphia and established himself in New York. It was a particularly bad time for the artist, but the Depression taught Levi, as it taught his colleagues, the importance of working together toward common objectives. He has already acknowledged his debt to the federal art projects, from which he derived a sense of security which "caused my work to develop more substantially than at any time before." In 1932, in his exhibition at a Philadelphia gallery (the Crillon) he put a period to his abstractionist and flower pieces phase, and in that year also became a member of An American Group, Inc., with which he has since regularly exhibited.

His double groping toward his present rich palette and subject matter of sea and beach, dune and swamp began about 1935. Previously he had made sketches and water colors of beach themes. In the *Self-Portrait* one can see the pallid beginning of the present

 **spruce!**
cool as a
mountain wind . . .
a man's fragrance
from a man's world!
blue-green ceramic
mugs and flasks.

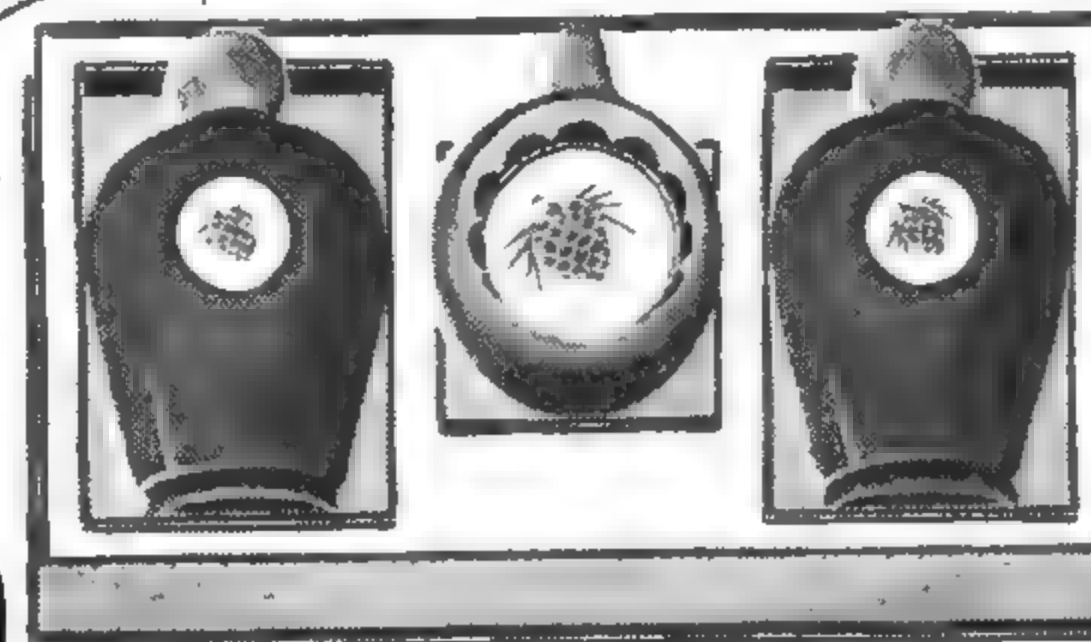


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sometimes lush harmonies. There was also a Kuniyoshi period through which Julian Levi had to pass before he could come more clearly into his own. For many summers Barnegat Bay was his home, the scene of his amphibious explorations and the point of departure for canvases which have been rightly described as "brooding beach poems . . . summoned and sustained in a mood of reverie." Indeed one of his earliest Barnegat Bay canvases was so much out of the world that it seemed for a time as if Levi were experimenting with surrealism, but he has since thinned out the density of the imaginative atmosphere in which he was at first inclined to drench the paraphernalia of the beach.

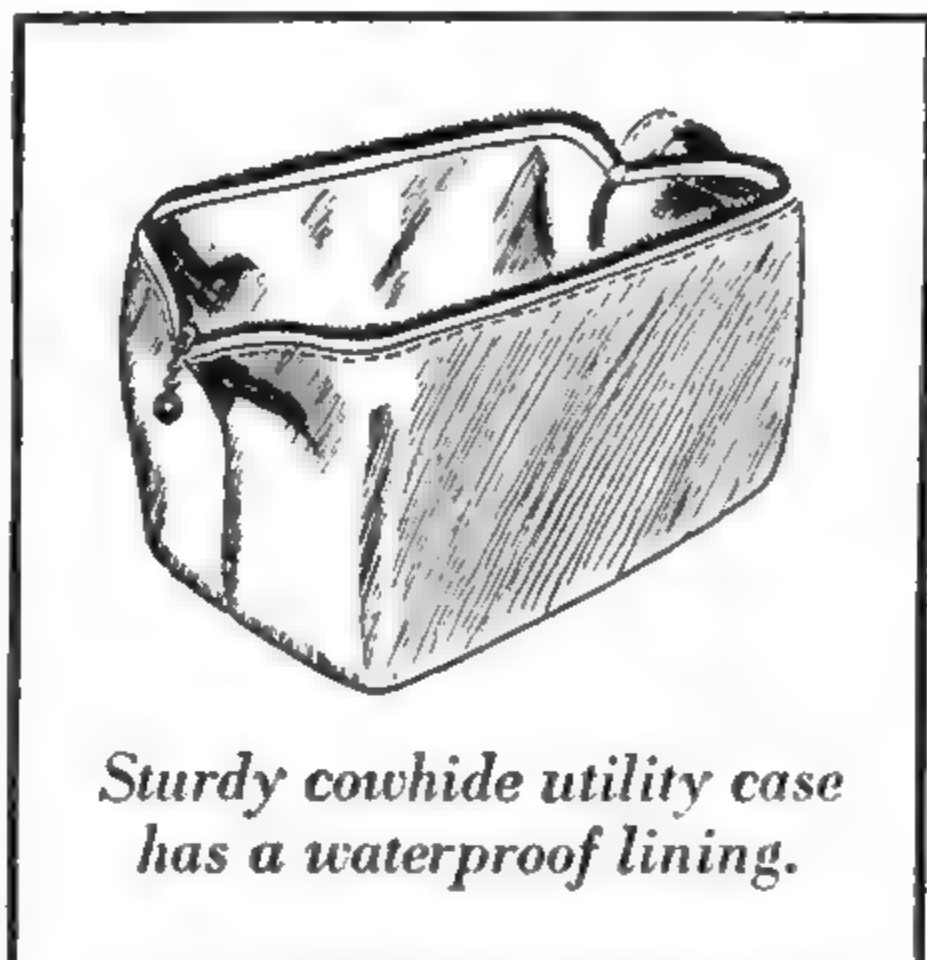
He has given much thought recently to the importance of portraiture. *The Widow* is an example of the merging of the double interest—being a portrait on the beach. His *Fisherman's Family*, in which also the two themes are combined, is in the collection of the Metropolitan Museum. For the portrait of Romany Marie he was awarded the Norman Waite

Harris silver medal and 500-dollar prize at the 1943 Chicago Art Institute annual exhibition. He likes to paint not persons of beauty and symmetry but those having character. For a time he was fascinated by brats of eight or nine "with stringy hair and querulous expression," like the ironically-titled *Miss Barnegat City*, as well as *Young Ballerina* and *Easter Sunday*.

Margaret Boni Plays the Recorder, the portrait of Robert Coates, various portraits of his wife and of himself all add up to a very important secondary interest. The "white-shirted façades" who can commission portraits do not impress Levi, who believes that

we can have a great school of portrait painting only in periods "when the artist can accept, as authentic individuals, the personalities who at the same time can commission him."

Julian Levi has a definite character; he is quiet, modest, thoughtful, low-voiced, unemphatic but sincere, sociable and friendly, but with reserve. He is devoted to his work, without fanfare or vanity. Fundamentally, he has a sense of kinship with the little man. #



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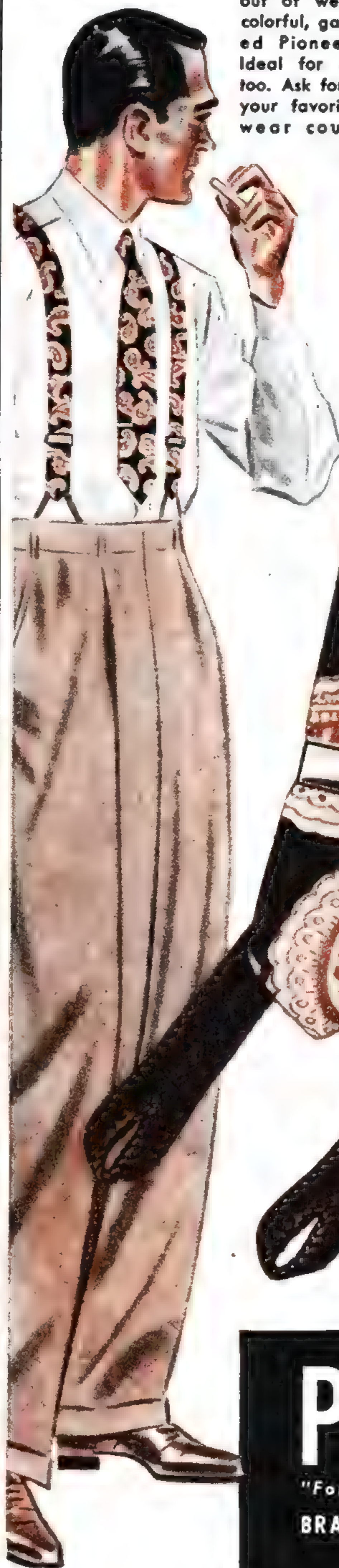
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PHILADELPHIA

Death Flies Blind at Westover

Continued from page 61

saw the picture. "The beam or the altimeter . . . hell of a choice," he said slowly. "Suppose you make it."

The sergeant had already made it. "Army 310," he called, "suggest you trust beam and correct altimeter for 100 feet. Over."

"Roger," the pilot replied, "will correct altimeter and try again. 310 out."

If he was wrong, the sergeant thought, he wouldn't forget those hundred feet for a long time, nor the men who died because of them . . .

"Over the marker—at 800," the pilot called.

"God help him, if his altimeter was right," the captain muttered.

The sergeant studied the second hand of his watch. Ten seconds, twenty—they heard the pulse of distant motors, louder, engines blasting low in the sky—forty seconds—now . . .

"Over runway marker—150 feet—" the voice was almost muf-

fled by the roar of the motors. The faintest shadow flashed by the tower glass through the curtain of the fog—pounding forward and down.

The rhythm of the engines suddenly broke into a slower swing, humming toward the far end of

the runway. Pete took a big breath and turned away.

"Good work, Sergeant," the captain said as he started for the door. "You'll hear about it."

Ed sat down. "What were you saying about that redhead, Pete?"

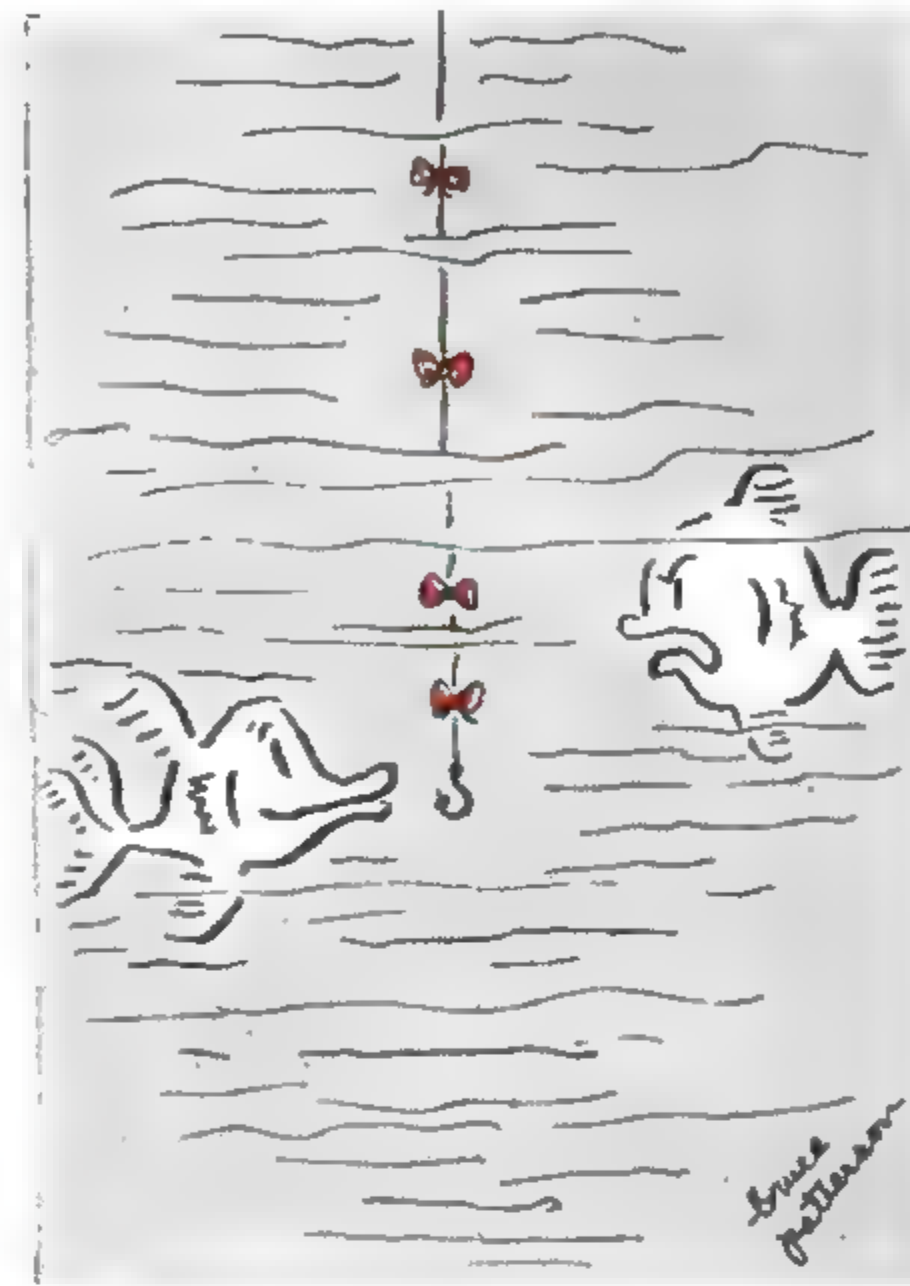
"She was asking about you," Pete told him. "Says she was wondering where you've been keeping yourself."

"Yeah?" Ed

closed his eyes and smiled. "I'll have to pay that little redhead a visit real soon."

"Boston."

The sergeant picked up the interphone. "Westover Tower," he reported. "Army 310 is on the ground at 1759." #



"Gosh, I'll be glad when the men get back on the job"



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The Major's Cigarette Case

Continued from page 67

lives, I ordered quick retreat to Trench E, leaving everything except our rifles. We did not even have the necessary time to bury the dead.

"Not until many hours later did I have a chance to take the case from my pocket. It was filled with fine cigarettes which I distributed among the soldiers. Having risked my life for it, I decided to keep the case as a souvenir, particularly as I knew that there was no one on earth who would care for it." He reflected for a moment.

"But how did you know that, Herr Doktor? Perhaps there was a woman..."

"For a while I thought so, especially on my way back to the trench when the French guns had begun to fire again. Perhaps, I thought, it was a gift from his sweetheart. Or his wife. And I was almost ready to forgive him. For in my opinion love, real love, is the only reason that should make a court acquit a defendant of even the greatest crime. One of your great wits once said that to be in love is merely to be in a state of perpetual anesthesia—to mistake an ordinary young man for a Greek god or an ordinary young woman for a goddess. You might think that this cynical definition would appeal to me as a physi-

cian. But I would rather compare love to a short-lived agony, an agony of infinite joy, a state of brief delirium when all concepts, such as good and evil, foolish and wise, vanish before the majesty of the minute."

"You still owe us an explanation, Doctor. What makes you think that Major von Hoechst never knew that state of perpetual anesthesia, to use Mencken's term?"

"Open the cigarette case, and you will find the answer." He extended the case.

Engraved inside the cover was the portrait of a dog, a fine example of the *deutscher Schaeferhund*, and below it the inscription: "I shot Rolf, the only being I cared for, on the day I left home to serve my country."

"It is a tragic case, Doctor, if one reflects on it. A lonely aging man..."

"I admit that," the doctor concluded. "I might understand that a man would shoot his pet dog rather than to think of him suffering under another master. But would anyone but a cynical, cold-blooded Junker risk the lives of three or even more people for the sake of the memory of a dog? A truly schizophrenic type, a sentimental murderer, or, if you prefer, a sanguinary sentimentalist..." #

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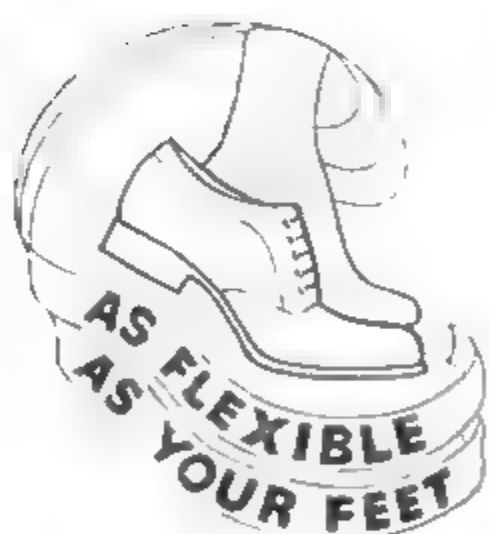
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How Hitler Exploited Sports

Continued from page 59

sports were swimming fifty meters with a rifle and hand grenade throwing.

The German Gymnastic and Sports Games of 1938, the last ones to be held, turned out to be nothing but a war maneuver. By then the Reich's Sports-Fuehrer had become a virtual dictator who could command any unit of young men to go away and train—this training might involve shooting or digging trenches or swimming with a rifle. The Minister of the Interior, Frick, declared, "Sport is fight and service for the people." Hermann Teske, head athletics instructor of the Zossen Military School near Berlin, was less mystical. Said he: "All German sports must have a purpose. The goal of physical training is readiness for defense."

One year later the German youth were ready for what they termed defense. Two years earlier the last Olympic Games had taken place.

At the end of the Olympic Games of 1932 which were held in Los Angeles, it was announced that the next Games should take place in Berlin, and the black, red and gold flag of the German Republic was raised at the California Olympic Stadium. But when the Games were held in Ber-

lin four years later, the flag was no longer the same. Now the swastika dominated the sports scene.

Hitler's race politics were in contradiction to the Olympic idea. But the Fuehrer decided to compromise. He decided that two Jewish players, the Ball brothers, were to be allowed to remain on the hockey team, and that a Jewish girl, Helene Mayer, was to fence for Germany. All this while Jews all over Germany were being persecuted, the Nuremberg Laws being already in effect. Shortly after the Games were over, the Ball brothers and Helene Mayer fled the country they had represented.

Why had Hitler wanted the Games so badly? In the first place the Sports-Fuehrer had started an enormous so-called sports program for the German youth which was nothing but a program of military training. A number of curious foreign reporters had already discussed these strange goings on quite freely. The coming Olympic Games seemed to provide a perfect reason for such a program and made too close inquiries seem inopportune and tactless.

But Hitler had even a better reason for wanting the Games in Berlin. The world had begun to be nervous and suspicious of

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Hitler's future plans. He had already occupied the Rhineland. His gangsters had assassinated the Austrian Chancellor Dollfuss and tried to bring about a *putsch* in Vienna. Frightful stories of what went on in German concentration camps had leaked out of Germany. Hitler, as we now know, needed a few more years to prepare his war. It was necessary for him to keep the world in ignorance of his real intentions a little longer. Propaganda alone could no longer do the trick. But during the Olympic Games hundreds of thousands of influential foreigners would come to Germany. If they were convinced that the Third Reich had only peaceful aims then the world would believe it for a few more years.

During the weeks preceding the Olympic Games and during the Games themselves, persecution of the Jews stopped completely. Such signs as "Jews not allowed here" were taken away from public parks, restaurants and baths. Newspapers were ordered to

change their tone. The entire German population, previously incited against all non-Germans, was commanded to be friendly and "charming" to the visitors. The institution of the Olympic Games was used as camouflage.

In France and America there were movements to prevent participation in the Games at Berlin. The sponsors of these movements believed that the avowed idea of National Socialism was too opposed to the idea of sports. They knew that if the civilized world would boycott Hitler's Games the Fuehrer's prestige in Germany would suffer; that, if the other countries did participate,

Hitler would cite this fact as additional proof of his great power (which he did). These men were told, however, that sports had nothing to do with politics.

While the debate was still going on, I decided to do something drastic. In the Summer of 1935 I went to Europe and visited Baron Pierre de Coubertin, the man who

Continued on page 152

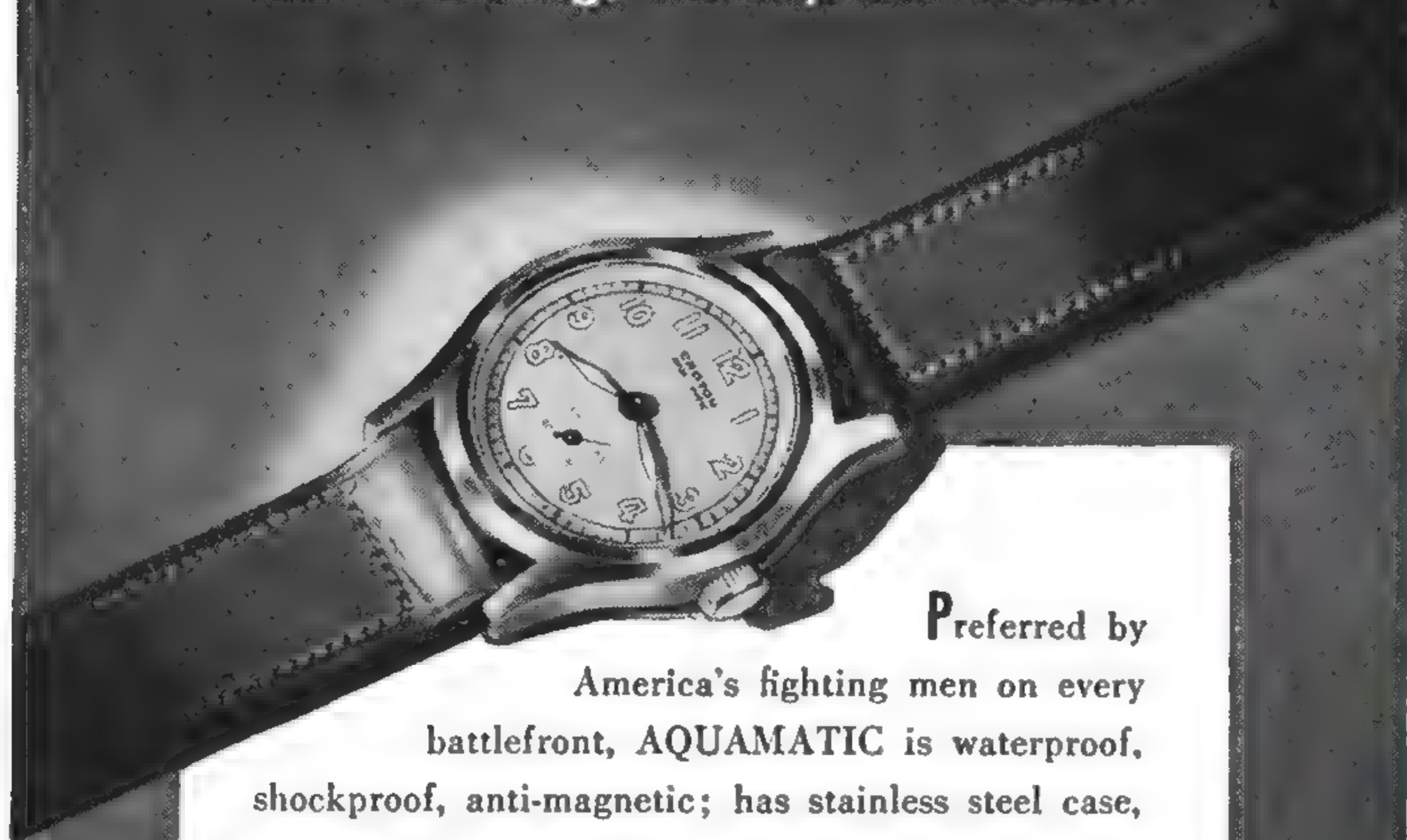


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How Hitler Exploited Sports

Continued from pages 59-151

had founded the modern Olympic Games and who almost single-handed had made them what they became. The baron was an old friend of mine from the time when I used to be a sports reporter in Berlin and Paris. I met him at his estate near Lausanne on Lake Geneva. Though over seventy, he was still extremely alive and in excellent form.

I wanted M. de Coubertin to use his international prestige to cancel the Olympic Games in Berlin. I understood very well the enormity of my demand. This man had fought all his life for the Olympic idea; and now I wanted him to come out against the Games. But then, the very idea of the Games, which is identical with peace, tolerance, equality, would be definitely compromised if Hitler were allowed to use them as a cloak for his own purposes.

Coubertin saw the point. He had his misgivings, too. He disliked Hitler and had a sound aversion to Nazism. It could hardly have been otherwise, since the baron was one of the outstanding humanitarians of our time. However, he did not believe that the idea of the Olympic Games would be hurt by its association with Hitler.

We had a long discussion and

finally I said: "If the Olympic Games take place in Berlin, it will be the last one for a long time to come. If something drastic is done now, if your voice can arouse the world now, Hitler may think twice before he throws the world into another turmoil."

I admit such a prediction sounded almost hysterical, even fantastic, at that time. Coubertin smilingly said as much. He thought there would be no war, not a few years hence or ever again. And there would be Olympic Games every four years for many decades to come. He thought that the Olympic idea was stronger than Nazism and would survive Hitler. And, what had sports to do with politics?

The prediction which I had made, mainly to influence the baron, came true. There were no Olympic Games in 1940. They should have taken place in Tokyo. Japan gave them up in July, 1938, announcing the intention of devoting every energy to ending the "China incident." The International Olympic Committee chose Helsinki. The Finns hoped until the last possible moment that they could carry out the assignment. The Games of 1944 should have taken place in Rome.

The men who decided in favor

THEY'RE CUT TO FIT... TO FIGHT FATIGUE

REIS Scandals

GIVE THE MILD
SUPPORT MEN NEED

• Reis shapes the Scandals to the man! Perfect fit is cut and tailored in the fabric. Scandals follow the male anatomy—with no stretching, pinching or binding! That's the secret of Reis Scandals' glorious comfort—of the mild, restful support that keeps a man "on-his-toes" and vigorous from breakfast through dinner. Insist on Reis Scandals—the manly underwear. If your dealer is temporarily out—ask again later.

Robert Reis & Co.
2 Park Ave., New York 16, N.Y.



(Left) Full seat coverage, no seams to sit on. (Right) matching shirt specially shaped to follow "leg-line" of Scandals.



Dart-stitched pouch conforms to crotch contour. "Hi-Waist" design insures proper fit, keeps Scandals from twisting and slipping.



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of participation in the Olympic Games in 1936 were all of the opinion that "sports had nothing to do with politics." Most of them were to learn the fallacy of such a statement. Coubertin's lifelong collaborator and successor, the Count Baillet-Latour, a Belgian, saw the Germans take over his country. For a time he tried to collaborate. Then he gave it up. In September, 1941, he died, the victim of an airplane crash.

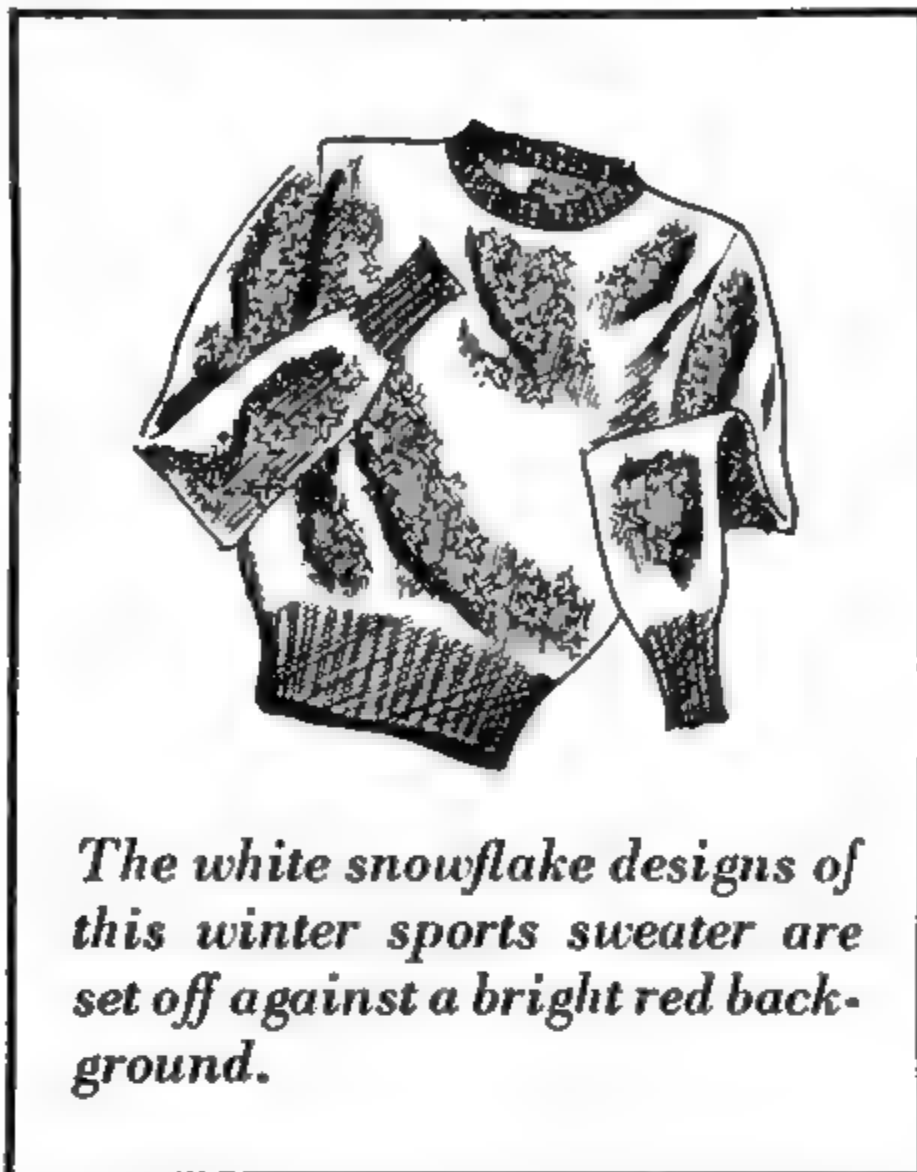
In the United States the Amateur Athletic Union, by a very close vote, had decided in favor of participation in the Games. One of those voting in its favor was the President of the Olympic Committee, Mr. Avery Brundage, who evidently also believed that sports had nothing to do with politics. During 1936 he was entertained twice by Hitler, and when he came back to America he declared enthusiastically that the Fuehrer was a peace-loving man and that you could do business with him. In 1940 he presided at a meeting of the Citizens' Committee to keep America out of the war. It was billed as a

gigantic peace rally that would draw more than 100,000 to Chicago's Soldier Field. The German American National Alliance through its radio program (on WHIP) ordered its followers to attend. [Less than 20,000 showed up at the field, however.] The main speaker was Charles A. Lindbergh. We had participated in Hitler's Olympic Games, he said in effect, but we must not participate in Hitler's war.

Because sports has nothing to do with politics.

My old friend, the Baron Pierre de Coubertin, did not live to see the war. He died on March 27, 1938. But he lived long enough to change his mind about Hitler. Late in 1937 he wrote me in a letter:

"You were right, my friend. Alas, you were only too right. The Olympic Games in Berlin! What a farce, and how little it all had to do with sports! I am an old man and have only a short while longer to live. After the next war—and the war will come—the world will have to work harder to save the Olympic idea—and thus to save itself." #



The white snowflake designs of this winter sports sweater are set off against a bright red background.

you were only too right. The Olympic Games in Berlin! What a farce, and how little it all had to do with sports! I am an old man and have only a short while longer to live. After the next war—and the war will come—the world will have to work harder to save the Olympic idea—and thus to save itself." #

FOR GIFTED MEN

The Belfast, a linen-like shirt that makes for comfort and wear. The collar is slotted and sets down real low. It's sanforized and vat-dyed for color fastness.

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\$9.95 TO \$20

In better stores across the country.

Nettleton Shoes

A. E. NETTLETON Co., Syracuse 2, N. Y.

This Man's World

Continued from page 78

Best has won for himself. I see him well fed—the Germans will give him double ration cards—and sheltered, too, since he is considered too valuable to expose to American bombs. He sleeps, when he sleeps, deep underground, and for companions he has only his thoughts.

What were they? Thoughts of power? Did he see himself as a petty king or *Gauleiter* or *Fuehrer* over some portion of his native America when the Super-Race to whose coattails he affixed himself should have conquered the United States?

And what are they now, when the dream is shattered and the Nazi power is broken? Is he haunted by the cold, sneering eyes of the Germans who, exploiting his weakness, have nothing but contempt for it? Now that disaster is at hand and German nerves are frayed, there can be no longer any concealment of that hatred and that contempt. Does he ever long to hear the light, gay, bantering voices of Americans and their rich laughter? Does he think back on some Main Street at home, with its friendly people, its gay shop windows, the familiar things, the drug-store and filling station, the shoe-shine parlor with the grinning Negro boy snapping his rag in

jitterbug rhythm, the cigar counter and newsstand in the hotel lobby with the cheerful, blowsy, chattery blonde in charge, the white hamburg heavens and the long soda fountains, the pretty girls swinging down the street, so free and challenging, the sound of an American locomotive whistle, a voice oozing a commercial on the radio, the sight of a yellow taxi, a cruller and an ice cream soda?

Men will hunt him down some day. The knock on his door is inevitable. When the Nazi rats flee the sinking Nazi state there will be no room for sub-rodents like Best in the asylums they have reportedly chosen in the Argentine. Him they will leave behind to face the men of the country he betrayed.

But no punishment we could devise, no traitor's death can match the hell on earth that Best has created for himself. We can bring him no fear in retribution as terrible as the fear that must harry him today as he watches the circle drawing ever more tightly about him. We have nothing in store for him that can match the horror and self-hate and bitterness that must be in his small soul at knowing that he *guessed wrong*.

There is, of course, an escape for



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Symbols of swirling Flames; Andirons;
Fireplace; Coal; Grate; Screen . . .

Manhattan has endowed these handsome
ties with the charm and glowing color of
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the superb styling.

Manhattan Ties

BY THE MAKERS OF MANHATTAN SHIRTS

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Just looking won't take it off—better reduce the Ry-Krisp way

FEAST FOR THE TOO-FAT: Reduce but eat well! The Ry-Krisp plan for the normal overweight cuts calories, allows meals like this: Corned beef hash, egg, vegetable, Ry-Krisp *plus* salad, dessert. Start now. Eat sensibly. Enjoy delicious 23-calorie Ry-Krisp as bread at each meal.



FREE MENUS, RECIPES AND SIMPLE REDUCING PLAN FOR NORMAL OVERWEIGHT. WRITE RY-KRISP, 21 CHECKERBOARD SQ., ST. LOUIS 2, MO.

such a man. If, in all the black ranks of the Gestapo, he is able to muster one friend, he might persuade that friend to lend him his Luger to take home just for one night....

Cause for Worry:

All my life I have prided myself upon normality of behavior and reactions, a normality that has enabled me to edit for the public taste as well as write for a living. But about once or twice every month I am faced with a situation where I find myself having no reaction whatsoever, and this worries me. It would worry you, too. Perhaps you can help me either to explain or overcome this serious spiritual and emotional failure.

It occurs when in the course of business or just by sheer accident, I find myself in a spot eating a meal and suddenly they put out the lights, the orchestra leader runs his fingers through his hair and someone breathes lugubriously into a microphone and an-

nounces that we will now be entertained by that famous dance team, Carmen and Bacigalupo.

So then people shove their chairs around to face the floor, the waiters fly into a frenzy of rushing about, the orchestra breaks into something squiggly and important sounding and Car-

men and Bacigalupo glide out onto the floor.

And that is the point where nothing happens to me.

I realize that Carmen is a reasonably pretty wench wearing floaty kind of clothes and stickum in her hair to keep it from mussing and that Bacigalupo likewise has stickum in his hair, a fixed smile, store teeth and a bunch of

muscles that like to come busting open the seams of his tail coat, and that the management is paying them a fee to dance, but I do not know why, or what I am supposed to be feeling while it is going on.

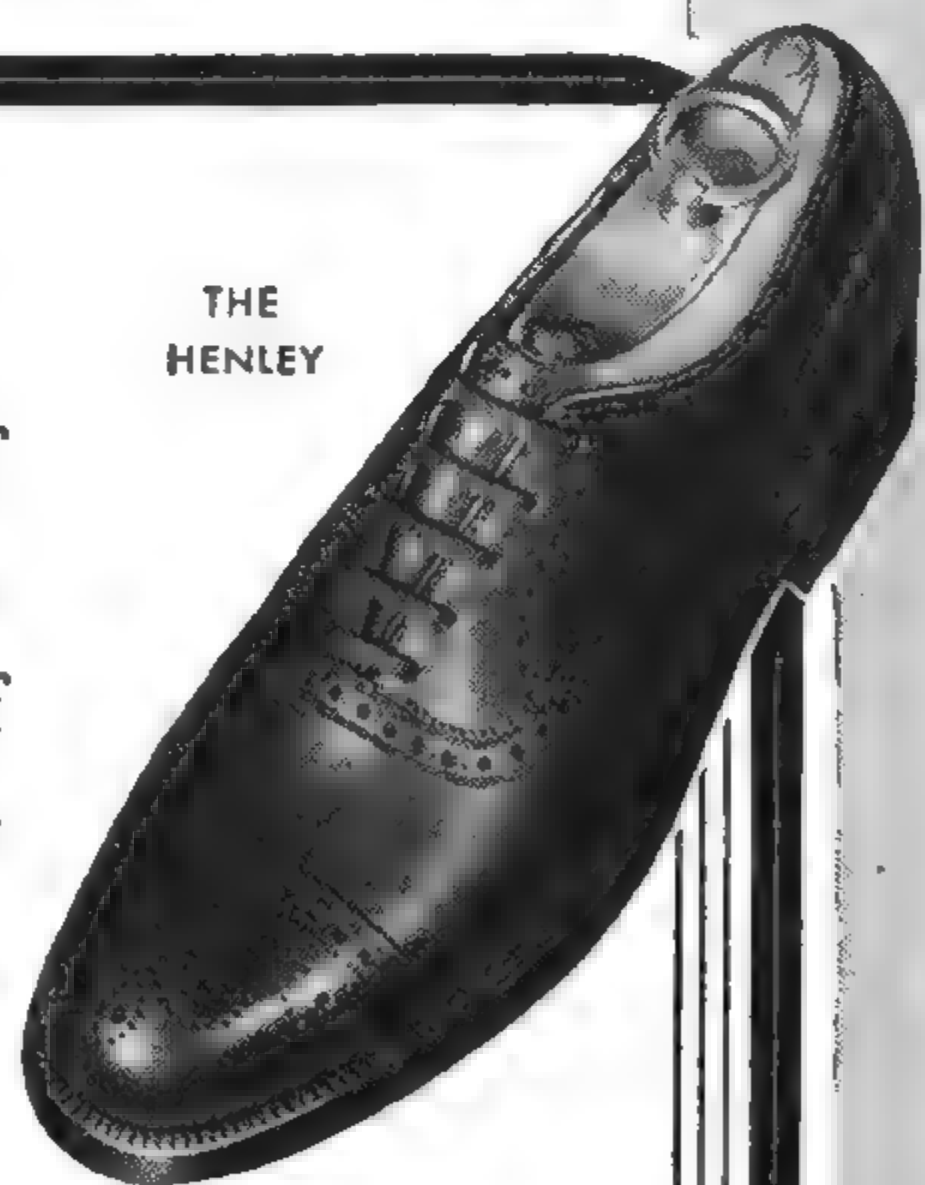
So they start to dance, but it isn't like any kind of dancing I ever did, or would want to do; they

Continued on page 156



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Throughout the 90 years of our history, Edwin Clapp has retained the sound ideals of inherited craftsmanship. War time service shoe production has reduced our civilian footwear output — but the same world-famous skill remains the Edwin Clapp criterion of excellence—and always will.



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National Observatory Accuracy Tests, can be serviced
around the world. Illustrated: Two waterproof, stainless
steel models popular with men and women in the Service.

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This Man's World

Continued from pages 78-155

don't even take hold of one another, but sort of glide around by themselves looking surprised, or sorrowful, or hungry, or arch, or plain irritated, waving their arms and avoiding one another.

Now if I am supposed to register some vicarious emotion from this, such as projecting myself into the person of Bacigalupo, it doesn't come off, because even though he has that glazed smile on his kisser it is obvious that he isn't having much fun tooling around by himself, and I do not project myself at all.

When I dance with a lady, I wish to get one hand on her short ribs while the other clasps her dainty fin, drop my cheek and smeller into her fragrant mop, draw her close to the old manly bosom and take off.

So while Bacigalupo and his girl friend are flitting about waving at the guy who operates the spotlight and having very little to do with one another, I very frankly do not know what the hell it is all about, and this disturbs me because it must have some sort of a meaning or the management would not pay them all that money to do it.

However, this is only the beginning, and having been exposed to dance teams practically all of my life, I know what is coming.

Sooner or later, Bacigalupo will hoist Carmen by the seat of her pants or the scruff of her neck, or both, and start spinning her around like a dervish and then set her down again only to grab her by a leg and arm and spin her again, or park her across his shoulder blades and revolve until his coattails stand straight out and his eyes cross.

This is exactly what happens, at which point there is loud applause from the people at the tables who have had their dinners interrupted but who not only do not seem to mind, but appear to be enjoying themselves.

I mean, as far as emulating Bacigalupo goes, I couldn't get a girl up off the ground in a million years, unless I stood still, got a firm grip and heaved, and as for spinning her around over my head, two spins and I would fall right flat on my puss from dizziness, with the lady winding up in the clarinet section.

Nor can I remember ever having had any genuine desire to pick up a dancing partner and give her the airplane spin in the manner of Jim Londos in the lush days of the wrasslin' racket. I am perfectly content to cuddle the little lady quietly and glide dreamily about the inclosure.

True, I can recall certain fe-

THE RING THAT WHISPERS "LOVE ME FOREVER!"



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For this unforgettable moment in her life . . . and yours . . . there's no symbol more truly worthy than a genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Ring. The Keepsake Certificate of Registration and Guarantee is your assurance of high standards of color, cut and clarity. See the new matched sets at your Keepsake Jeweler . . . \$100 to \$3500.



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Please send the book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding," with supplement on "Wartime Engagements and Weddings," illustrations of Keepsake Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

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males with whom I have been stuck on a dance floor and whose idea of dancing was more reminiscent of a prize fighter adopting an attitude of rigid self-defense. Some facility in picking up one of these, giving her two or three twirls and then letting her go just as the busboy opens the pantry door with a tray load of outgoing dishes might have a certain amount of attraction.

But Bacigalupo never does this. He just sets her down and then they start fancying around each other again until he gets his breath back to lug her about some more.

So then the routine is finished, and the guy isn't even sweating which disturbs me further, because once around the floor in a *Wiener Walzer*, and I start to drip, my underwear hikes up, my necktie rumples, the starch departs from my neckwear, my hair is down over my eyes and I look as though I had got caught in a department store crush in August. And as for the Carmen girl, she looks just the same as she did

when she started out; you can't tell whether she's had any fun or not.

What I am trying to say is that the whole business leaves me without any emotion whatsoever while all around me people seem to be having themselves one whale of a time as well as understanding what Bacigalupo and his girl friend are driving at. If they didn't,

why else would they watch them and clap their hands together and continue to patronize the joint?

It must be something in me and I would appreciate help from any reader who has had similar sensations of pure blankness while witnessing one of these standard performances, or who can write

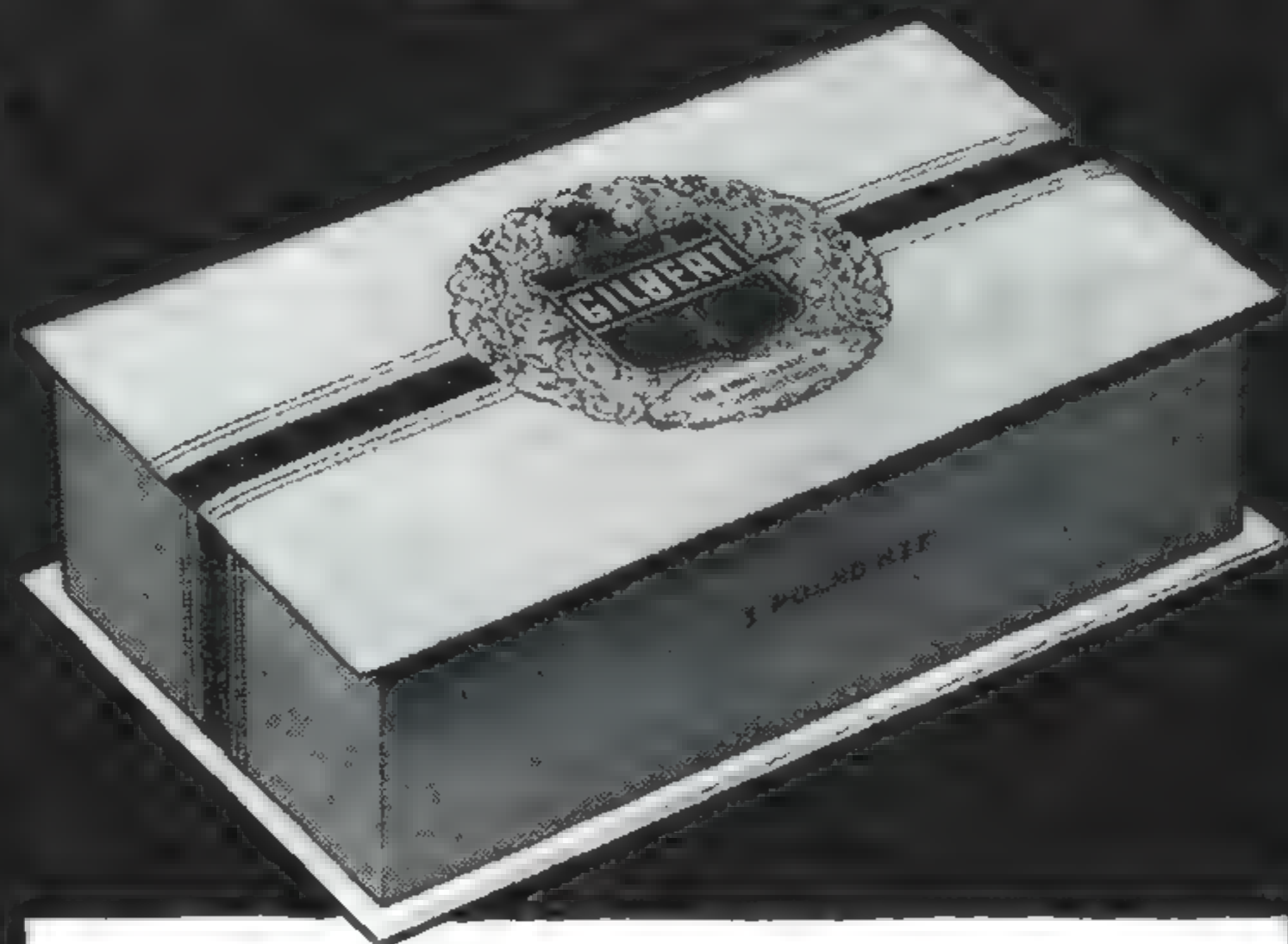


Sweet Adeline

*She's just a plain, old-fashioned girl,
From all newfangled stuff
she shrinks;
She's just a plain Old
Fashioned girl,
That's all she drinks.*

and advise me how to overcome this failing, or maybe explain what it is Bacigalupo is trying to prove when he fastens a combination half nelson and hammerlock on the lady and whirls her around over his head.

I have an open mind about the whole business, but it worries me. ##



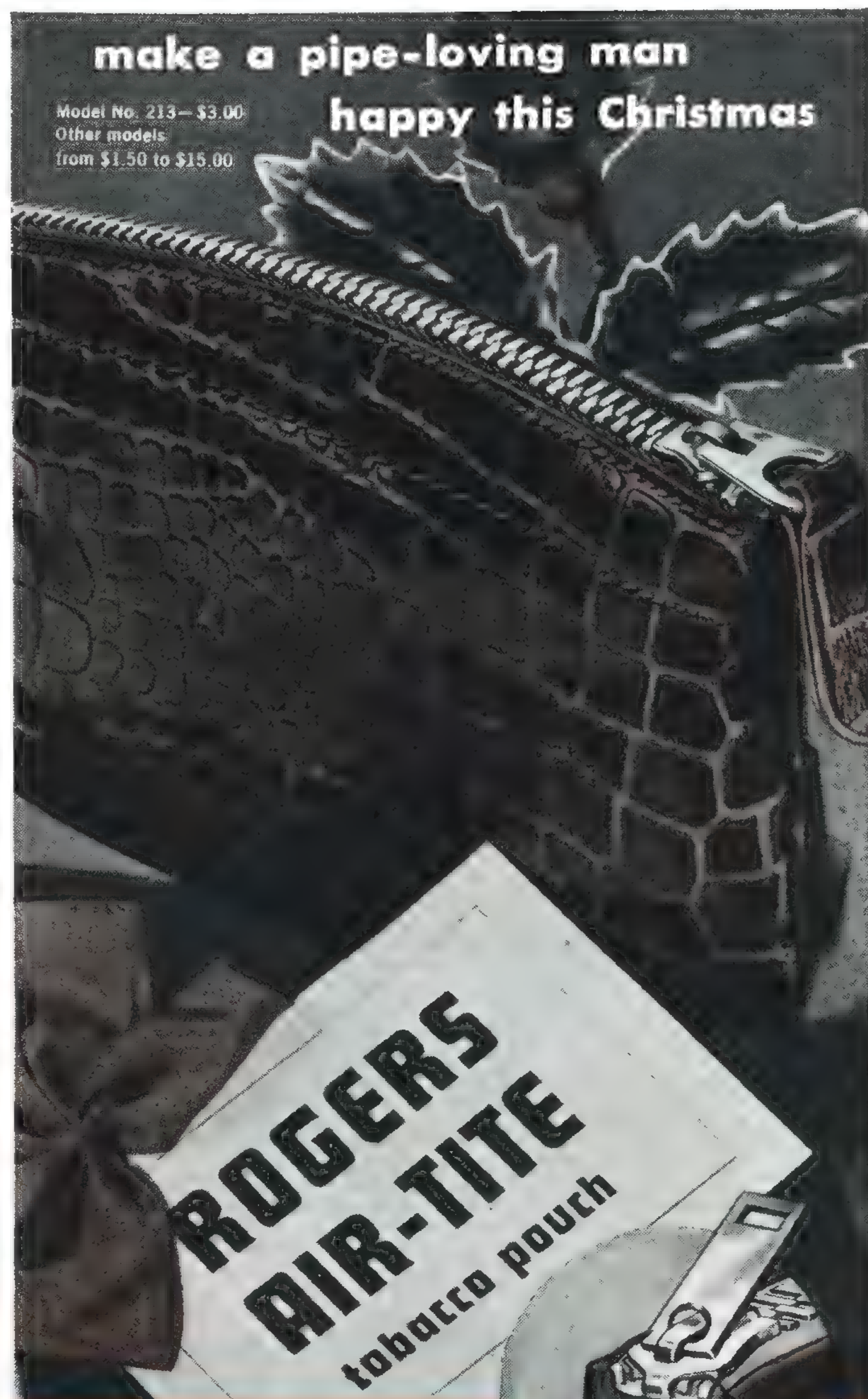
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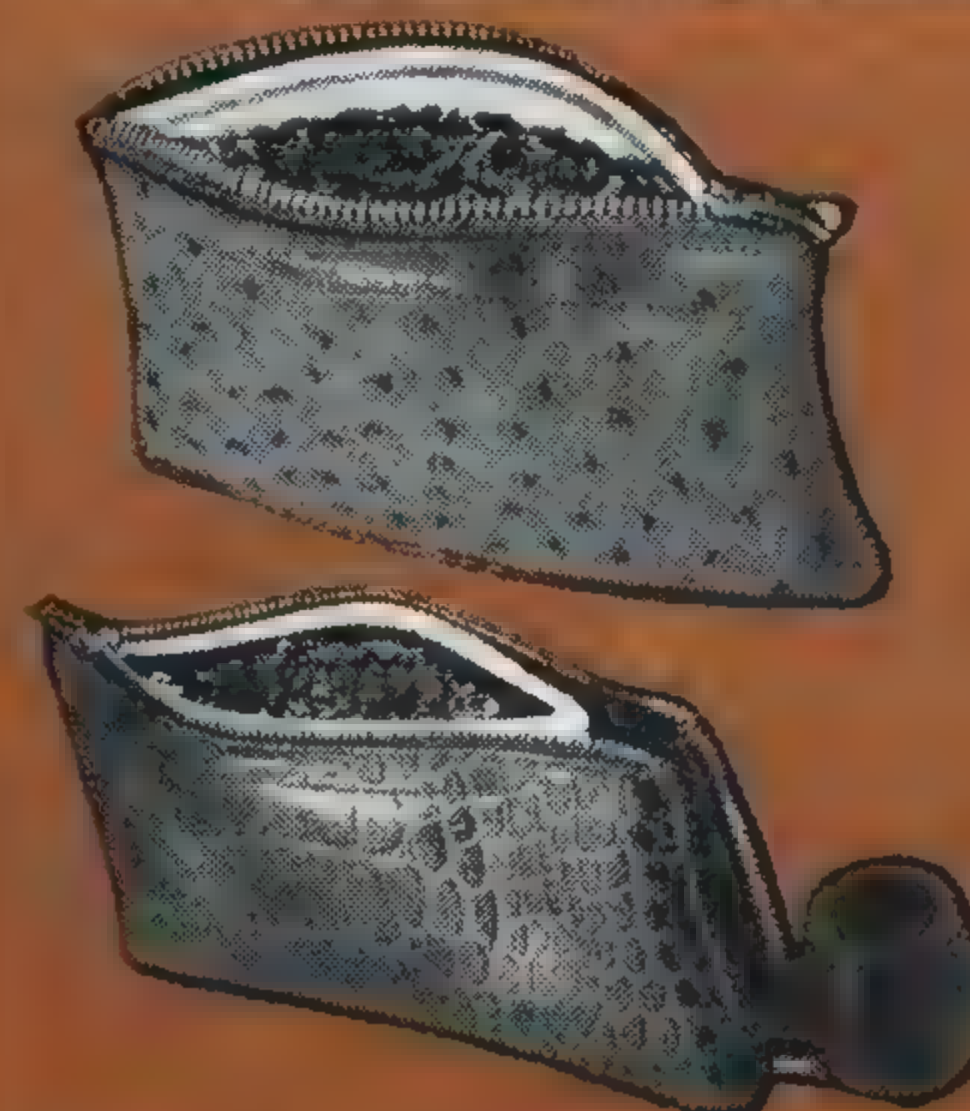


it seals as it closes

Every pipe loving man will welcome a genuine Rogers Air-Tite tobacco pouch. It lasts for years. Every pipeful of tobacco is enjoyable . . . for the freshness and aroma are always sealed in. Rogers Air-Tite pouches are beautifully made in the finest leathers by expert craftsmen. On display at better shops everywhere.

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The cross section shows how the lips of the patented inner pouch seal in the tobacco as the outer pouch is zipped shut. Rogers Air-Tite tobacco pouches are made in two models, both wonderful gifts for pipe smokers. The standard model holds tobacco only . . . the combination model holds tobacco and pipe.

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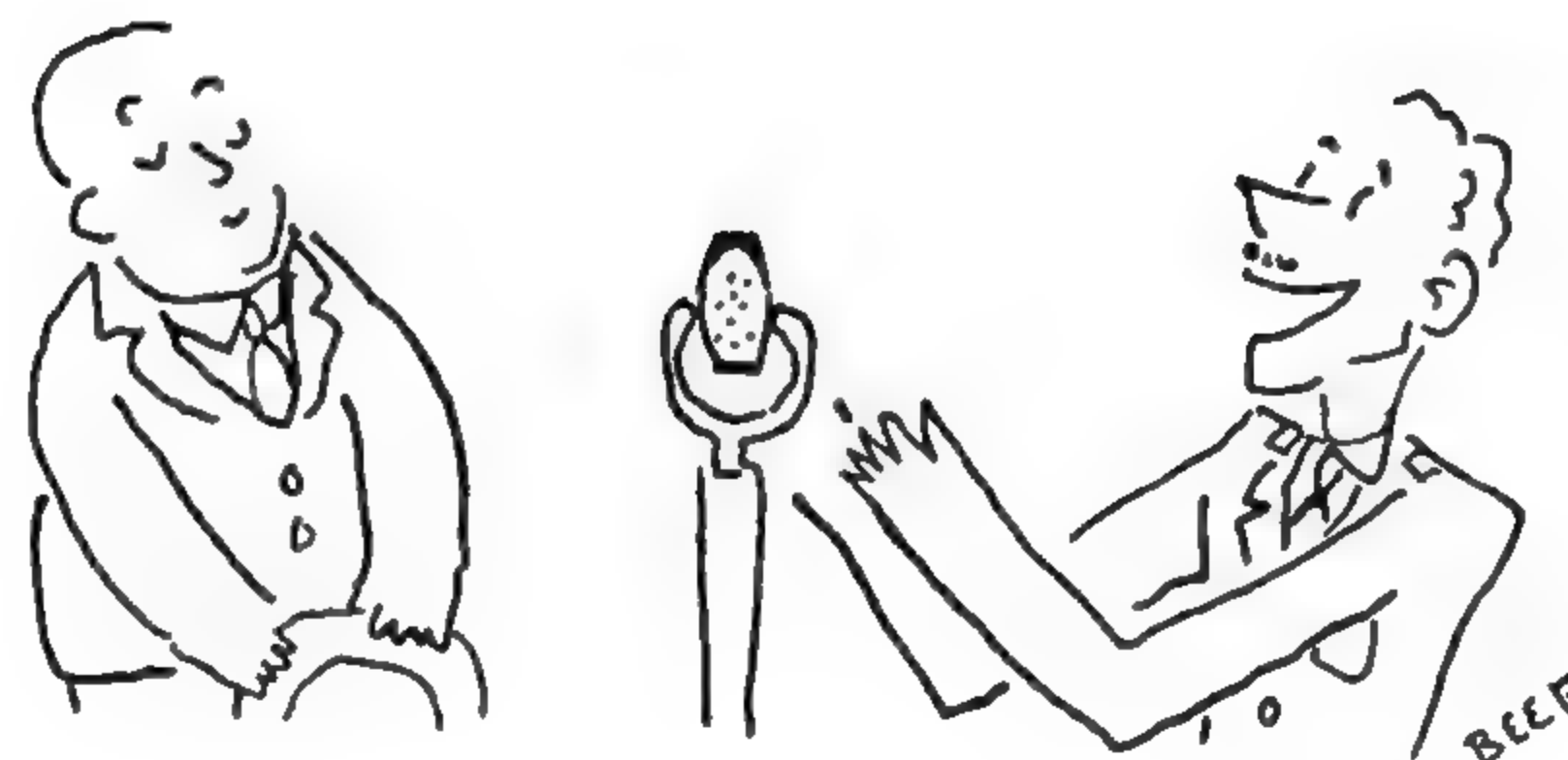
"All right, I love you and I want you to be my wife.
Now—may I have my Sir Walter Raleigh?"

Smokes as sweet
as it smells

"... the quality pipe
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FREE! 24-page illustrated booklet tells how to select and break in a new pipe; rules for pipe cleaning, etc. Write today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville 1, Kentucky.



Introduction

"Men of the Twelfth Battalion, I give you James C. Trooverman, America's Number One Civilian Hero of the war, who is making a tour of the battle fronts to let you soldiers get a firsthand account of his spectacular home front accomplishments. Trooverman holds an O.P.A. medal, first class, for extreme bravery under gas rationing, received the Morgenthau Award for paying his income tax the most promptly in the country and has been cited by Congress for putting up with radio political campaign speeches above and beyond the call of duty!

"He now holds the all-time civilian record of having stood for a total of 13,852 miles in day coaches without once uttering a squawk—thereby eclipsing the record of Freddy Hagenstacker, Number One Standee Stand-Out of World War One. He is going to be rewarded with a case of whiskey—if anybody can get hold of one. Trooverman has yet to develop a cold on the day he was supposed to go to the Red Cross Blood Bank. Although a few others may

share this record, it is nevertheless worthy of mention.

"Trooverman's inspiring remark when he was informed of the twenty per cent tax on night clubs and perfumes is still echoing up and down the land: 'Paying it is a damn sight easier than being sniped at in France,' he told people. His conduct at big league baseball games has also been exemplary. He has never once yelled: 'Better get a wheelchair, grandpa!' or 'Come on, you big buncha 4-F's!' On the contrary, he has applauded all good plays and stated that he wished he could do half as well.

"And last but not least, Trooverman has three sons and two nephews, and has during the past two years assembled and fitted the tabs into the slots of three hundred and eight cardboard trains, jeeps, tanks, carriers, fortresses, factories and airplane hangars without once suffering a nervous breakdown or even uttering a single naughty word. Boys, stand up and cheer for a civilian who can take it—James C. Trooverman!"

—PARKE CUMMINGS

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Zero King POLAR Coats for easy freedom and snug comfort in cold or storm. Equally smart in city or suburb. Beautifully tailored in water and wind-resistant cotton gabardine with deep pile collars and lining. Two of many Zero King styles for every member of the family are illustrated.

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PAUS



A Compendium of Remarks Folks Are Apt to Make About Little Babies

1. If girl baby smiles at her father, her Uncle George, the postman, Mr. Jones, Smith or Brown, her older brother, or anybody else of the masculine sex, 94.37 per cent of all people observing the phenomenon remark: "She certainly likes the men, doesn't she?" This is in marked contrast to the result when baby boys smile at nurses, aunts, grandmothers or other females—where only 92.53 per cent comment: "He sure goes for the girls, doesn't he?"

2. The percentage of those who state: "He certainly takes after his father," is just about equal to that of those who aver: "He's the image of his mother." In both cases it is overwhelmingly greater than the percentage of those who proclaim: "I don't see any family resemblance at all." This last group is composed of eccentrics who vote an independent ticket and claim New York is a great place to live in but terrible to visit.

3. When a newborn baby cries, it is mandatory to remark: "She certainly has a good pair of lungs, hasn't she?" The only person who

ever violated this was a man from East Orange, New Jersey, who, in 1927, complained: "That baby cries too d—n much." He was immediately tarred and feathered and disbarred for life from the National Association of Baby Commentators-On.

4. When a young baby says, "Glug!" "Waa!" or "Mpffr!" these statements are immediately translated by adults who remark: "He says: 'Hurry up with that bottle; I'm hungry.'" Statistics show that not one three-months-old baby out of a hundred has failed to make a dazzling assortment of brilliant original remarks plus numerous verbatim quotations from Plato, Shakespeare, Pope, Mark Twain, Patrick Henry, Irvin S. Cobb and Bob Hope if adult translators can be relied on.

5. The statement made by all adults holding a baby who has been changed only fifteen minutes previously is universal and undeviating. It is quote what exclamation mark again question mark unquote.

—PARKE CUMMINGS

WITH STRIPED SHIRTS COLORED SHIRTS WHITE AND PLAID

Melbroke Ties

SOLID COLORS ARE ALWAYS RIGHT

A solid colored, all wool MELBROKE TIE knots perfectly fits every outfit—every occasion.

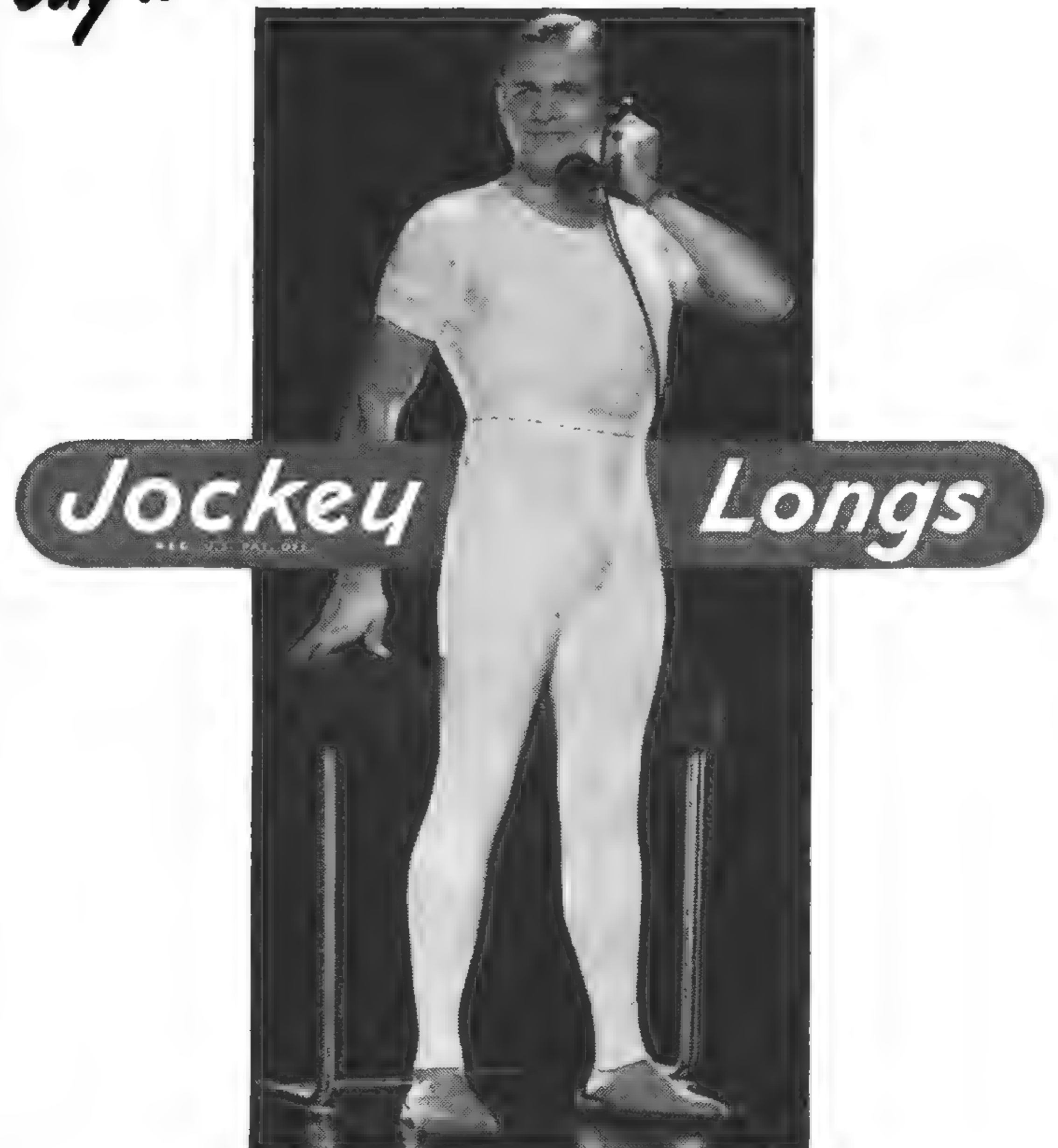
Crush proof—wrinkle resistant! In all popular solid colors including black and khaki.

AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE **\$1**

100% WOOL

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*If you **NEED** long underwear, buy it **SOON**...but just your share!*



This winter will you be occasionally exposed to cold for several hours? Must you guard your health carefully? Will your job keep you outdoors? If your answer is "yes" to any of these questions, you'll really need the warm protection of Jockey Longs. Shopping early helps assure you of your supply and helps avoid a distribution problem caused by the manpower shortage. Remember, Jockey Longs have the same patented Y-front construction and firm, unfailing support that you enjoy in all Jockey Underwear. So buy now—but buy only as many pairs as you'll need! Remember the other fellow!

Go Long on War Bonds!



Coopers INC.

KENOSHA WISCONSIN

NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE

Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by Speedo Knitting Mills, Pty. Ltd., Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Meal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S. L.

The Luna Park Terrier

Continued from page 100

the manager with whom he had the "understanding." And the money he got from the promoter of this bootleg scuffle wasn't enough to pay his fare home, so Mickey limped to the nearest highway and wriggled his big thumb until a friendly motorist picked him up.

If possible, Mickey's woes outside the ring are greater than inside it. Some years ago he was serving as porridge for Tommy Farr. A slew of Coney Island admirers tripped out to Madame Bey's to watch him spar with the English champion. Their imaginations were fired the previous night when their idol won a spelling bee, boxers versus wrestlers, sponsored by a broadcasting network. It was natural, therefore, for Mickey to want to look as pugilistically brilliant as he had been mentally the night before when he spelled Farr down on the word tomato.

"I was banging him around,"

Mickey said, "when Farr's trainer stepped between us, told me my function was that of 'catcher,' not hitter, and t'rew me out of camp."

Whatever happened, the following two-column head smacked Mickey in the face when he picked up a New York newspaper some hours later: "FARR SQUELCHES CAMP 'FRESH GUY.' MICKEY SHAW

MOVES RIGHT IN ON TOMMY, THEN MOVES RIGHT OUT—BUT QUICKLY." And the head picking up the story where it was continued on another page read: "FARR FLATTENS CAMP BRAGGART WITH ONE PUNCH."

It made Mickey so unhappy that he slapped a libel suit for 50,000 dollars on Farr, the reporter who wrote

the story and another man connected with the newspaper that printed it.

A vanity-appealing specialist whose sugar talk would turn a slimy dish rag into a beautiful rose, told Mickey that if he pressed the suit he might irk cer-



This smart and comfortable jacket is typical of Glover Sportswear. Even with wartime shortages the tailoring and quality are superb. The trim, snug-fitting contour never even suggests the lining of softest, fleeciest, silkiest sheepskin. The sleeves with their knit wristlets are warmly lined. The luxurious dark brown mouton collar—the brown leather pocket trim—the curved armholes and sleeves—suggest only the comfort—the style—the tailoring—that are always Glover.

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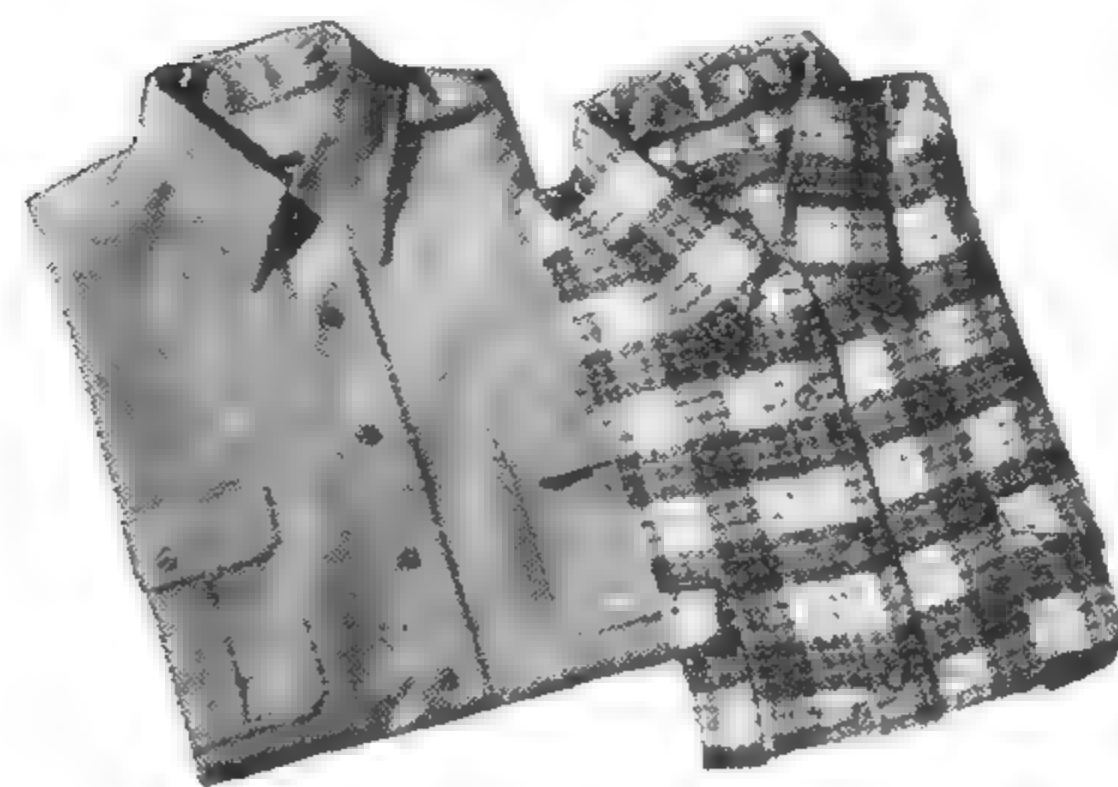
TODAY...as yesterday...you can be completely confident of Pendleton Shirts. No finer woollens are woven in all the nation. Yes, today, Pendleton Shirts are:

UNCHANGED in virgin wool fabric

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Pendleton means virgin wool... and only virgin wool! Superb quality in fabrics and tailoring is rigidly maintained from the moment our fine western wool is graded until we sew in the Pendleton label.



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tain influential parties to the extent that they would overlook him in the search for Louis's next opponent. Not exactly unsusceptible to flattery, Mickey beamed and struck the fighting stance that has left him open to so many ring blackouts.

Sensing that Mickey was ripe, the sugar talker came in fast with the suggestion that a cash settlement might be arranged. Mickey wasn't yet that ripe. Then the sugar talker was inspired with this plum: If Mickey would accept a cash settlement and sign a release he would be further rewarded with two ringside tickets to the Farr-Max Baer fight.

Later, in the presence of the proper legal authorities, Mickey's waiting pen autographed a release in return for the cash settlement.

Came fight night and also the awakening. Mickey went to the Farr management for his tickets but was told the sugar talker had them. He hot-footed it to this man who said he had returned them to the management. Mickey kept shuttling back and forth, getting the brush-off each trip, and all parties concerned were becoming peevish.

Time was precious. Farr and Baer were coming into the ring. Mickey's lamb pie got tired of cooling her tootsies while he pursued those elusive tickets and she went home. The brute in Mickey asserted itself. He sent word to the sugar talker, whose fat cigar had laid down a smoke screen near the ring, that if he didn't fork over those tickets Mickey would raise hell.

The sugar talker contacted the Farr management as it scampered into the ring behind its charge. There were gesticulations and sharp words, after which the sugar talker dispatched a Garden guard who said, "Dis way, bum!" He led Mickey through the door used by circus and rodeo animals, halting just outside the ticket turnstiles, which is as far from the ring as you can get without leaving the arena. It was from this disadvantage point that Mickey saw the fight, which was half over before (with map and binoculars) he got the range of the ring.

In an early professional start Mickey persuaded his father to come to the fight. As Papa Finkelstein was taking a ringside seat there was a kerplow and the ring shook. He looked up and there, like a wounded porpoise, lay the enormous hulk of Mickey.

"Get up, son!" Papa pleaded. "It's more comfortable down here," Mickey yelled as the referee counted him out.

Several years ago Mickey dropped in at a fancy New York night club for some needed relaxation. He had just returned from an out-of-town bout in which he simultaneously had taken two pastings—one from his opponent and one from the referee, who banged him on the nose, peeling same, after Mickey had clumsily stepped on his toes. Mickey was

Continued on page 162

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The Luna Park Terrier

Continued from pages 100-161

expertly patched up. It was only a few days after Louis had knocked out Max Baer. Mickey resembles Baer if you don't look too closely, and the master of ceremonies of this night club wasn't looking closely. But he was careful as he prepared his customers for what he hoped would be a thrill.

"I think," he said over the microphone, "that we have a celebrity in the house."

Then he glanced at Mickey and, still cautious, said: "Come up here, fighter."

He discovered it wasn't Baer when Mickey bounced up, grabbed the microphone and started telling stale jokes. Then it occurred to the m. c., who had never heard of Mickey before, that this mistake in identity might be turned into a smart stunt. Maybe Mickey was a good fighter who somehow had escaped his notice, so he would interview him on that more or less remote possibility. If nothing else, the master of ceremonies would regain possession of the microphone.

"Who all have you fought, Mickey?" he asked.

Mickey, who considers himself unexpendable and also a wit, named every heavyweight of consequence before the m. c. could break in.

"How many fights have you had?"

"Eighty-seven," Mickey said throatily.

"How many did you win?"

"Six," Mickey said airily, "but I was worried about Mom in the other eighty-one."

Mickey is nothing if not charming, ever willing to do a good deed. A minister once asked him to bring some of his pugilistic colleagues to a church benefit, hoping thereby to attract charitably minded parishioners. Mickey rented a car and filled it with the ring's Who's Who. At the church he took charge of entertainment. He sang, danced, told night club jokes. No one else had a chance.

"I was wore down to a nubbin," he said, "trying to be sweet and lovely."

He ankled over to the minister, a buttery, back-slapping man, and told him he had gone to considerable expense. Wouldn't the minister want to reimburse him?

"My boy," said the minister with tremendous reverence, "the Lord will bless you." He called to a boy who was selling refreshments, bought Mickey a five-cent bottle of pop, then hustled off to his flock.

"It reminded me," Mickey grumbled, "of them men who let me fight like crazy all night and didn't even gimme bus fare home."

Through the years Mickey has come up with so many get-rich-quick schemes that when his friends detect that certain glint they flee lest he let them in on the ground floor. Some years ago he



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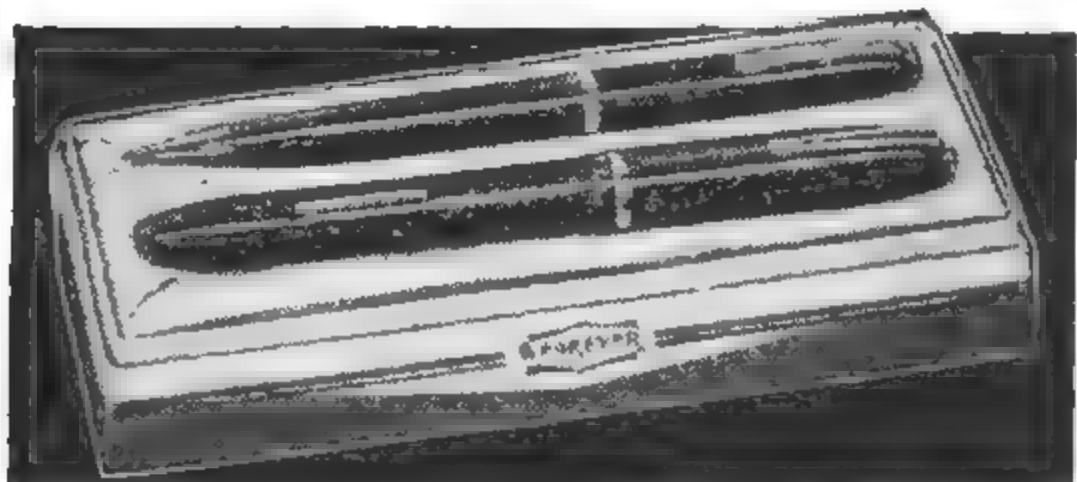
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organized a group which he now refers to as Mickey Shaw's Touring Gladiators. He was the only heavyweight; the others were little guys. At one of their stops word got around that the cards were being stacked against the little guys; they were going to be pitted against heavier opponents. Like an old hen Mickey clucked and his little chicks, with busted bills, ran chirping to ma.

"We're catching the first bus out," he commanded, and they caught it.

Two miles away the chief of police, at whose home they had been living, drew up on a motorcycle, arrested them on a charge of jumping their board bills and rode herd on them back to the local clink. It was in these dank surroundings, under the distrustful eye of the chief, that they finished training for the bouts. After the bouts, which Mickey said "We won easy," their former landlord collected their purses and deducted what was owed him. This left the Touring Gladiators with so little operational capital that they disbanded and got home the best way they could.

Mickey had barely recovered from this fiasco when, in another of those bootleg "understanding" bouts, he refused to follow script. Once more the alert was sounded and once more his long neck was sticking out of a doorman's uniform, this time at Billy Rose's Casa Mañana.

A cab pulled up one night and out stepped his pal Schmeling. It was between the time Schmeling had knocked out Louis in their first fight and the second one in which the tables were turned with a viciousness the German hadn't contemplated. Schmeling had come over for a tune-up, but he needed a tune-up for the tune-up, and as a result the fistic hand of destiny then fell on Mickey.

It wasn't called a tune-up, however. The publicity from that sort of scuffle would have gone to Mickey's head faster than Schmeling's right and if in the future Schmeling had wanted to use him as a sparring partner Mickey's price would have swollen proportionately.

Schmeling said: "It will be what you call a muscle flex," and he arranged with the Casa Mañana management for Mickey to be off the next night. (A muscle flex is not an official fight; neither is it an exhibition; it's just a muscle flex, and as such is not advertised and its outcome is not set down in the record books for posterity.)

Sweetness and light pervaded the guttural atmosphere of Schmeling's car enroute to the scene of the muscle flex. Schmeling inquired about Mickey's lamb pie, then Mrs. Shaw, and he lifted his eyebrows inferentially when Mickey said there were no little Shaws or Finkelsteins. He recalled the night they had been mistaken for thugs and he chuckled. He asked, "How is my American mother?" meaning Madame Bey, that darling lady, now

Continued on page 164

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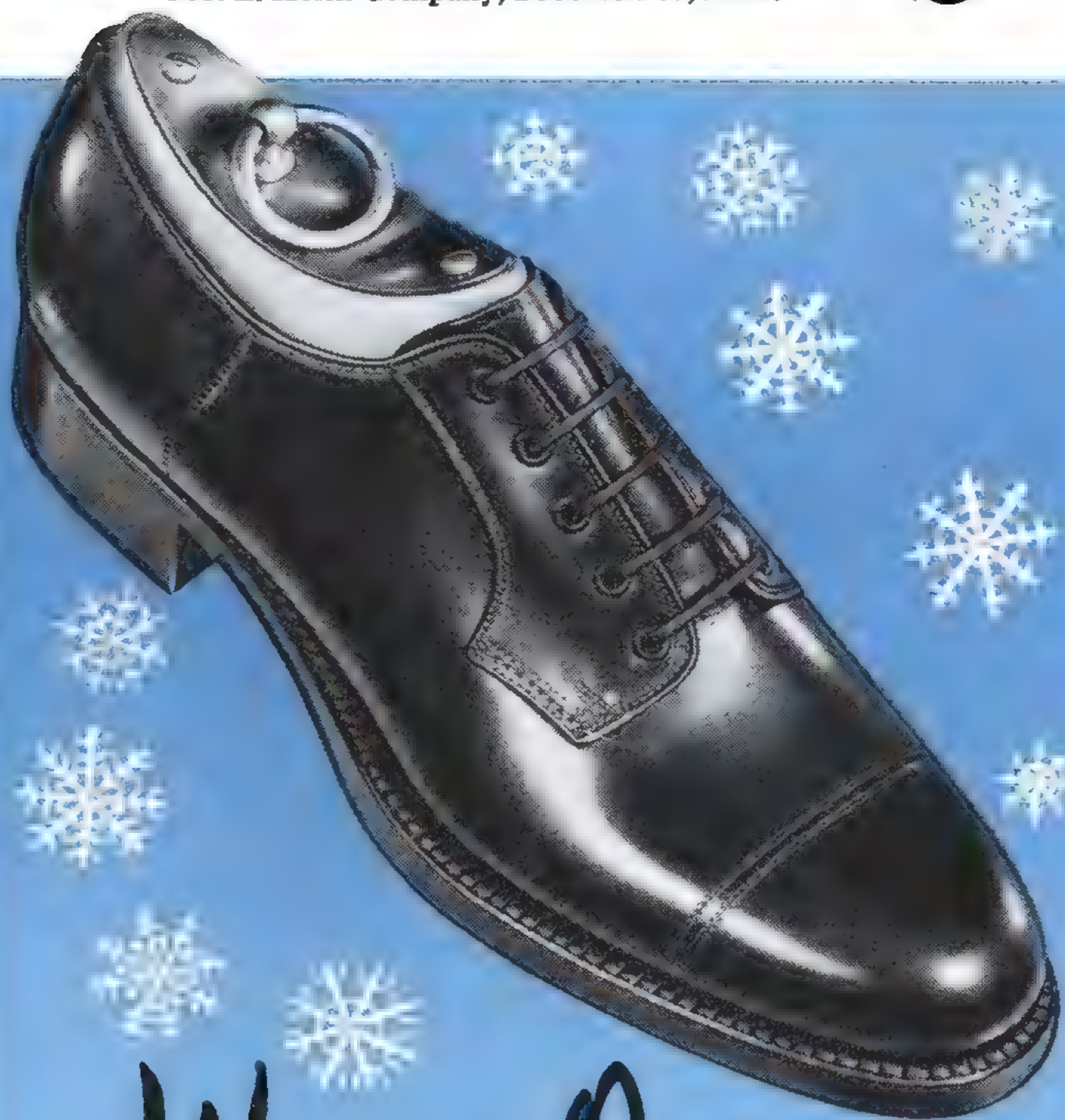
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WALK-OVER
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The Luna Park Terrier

Continued from pages 100-161-163

dead, who had nursed him through the ordeal of a broken hand and poverty and who had watched him rise from obscurity to the heavy-weight championship of the world.

They entered an improvised ring in a sizable hall upon arrival at the scene of the muscle flex. There was a Nazi flag near the ring and as Schmeling went to his corner most of the spectators jumped up and gave him the Heil Hitler salute.

Mickey knew how to box Schmeling and he moved into him, making him miss. Schmeling didn't mind; he was fond of Mickey. But the spectators *did* mind and they yelled in German, "Kill that Jew! Down with America, the Jewish Paradise!"

If Schmeling hadn't neglected to tell him they were going to perform for this sort of audience Mickey might not have worn that big Star of David on his blue fighting trunks. Conversely, he might have worn a dozen.

The audience kept yelling for Mickey's blood until Schmeling's hands were forced and near the end of the first he blinked and shot a terrific right to the ribs.

Mickey knew the significance of that blink. It almost always preceded Schmeling's Sunday punch—the one with which he had flattened Louis in their first fight and the one with which he hoped to repeat, but didn't, in their approaching return match. In his corner at the end of the round Mickey told a pal, "I hope he ain't blinking at me like he did at Louis!"

It was a six-round muscle flex. Schmeling kept blinking like a highway warning light and snapping that devastating right to head and belly and the audience kept yelling, "Kill that Jew!" In the end there was blood on the ring floor, but it wasn't Mickey's.

Next day a pal, recalling Schmeling's fondness for Mickey, sought to console him with the thought that, "I'll bet them wallops he hit you with hurt him more'n you."

"I don't t'ink so," said Mickey Finkelstein loftily as he climbed into his doorman's uniform for some slower but easier money.

Came the hot weather. It was uncomfortable in the heavy uniform. Mickey turned it in and quit. About this time Ben Jeby, former world middleweight champion, had engaged in what Manager Hymie Caplan said would be an "exercise" bout—something like Mickey's idea of the muscle flex with Schmeling before they got into the ring. But the "exercise"—with My Sullivan in Chicago—was so strenuous that Jeby decided there must be a saner way in which to keep body and soul together and he hung up his gloves.

Mickey broached him on the proposition of joint ownership in a stable of Negro fighters.

Jeby was a tough baby in-



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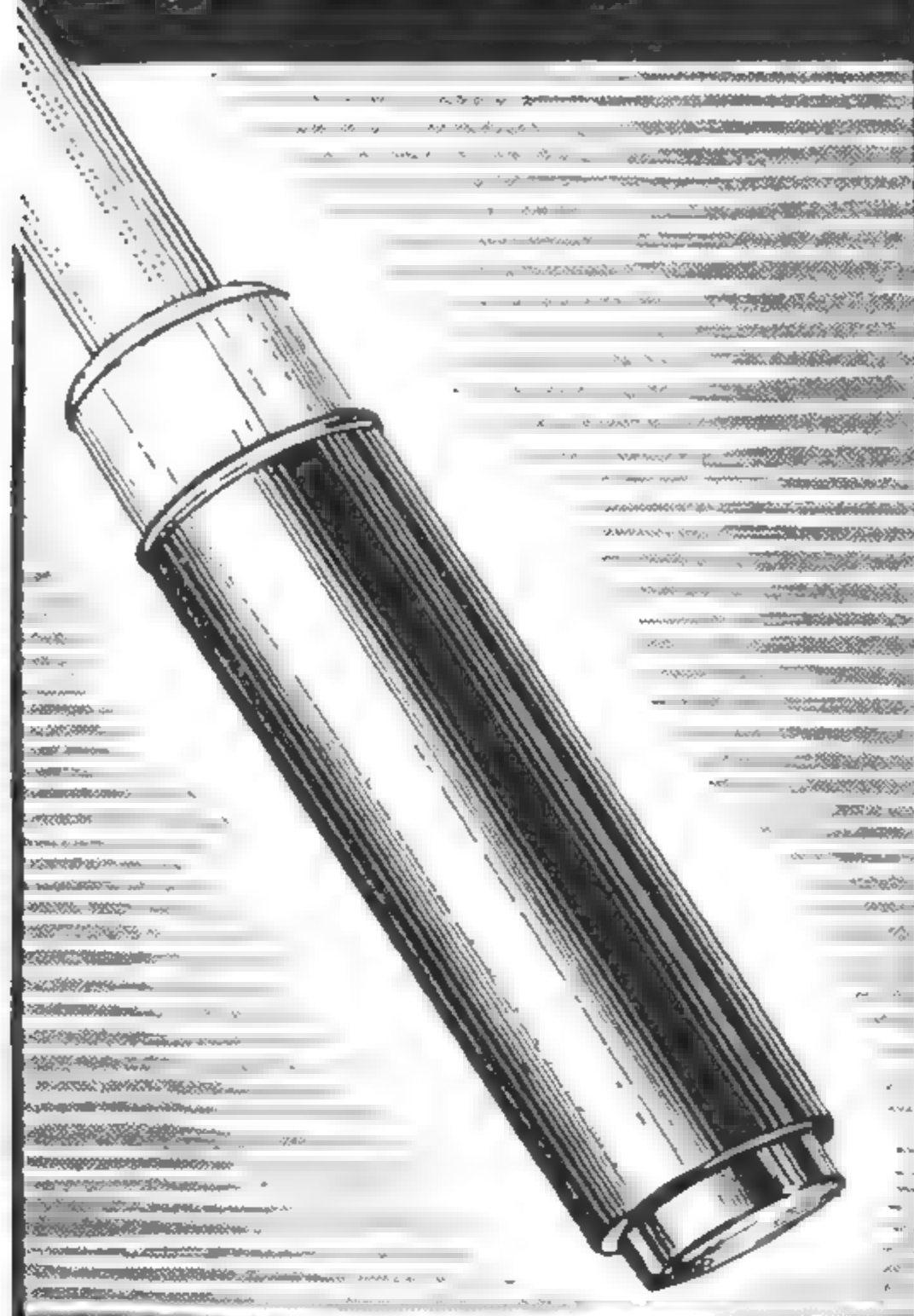
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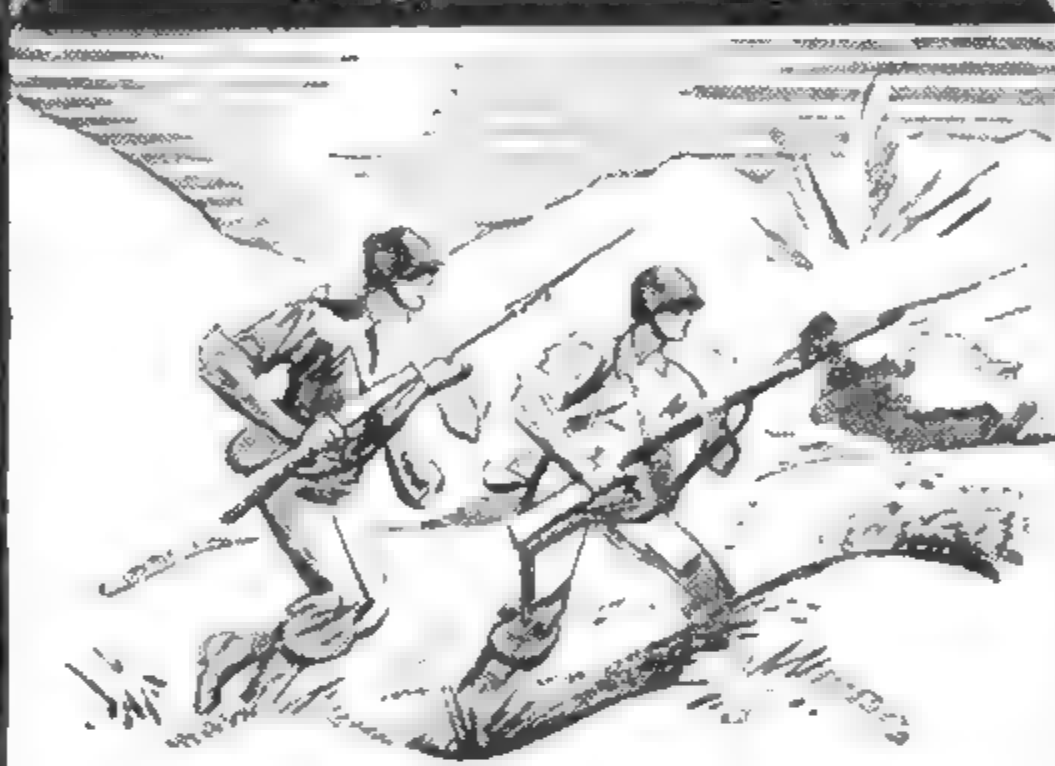
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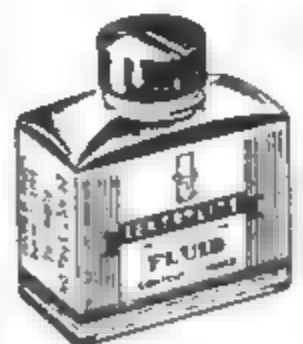


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side those ropes, but in Mickey's glib hands he was pliable, innocent clay. It was going to be heavenly to be on the managerial end where there is surcease from jolts to stomach and head.

Overnight there sprang into existence the pugilistic firm of Jeby & Shaw, Inc., and with it as trainer an anemic man who had every ailment in the medical book and who billed himself as the "Conditioner of Men." After working on a fighter in his corner, the trainer often collapsed and the other member of the firm had to revive him, leaving the poor pug to shift for himself.

Mickey felt that, having headed the Touring Gladiators, he was qualified to be the brains of Jeby & Shaw, Inc. This left Jeby the job of contact man. As he was on the verge of getting a bout for one of the firm's tigers, Mickey would say, "Do it this way, Ben."

Jeby would follow Mickey's plan.

In a minute Mickey would yell: "Ben, did you do like I said?"

"Yes," Jeby invariably replied, "and we lost the bout."

It was this kind of master-minding by Mickey that quickly sank Jeby & Shaw, Inc., dumping onto the open market a stable of Negro ring warriors most of whom hadn't fought for so long they wouldn't have known how to untangle their feet if an urchin had led to them with a sucker punch in a street brawl.

Alone, Mickey set out to develop amateur boxers. He showed them the famous Shaw shift and the first time they used it they were sorry. One of his boys, who hadn't used it before, used it in the Golden Gloves and got his head knocked off. His mother caught up with Mickey outside the Garden and wrapped her umbrella around his curly dome.

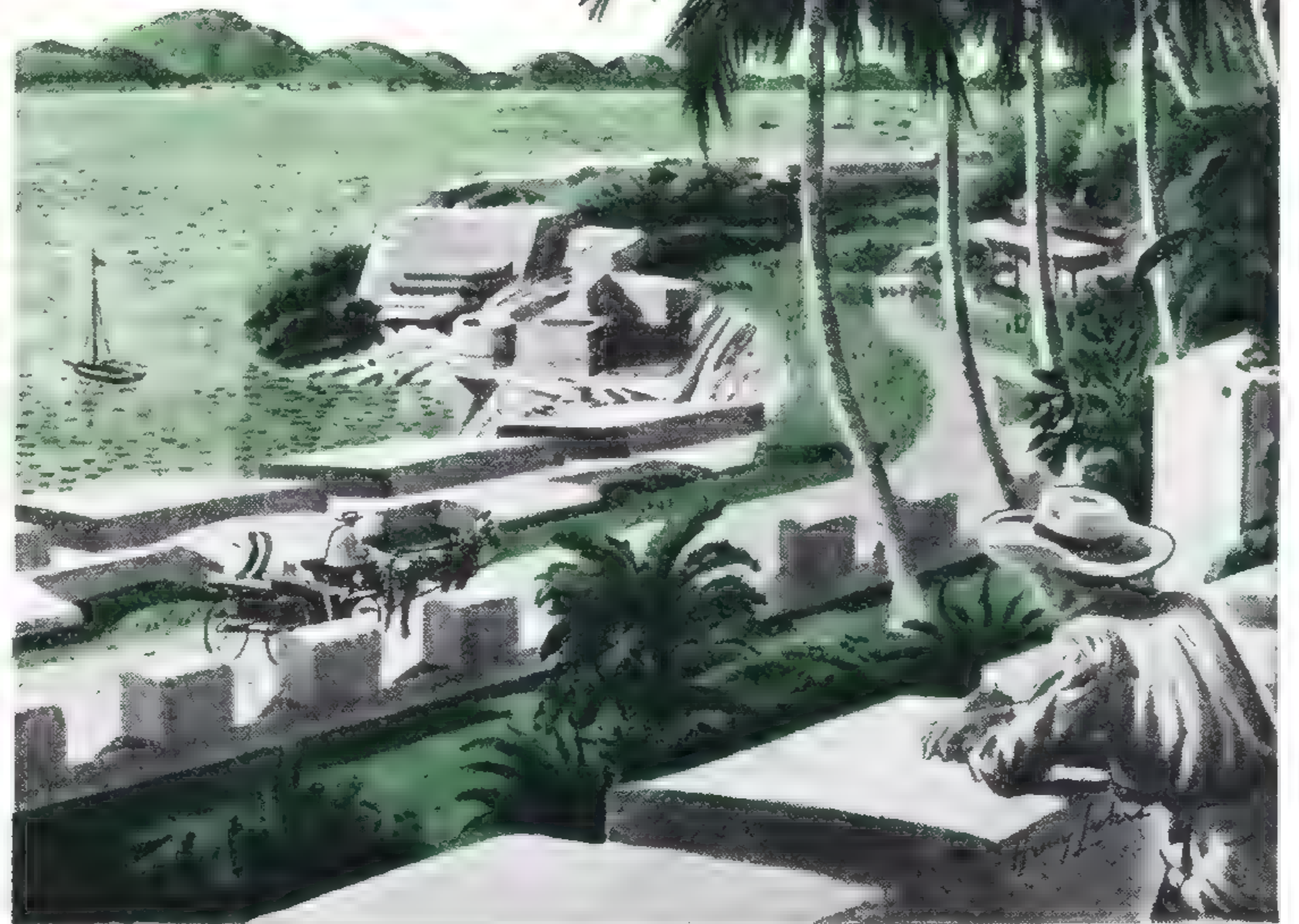
You wouldn't think a woman's wrath would discourage the man who, wearing a big Star of David on his trunks, gingerly got into the ring with Hitler's pet pug at a pro-Nazi smoker and gave as good as he received. But it did. Mickey gave up his stable of amateurs.

Returning to his old trade, he oiled up his memory. He got some work but every time he was flim-flammed, which was often, he forgot. When there was no occasion for a good memory—that is, when it was all right to win if he could—he wasn't inspired.

The combination of winning when he wasn't supposed to, and losing when no one would have cared if he had won, put him in a bad state. A doctor put the psych on him and advised retirement. Mickey compromised by getting a welder's job in a shipyard and boxing whenever he could get a bout. After belting out a heavy-weight whose grandmother could have done it in less time, Mickey turned over his purse to the U.S.O. and with the same magnificent gesture challenged Louis.

"With that old Shaw shift working like it did tonight," he bellowed, "the Bom'er wouldn't have no chance." ##

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Pioneer of the Forward Pass

Continued from page 50

who had also been a Wisconsin substitute. Eddie "Baby Face" Murphy from St. Mary's, Kansas, Dave Lamb, a St. Louis boy who had gone a semester at Missouri, Archie Lowe and Abijah French from Drury, Missouri, College, Louis Hughes, Jack Kinney, H. B. DePew, Leo Will, Daniel Lee, R. A. Roche, J. T. Breman and Roy Berry were others who played for St. Louis during the Cochems epoch.

Almost without exception the players were studying medicine at St. Louis University. Fifteen, virtually the entire squad, became doctors and surgeons. Decorated several times in World War I, Kenney is now a major in the medical corps at Fort Howard, Maryland.

Cochems had one fine surprise. He found that Robinson had actually done some throwing of the ball and had developed a style. Robinson said that while practicing kicking at Wisconsin in 1904 he asked a teammate, Howard P. Savage, to kick the ball back to him. Instead Savage threw it back overhand.

"He could throw my punts back almost as far as I could kick them," Robinson said. "He was the first man I ever saw throw the ball overhand. I got Savage to show me how he did it. From then on I was constantly spiraling the ball overhanded. I couldn't do it in a football game because it wasn't legal. But I spent a lot of time throwing for fun."

Cochems and Robinson quickly got together on that long baseball throw. At Lake Beulah Cochems drilled his squad constantly on the long pass. He made them do running throws through hoops. Robinson and Schneider, both baseball players, were the best peggers. Schneider, Robinson, Kenny, Acker and Lowe became the topflight receivers.

"When Robby and I watched the St. Louis Gunners professional club practice at St. Louis in 1932, I saw Robby pick up a ball and throw it seventy-five yards. He then weighed 232 pounds and was fifty years old," says Pike Kenney.

Schneider and Robinson both kicked and ran, so they became the first triple threat backs in American football. The offense Cochems devised was bold and sound. First he developed a strong, deceptive running game, thus realizing the interdependence between running and passing that is so vital to modern offense. Backfields in the old five-yard game formed close behind the scrimmage line. Cochems pulled his further back to facilitate the forward passing. Cochems usually employed an unbalanced line, with the guard or tackle over, and frequently brought Left End Robinson into a five-man backfield to kick, pass and run.

The forward pass was Cochems'



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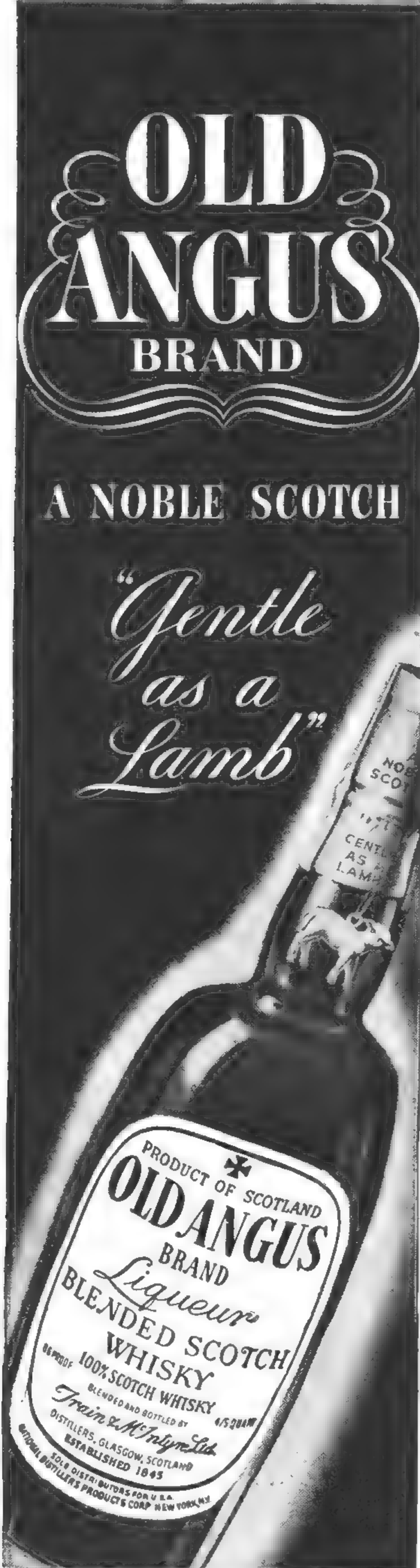
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ace in the hole. He gave it a sonorous title, "The Overhand Projectile Spiral Pass." St. Louis ran and forward-passed off the same formations. "We didn't telegraph our passes, as they do now," says Schneider. Cochems taught his receivers to run their routes with their backs to the passer until the passer shouted, "Hike!" When he heard that word, the receiver, still traveling at full speed, turned his head, fielded the spinning ball and himself yelled, "Hike!" which was the signal for all hands near him to start the downfield blocking. Cochems kept his eligible receivers well apart so one defensive back couldn't cover two. He sent a man down behind the receiver to tackle the opponent if the pass were intercepted. He devised short passes and delayed passes, as well as long ones.

Cochems' pass defense was as far ahead of the times as his offense. Cochems spurned that old malarkey that "the best defense is a good offense." He figured that every coach he played that year would have a forward pass offense like his. That was his sole miscalculation.

Cochems instructed his center and guards to charge low and tackle "over the knee," the style all coaches taught in the old five-yard game. However, he made his ends and tackles depart from the orthodox and rush the offense from a standing position, tackling high, slapping down forward passes and blocking the passer's view of his receivers. His secondary played a zone, like outfielders in baseball. When Cochems discovered, after the season started, that no other team possessed an extensive aerial offense, thus preventing a thorough test of his cherished defense, it was the year's disappointment for him.

The 1906 campaign began. Like a modern army with an umbrella of airplanes overhead, the St. Louis offense annihilated all its opponents, finished all-victorious, yielded only one touchdown all year and led the nation in scoring. In their march they had mowed down seven Midwestern small fry—Carroll, Lawrence, St. Johns Military, Marquette, Missouri Normal, St. Charles Military and Rolla. Then Cochems' Medicine Men had to meet a big test in a strong Kansas team handled by Dr. Bert Kennedy. Kansas had won six consecutive games and was unbeaten.

It was Cochems' custom to order St. Louis to get at least one touchdown with its tricky running attack, then to mix passing with the running. The St. Louisians scored three on the ground in the first half against the Kansas aggregation.

In the second half Schneider and Robinson opened up the forward passing. Newspaper scorers credited St. Louis with completing seven of nine passes that day, one scoring directly and several others setting up touchdowns.

Final score was 34 to 2. It was

Continued on page 168

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Pioneer of the Forward Pass

Continued from pages 50-167

the first time that the attack had been lifted from the ground into the air in a major football game.

It was in this game that Robinson is said to have thrown the eighty-seven yard pass to Schneider, which the late Parke H. Davis of *The Spaulding Guide* later recognized as an all-time national record.

Here's the way Robinson remembers the play: The ball came back. The St. Louis line piled up the Kansas middle. Jayhawk ends covered the St. Louis ends. Schneider broke down the center of the field from his forward blocking position. A steady wind favored St. Louis.

Robinson ran back several yards. Schneider was nearing the Kansas safety. When the Kansas left end started to get the passer, Robinson stopped him by feinting a pass at the man the end was guarding. The end resumed his patrol. By this time, Schneider had passed the Kansas safety and Robinson had drifted almost to the right sideline when he let the ball go.

The football soared from the St. Louis 20-yard line to within a step or two of the Kansas goal. The field then was one hundred and ten yards long. Schneider caught the ball far behind the Kansas secondary and stepped across the goal. The Jayhawkers' total ignorance of pass defense had given Robinson the time he needed.

Schneider says: "When I heard Robby call, I thought the ball never would catch up to me. As to where Robby was when he threw the ball, I don't know."

Not all members of the St. Louis team are agreed on the length of that pass. Cochems, Captain Kenney, Robinson and Schneider all say the ball traveled the full eighty-seven yards.

The season's finale was against Iowa which had drubbed St. Louis 31 to 0 the year before. Cochems' Medicine Men romped over the Hawkeyes 39 to 0 before a crowd of 12,000 at St. Louis on Thanksgiving Day. Robinson ran to his left early in the game. The entire Iowa secondary charged to stop him. Then Robinson pivoted and threw a fifty-yard pass to Kenney going down the right sideline. Touchdown!

The Blue and White completed eight of ten forward passes that day.

"We had to complete 'em," Schneider says. "If you didn't you lost the ball."

With only seconds left to play, St. Louis was on Iowa's 35-yard line when Schneider threw the last pass to Robinson for the final touchdown while the Iowa team gaped at the devilish performance.

Walter Camp heard of St. Louis's aerial magic. He asked Cochems to write an article for the Spaulding publications, *How*



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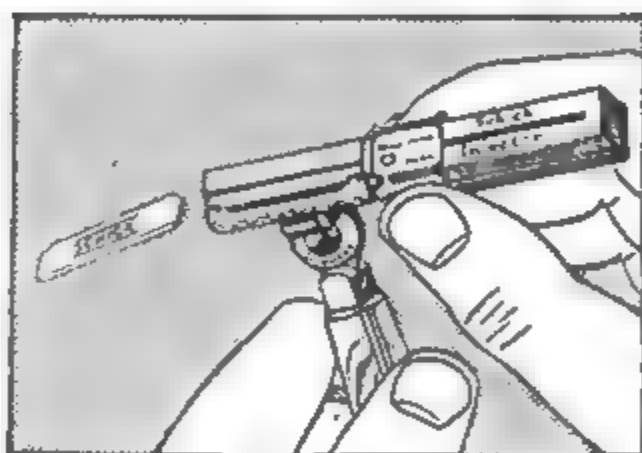
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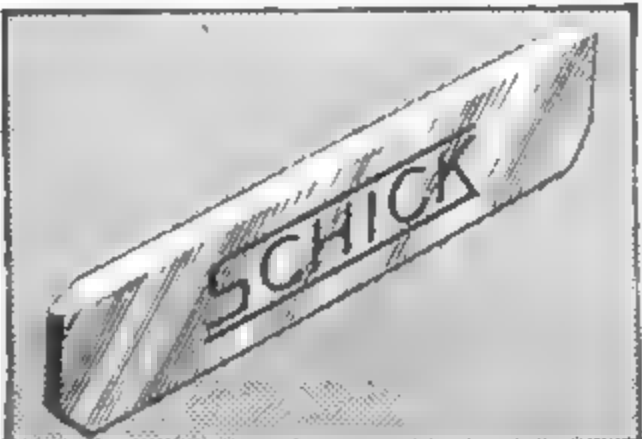
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to Play Football, describing the scientific possibilities of the forward pass and the new open game.

Cochems' treatise became a "must" for virtually every high school and college coach in the country. However, the pass was still so new, and the penalties for its failure still so severe, that forward passing advanced very slowly until the limitations against it were removed in 1912. That year Coach Bennie Owen of Oklahoma adroitly used the long pass to nearly defeat a powerful Jumbo Steihm-coached Nebraska team at Lincoln. Next year Notre Dame adopted the play and overwhelmed Army in the game erroneously held to have marked forward passing's debut.

After the 1906 season, Cochems designed the first streamlined ball. It was never used. "I saw the old pumpkin ball we used in those days was not good for passing," Cochems says. "I persuaded a St. Louis manufacturer of sporting goods to build a sample ball that anybody could throw. But he made it of thin leather and it was too long and too light. Then I went out of football."

And that's just about the end of the Cochems story. In 1907 his St. Louis team won every game but one. They defeated Arkansas 42-6 and Kansas 17-0. The game lost was a 11-12 upset to Frank Cayou's Wabash outfit. But the season closed in glory when St. Louis defeated King Cole's Nebraska Cornhuskers 34 to 0 at St. Louis.

Cochems coached at St. Louis in 1908, but Robinson, Schneider and Kenney, the sinews of his forward passing game, were lost to the team that year. It was a green team. It won six games, but lost two. Rejecting an offer to become Harvard's offense coach, Cochems left football, save for a short coaching hitch at Maine in 1914.

He was a Teddy Roosevelt man in 1912, secretary of the National Progressive Party's speakers' bureau. Later he was director of the national speakers' bureau for the Hughes campaign and national organizer of Hoover's American Commission for the relief of Belgium. Today at sixty-seven he is in Madison in business. Three of his four sons are in the service.

Summing up his little-known contributions to football, Cochems unquestionably is the Father of the Forward Pass. He also originated the popular modern system of pass defense in which the line rushes and the secondary plays a zone. He designed the first streamlined ball. He was the first to demonstrate that a strong running game is essential to forward passing. In Robinson and Schneider he developed the nation's first triple threat backs. More than any other coach in America, he swiftly demonstrated the practicality of the sweeping rules alterations of 1906 which changed the rough old five-yard game into the more spectacular football of modern times. ##

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86 PROOF

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The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 97

much good, especially a pitcher.

"I believe that Hank Greenberg has been getting enough baseball so he'll come back okay. I doubt that Bob Feller will lose much of his speed. He still is a young man.

"The matter of successful return to baseball is wide open for guessing and reasoning because we have so few cases to consider as examples. Charley Gelbert was shot in the leg and did well upon his return to baseball after a couple of years' absence during which he didn't play at all. But most of the players now in the armed service have some opportunity to play. If I should have to stay overseas for two years and not get to play, it would really be tough for me to come back and attempt to pitch the same kind of ball I did before I entered the Army. And it would be equally as tough for any other player.

"It's sure that the players won't lose their zest for baseball. It's the greatest game in the world. I'll always be in it, one way or another. I have talked to quite a few ballplayers since I've been in the service and all of them share my views on the possibilities of our return to the game. We're all eager to get back to it and hopeful that we may be in shape to soon be better in it than we were when we changed uniforms."

Pvt. Chick Harbert, who, prior to joining the Army, showed bright promise of becoming pro golf's outstanding star, believes that the routine, good food, regulation and what Paul Runyan described as "the almost limitless physical conditioning opportunities" in the armed service certainly will not impair the ability of an athlete. If the fellow is in the war from three to five years there will be loss of finesse in the sports, but unless the player is too old, even that loss can be reclaimed, in Harbert's opinion.

In golf, which places a premium on precision, regaining the delicacy is going to take time and practice, Harbert said, but that is not going to be an impossible job for a fellow whose nerves, muscles and temperament have received the benefit of armed service training.

Harbert pointed out two cases of what the Army already has done in putting golfers in better condition for competition. He cited Jimmy Demaret who was getting too fat for the tournament grind and now is in splendid physical condition, and Ernest (Dutch) Harrison who was thin and frail, but now is built up and out into excellent physical status. "They naturally will stay on top for a longer period when they come back to golf competition, because of being put into good shape during their hitches in the Army."

Lt. Ben Hogan of the Army Air Corps doubts that many of the

YOAKUM
★ YARNZ

by RAWHIDE TANNER



"SQUINCH
MAGEE
COULD
SHOOT"

WHEN Squinch Magee was in the Texas Rangers he was their prime rifle shot. Always said he'd rather be caught suckin' eggs than to shoot and miss. Well, once when Squinch was scoutin' for Apaches, he bedded down one night in a shaller cave on a narrer ledge halfway up a cliff. He wasn't takin' no chances. Rollin' a big boulder onto the ledge fixed it so he couldn't be got at except by climbin' the cliff. And Squinch could handle that.

Away in the night, he heard a pebble roll. Squinch reached for his Winchester. "Oh, ch," he thinks, "Company comin' with a scalping knife!" He gets ready and watches. Slowly a head topped by a feather pushes up. Squinch blazes away. Down goes the head.



A second later Squinch hears a thud. "Got him," he grunts, satisfied like. Right then up pops another head. Squinch shoots, and that head disappears. And then that peculiar thud.

Before he can draw breath, another head bobs up. Squinch cracks down again, and the Injun drops. This time it's a mite longer before he hears a thud down below. Squinch waits, but after that all's quiet the rest of the night.

At daybreak, Squinch crawls over for a look-see. By Gattin's, they ain't but one body down there! Squinch spits, disgusted. "When the boys hear I only killed one out of three," he growls, "I'll have to quit the Rangers." Still mumblin', he moves the boulder and goes down to the dead Apache. You know what? They's three bullet holes in that Injun's head!

Squinch stands there flabbergasted, gazin' up at the cliff. Then he notices, ten feet below the ledge, a three-inch cedar, stickin' straight out, and the light dawns. On his first shot the Injun had dropped, hit that springy cedar, and bounced back up. The same thing happened after the second shot. But the next time the body had missed the cedar and fell to the bottom. Squinch had shot one Injun three times!

If that redskin had kept bouncin', he'd of been fuller of lead by mornin' than a picnicker is of chiggers. Yep, old Squinch sure could shoot!



★ ★ ★

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stars will return to the high competitive rating they had before entering the armed services. The noted pro golfer doesn't think that the deterioration will be due mainly to physical reasons, although he says that the long, hard wearing work of Army life may drain some pep and vitality needed for a comeback. What Hogan thinks may handicap those on the comeback trail is lack of ambition and determination. After the war, he thinks, many of the boys will want to take it easy.

"It will be difficult," said Hogan, "to train yourself to concentrate and to have the right competitive spirit. An athlete must have some event in the immediate future to which he is looking forward and on which he can focus his thoughts. Otherwise, he may lose the sort of interest he needs to win in a sport."

"There is a chance, too, that the Army and Navy will develop muscles that will get in the way of muscles required in specialized sports."

"Anyone to become successful in a profession or a sport must eat, sleep and work many hours a day in his chosen field. When you're in the Army you have to concentrate on thinking about the Army or you don't make good in it."

"If you'd split a golfer's head open, you'd find nothing but golf balls; a ballplayer's head would be packed with baseballs. Now we have to take these out to make room for our duty assignments. We left some balls in there for seed, but it will take a lot of cultivation to grow a new crop."

Hogan's own case apparently looks brighter to Gene Sarazen than it did to Ben when Hogan answered the sports poll query from his post at the Fort Worth Army Air Force Base. Gene is of the very positive conviction that the service athletes will return to competition as dangerous contenders for honors. Gene is positive about many things and very often right. He said:

"There's no doubt in my mind that the boys who now are in the armed services will be tougher to beat after the war than they were before Pearl Harbor."

"Ben Hogan proved that at the Chicago tournament at Edgewater. In the first start he'd made since Pearl Harbor he tied with McSpaden. Because Hogan lost to Jug in the play-off doesn't prove that he'll never come back. The first crack out of the box he ties with a 273. He led up to the last few holes, which proves to me that he is improved over his pre-Pearl Harbor game. It takes a few tournaments to get that touch which McSpaden and Nelson have, due to the fact that they have been playing in every tournament and in many exhibition matches."

"Snead probably will feel like a total stranger in his first event after he returns to the tournaments, but watch him in his third or fourth start."

"I don't say that the boys who are along in years will be revived. Horton Smith, who has been play-

Continued on page 172

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The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 97-171

ing competitive golf for twelve or fourteen years won't be made fresh again, but I imagine he'll be improved over his pre-Pearl Harbor days. I think the war service will put an end to the slump Jimmy Demaret was going into before he got into uniform.

"Some of the boys really were through before Pearl Harbor and one of their excuses will be: 'well, I was in the war (or in a war plant).'

"Post-war golf will find things beginning about where they left off. Hogan, Snead and Nelson will be the three leading players, and I don't see any new material on the horizon to get into the top brackets for the next five or six years."

Joe Novak, widely known pro at Los Angeles' Bel Air Country Club, thinks that the golf stars will return from the war to top competitive fields. Novak says the golfer who was good before he went to war will be better after he returns, because:

"(1) He will have the natural ability and knack that he'll never lose.

"(2) Armed services physical conditioning will better fit him to apply his skill.

"(3) Psychologically he will have the zip to go out and do it, because he will have been closely associated with the victors in the world's hardest and most important competition."

A characteristically thoughtful view of the effect of military life on the career of the professional athlete is taken by Lt. Horton Smith, long one of the world's foremost golfers. Smith believes that the successful comeback of the warrior athlete to sports is dependent mainly on individual factors. He analyses the situation:

"The Army's ideal objective in military fitness is a composite of:

"1—Technical fitness; tactical training and skill in use of arms and equipment. 2—Mental and emotional fitness (morale). Habits of thinking which permit alertness with economy of energy and rapid relaxation when opportunities are afforded. A sense of mission or identification with significant purpose shared by the majority. A will to fight. 3—Physical fitness. A body retaining normal responses to stimuli in face of fatigue or exhaustion and being able to function effectively under stresses and tasks of war.

"The Army's physical fitness requirements are: 1—Freedom from diseases and physical defects. 2—Leg, arm, shoulder and abdominal strength. 3—Muscular and cardio-respiratory endurance. 4—Agility. 5—Co-ordination.

"Though the service gives serious consideration to all phases of soldiers' well-being, I cannot conceive of any group of athletes being improved in their sports as a

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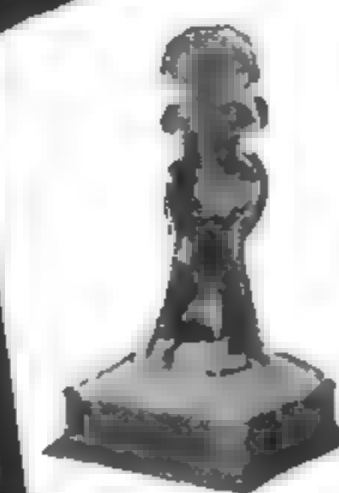


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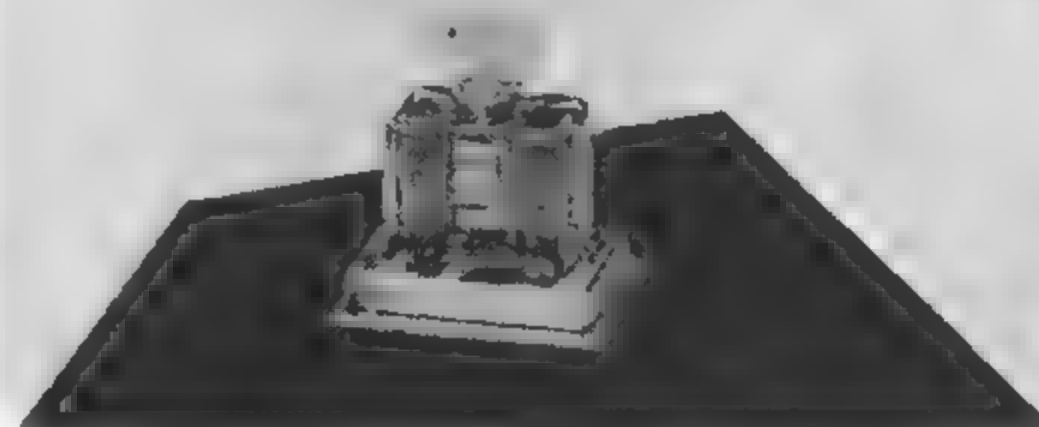


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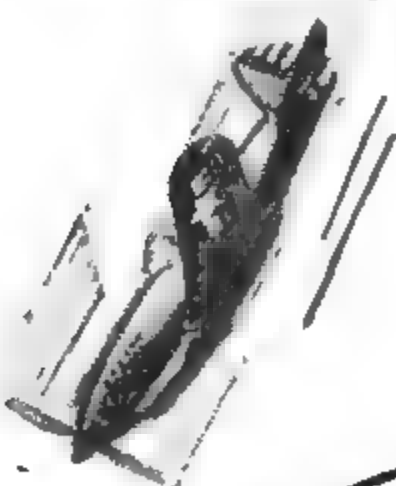
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result of their military training.

"However, most successful civilian sports performers have their own training methods adjusted to their particular requirements.

"Training for golf and football are entirely different. Football would wreck me, but I've golfed with football huskies who tire in walking 18 holes. I probably am in better physical condition than I would have been had I followed my former civilian routine, but my golfing condition is away off. From November, 1942, I went eight months without hitting a ball. However, since joining the Army I've had numerous good rounds including a record 63 on the par 72 Goldsboro (North Carolina) course, a 69 over the par 71 Wilson (North Carolina) layout, a 71 on Pinehurst Number Two course during the North and South Open, a 67 at the par 71 Ft. Myers (Florida) course where I got my eighth hole-in-one, and a 67 at the Augusta (Georgia) Country Club on a round I played during a leave. But my play, when I do get a chance to play, is very spotty. Although I'm two years older than when I entered the service and certainly in as good physical condition, my golf condition is questionable, but I feel that under favorable environment I can regain my former scoring ability. My concentration is not nearly as good for golf, but I likely could regain golf's type of concentration.

"I believe the comeback will be tougher for the younger players who were in process of developing. Armed service cannot develop star golfers, but many established players will be maintained in good shape for a return to golfing competition. A big factor is going to be the psychological strangeness of returning to golf competition. We will be pressing and putting ourselves on the spot but part of that strain will be balanced by the pleasure of again participating in the profession of our choice."

One of the best-conditioned big leaguers over a period of twenty years was **Captain Ted Lyons**, the great pitcher of the White Sox who more recently has been ground officer with a Marine air group in the Pacific. Lyons always insisted that "a ballplayer has to be in better condition than any other athlete, and he has to keep in top form six months of the year. Don't think that's easy," Ted always said, "because if you train too hard, you go stale; and if you aren't careful, you'll get soft."

Most people think that a boxer or a football player or a basketball player or distance runner has the hardest training rap to beat. But what Captain Lyons said is probably true, and the ballplayer's type of training is the finest of all simply because it is sustained and not too overintense.

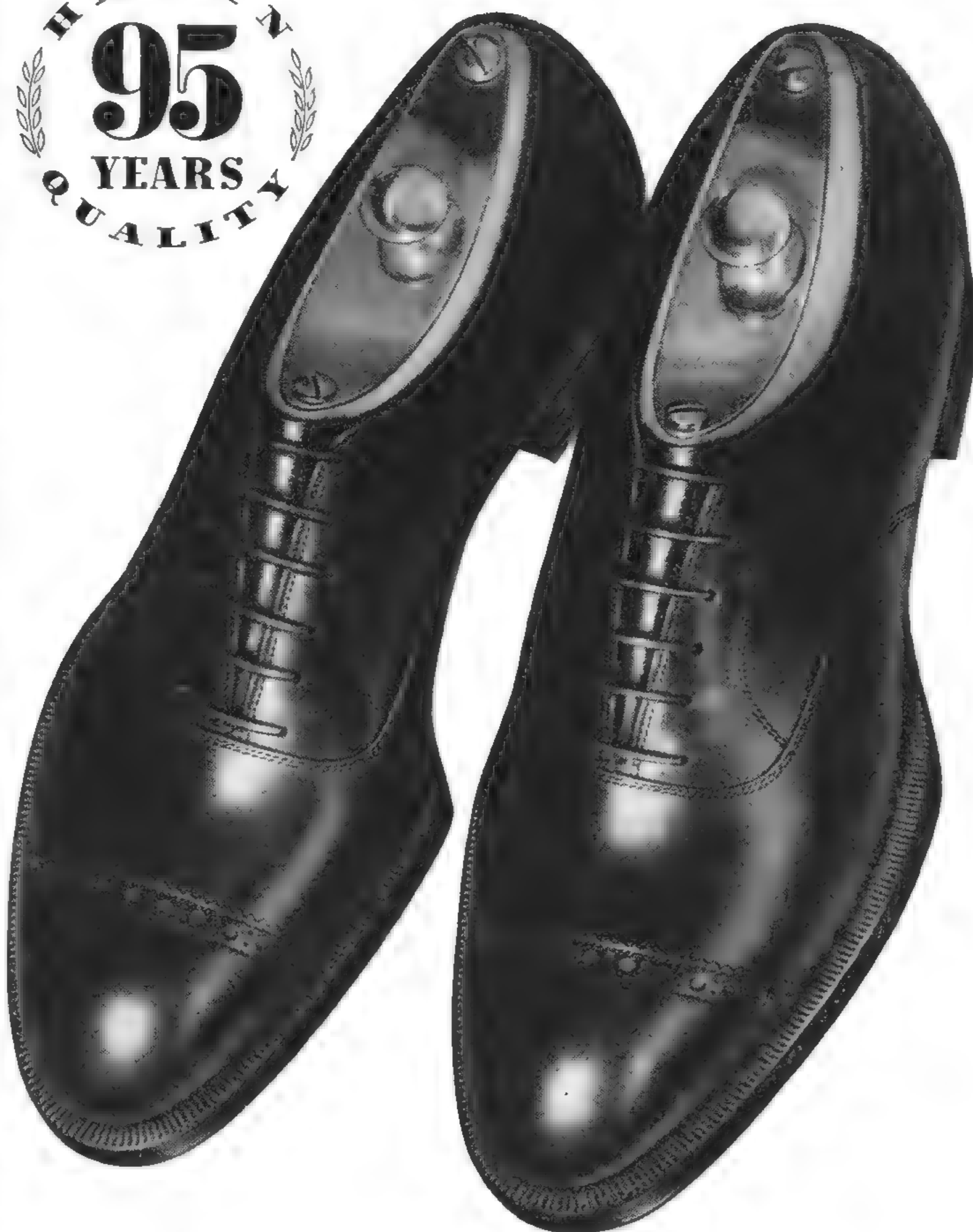
The ballplayer has to develop a sort of normal condition in which he is always fit both mentally and physically. The ballplayer, particularly a pitcher, is

Continued on page 174



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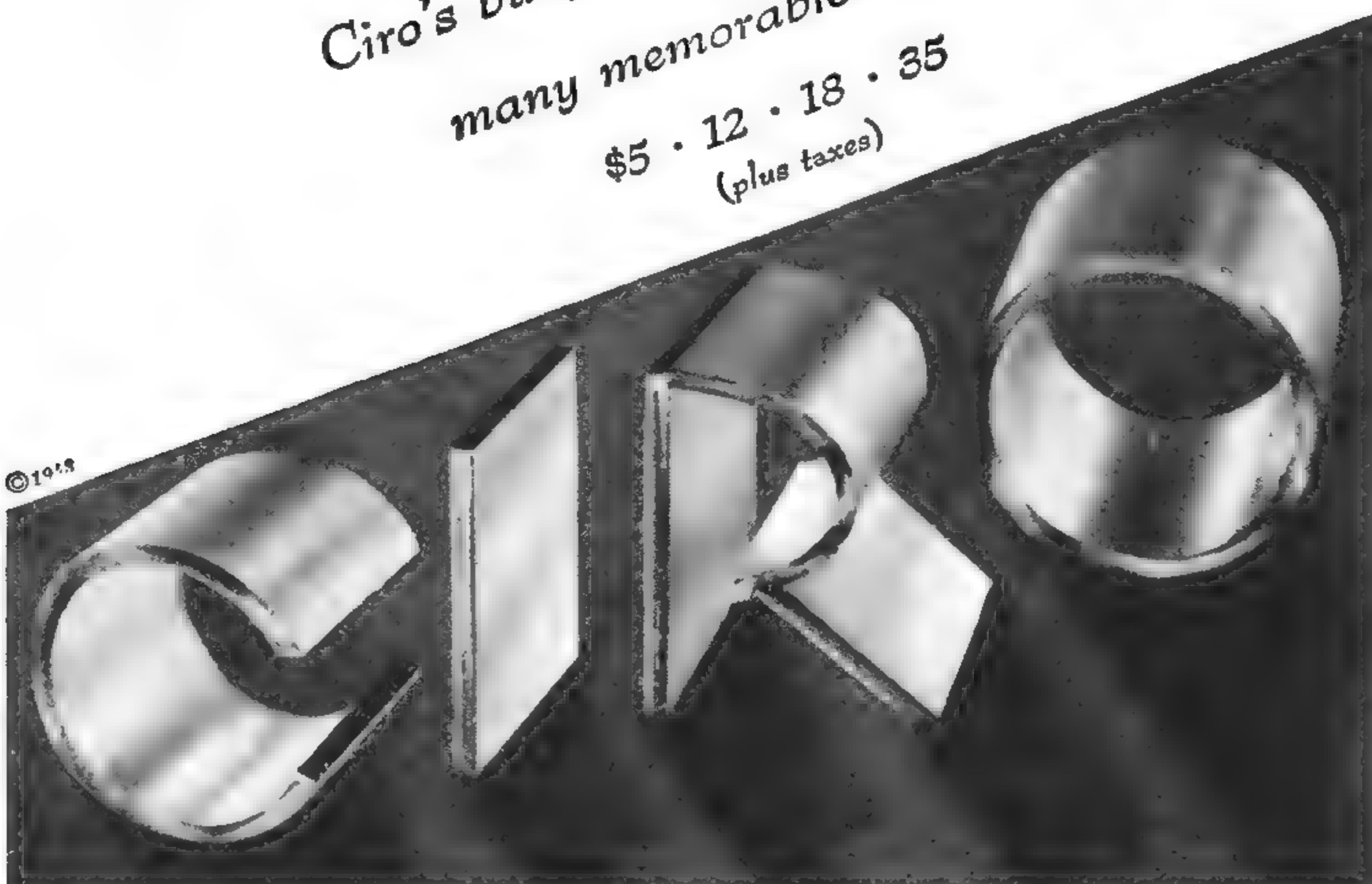


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The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 97-171-173

always under strain because a slump, even of short duration, may get him out of the game and throw him completely off stride. For that reason all stabilized big leaguers develop over a period of years a fixed procedure. Moderation is the keynote. The amount of physical work they do is comparatively mild. The mental strain of big league competition, however, is tough, and the conditioning and psychology of big leaguers takes that into account. "Worrying" is the worst traditional disease among ballplayers, and the best ones have to learn how to conquer the dumps. Mental depression throws more ballplayers out of kelter than physical maladjustments.

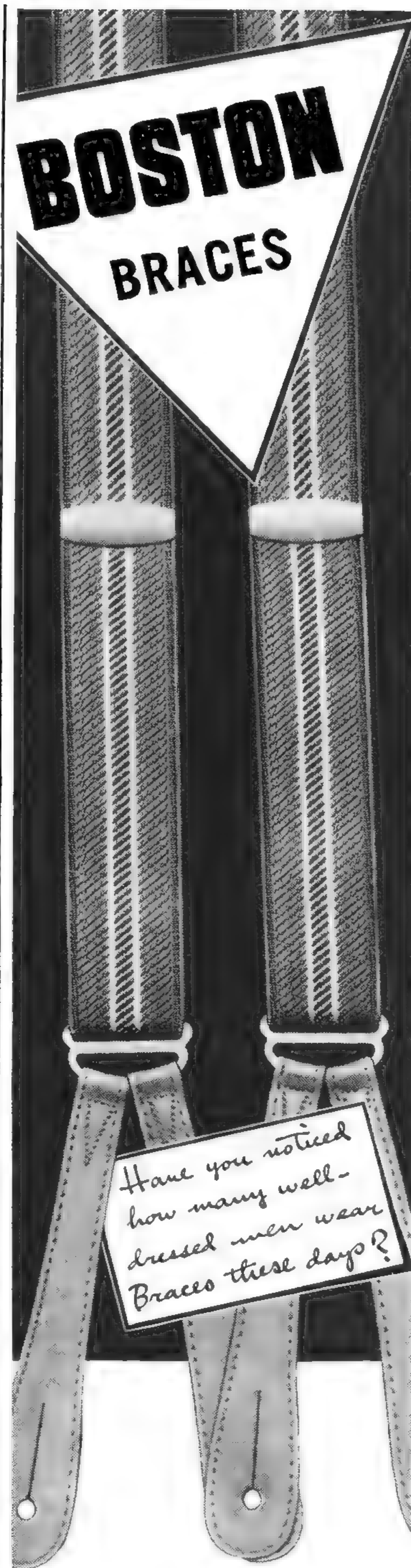
All this jibes with the type of training the men are getting in the services. They are conditioned both physically and mentally for acute and excessive strain. Consequently the younger ballplayers who are getting military training need not necessarily find this experience too counter to their futures as baseball players.

Take the matter of food, for instance. The men in the services, except those right on the firing line, have the best of everything daily. Ballplayers normally are not fadists about food. It is, however, their worst enemy. A little extra around the belt takes that all-important jackknife motion out of a pitcher's delivery, and even hitters lose their hip action when they thicken up around the waist. The type of food and activity the men get in the services certainly will not hasten the decline of any ballplayers in this way.

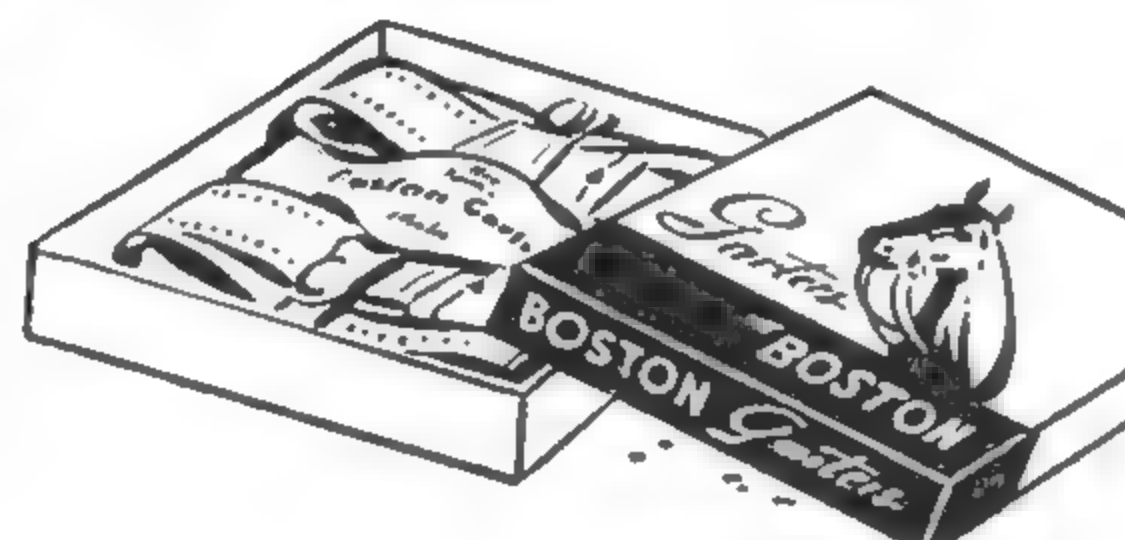
Wally Roettger, former St. Louis Cardinal outfielder who is now baseball coach at the University of Illinois, thinks that some of the athletes may come out of the service better than when they went in, provided they don't have to stay in too long. "A ballplayer who is in the service for only a couple of years," he says, "should come out in better basic condition than when he went in. And don't forget that a lot of them are playing a lot of ball while in the service."

On the other hand, Lieutenant Ted Williams, who probably would have become the greatest hitter of his era except for the war, feels that being away from the game is setting him back. A great ballplayer really needs to be playing about 200 games a year to keep sharp. Also certain muscles are developed or even overdeveloped for flying and other military duties that may take just that little something off a batter's swing that makes all the difference.

The story all along the line seems to be that they'll be all right if they aren't kept away from the game too long. ‡



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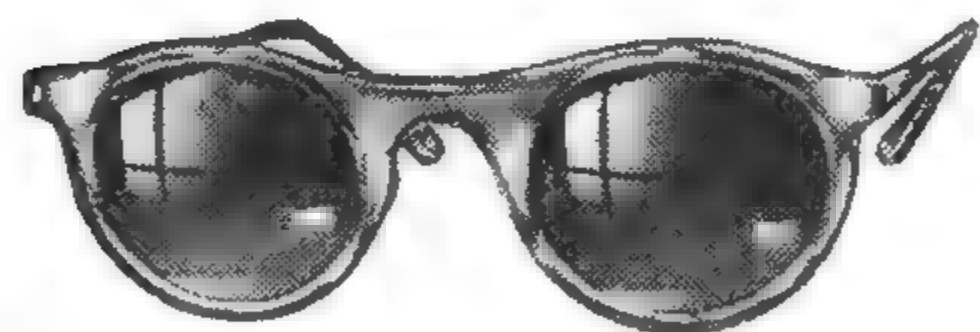




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Sports Writer's Nightmare

Continued from page 83

asleep. With him candy worked better than sleeping pills.

In the last week of the tournament the Romanian team was eliminated, after a crushing defeat by the Americans. It was a dramatic game. The general threatened to run his saber through the umpire. In the last third of the game, Jim, the stalwart American who looked like Clark Gable, started a private fight with the prince. They rolled over the ice rink, beating up their heads. The umpire and the general tried to separate them, but instead they were drawn into the brawl and wound up fighting each other. The spectators threw in chairs, cups of hot coffee and pretzels. Everybody had a wonderful time. His Highness was slightly hurt in the head and had to get first-aid treatment.

After the game there was a farewell party at the Romanian Legation. The Romanian and American players were present, several tournament functionaries from the Winter Stadium, high ranking Czech officials with their wives and a few newspapermen. The prince came late and made a startling entrance. He wore a white, turbanlike bandage around his head and had a sad, suffering look. The wives of the Czech officials sighed wistfully and a girl across from me said, "Gosh, he's handsome!" The prince was seated between the pretty wife of the Romanian Minister and the wife of a Czech section chief, a fat lady with a low evening dress and a heavy, bulging neck covered with goose-pimples. The general sat near the prince, keeping a watchful eye on his protégé.

The food was excellent and there was a wide variety of apéritifs, wines, beer, brandy, fine, champagne. By ten o'clock three American players were singing, "For he's a jolly good fellow," slapping the prince's shoulder, and the general spilled his glass of wine over a lady's white satin gown as he toasted the American team. One of the attachés mixed up the gramophone records and played *Washington Post* which he thought to be the American national anthem. Jim got high and pinched the wife of the Romanian Minister. She didn't particularly mind.

Of a sudden the minister came over to the general and whispered in his ear. The general put down his glass. His hands trembled and his face took on the color of dehydrated mayonnaise. Mircea, a sports writer from Bucharest, told me in great excitement that the prince had disappeared. The general looked for him everywhere, in the music room, the kitchen, the stairway, the boudoir of the minister's wife, the bathroom, the wine cellar and the code room. The wardrobe girl hadn't seen him leave and the doorman had

Continued on page 176



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Sports Writer's Nightmare

Continued from pages 83-175

had a couple of drinks and couldn't remember the prince's face.

The general wanted to call up the police but the minister intervened. "No publicity," he said pointedly. "The Royal House has had enough publicity." The minister glanced at the pictures of certain persons in very high places which hung on the wall, and an attaché duly cleared his throat. The attaché humbly suggested that His Excellency call Bucharest and ask for instructions. The minister made the call and returned looking grim. "Go and look for him," he said to the general. "And you'd better find him."

The general swallowed hard. He put on his saber, borrowed one thousand *koruny* (thirty-three dollars) from the minister, had a cup of hot coffee and called Ion, the goalkeeper of the Romanian team, a dumb, sturdy character who acted as the general's unofficial bodyguard. They went down and stepped into the car; Mircea and I squeezed ourselves into the front seats. The general took out a list of night clubs and cafés which had been frequented by the prince at various occasions. "I'm sure it's the girls again," the general said. He sighed. "I hope we are not too late. Let's start with the better places. If he isn't there, we'll look for him at the bordellos."

We stopped at the Boccaccio bar, Prague's most expensive night club. The prince wasn't there but the manager embraced the general and insisted on our having a bottle of champagne on the house. From there we rode to the Café Sterba, headquarters of a number of stunning redheads, peroxide blondes and brunettes whenever they were off duty. The brightly illuminated rooms were filled with smoke, laughter and the smell of good coffee. Polly, a blonde belle, told the general that she had seen the prince for a moment, standing in the doorway. "He didn't notice me or he would have stayed," she said. Polly had slim legs, beautiful hips and an electrifying way of moving them. "I'd hoped so much he'd invite me for the rest of the evening," she said. "I couldn't say no to him." She had the same wistful look that I had seen on the faces of the women at the Romanian Legation. The general bought some pastry, the Café Sterba being famous for its sweet things. We went out and piled into the car. Somehow Polly managed to get in. She sat down on the lap of Ion, the strong, muscular goalie.

We went to the Sect-Pavillon, a dim, badly ventilated night club in the oldest part of the town, and to two other places which were even dimmer. We moved on to other, more obscure night spots in search of the prince; almost everywhere we were given free drinks. The girls gave us a

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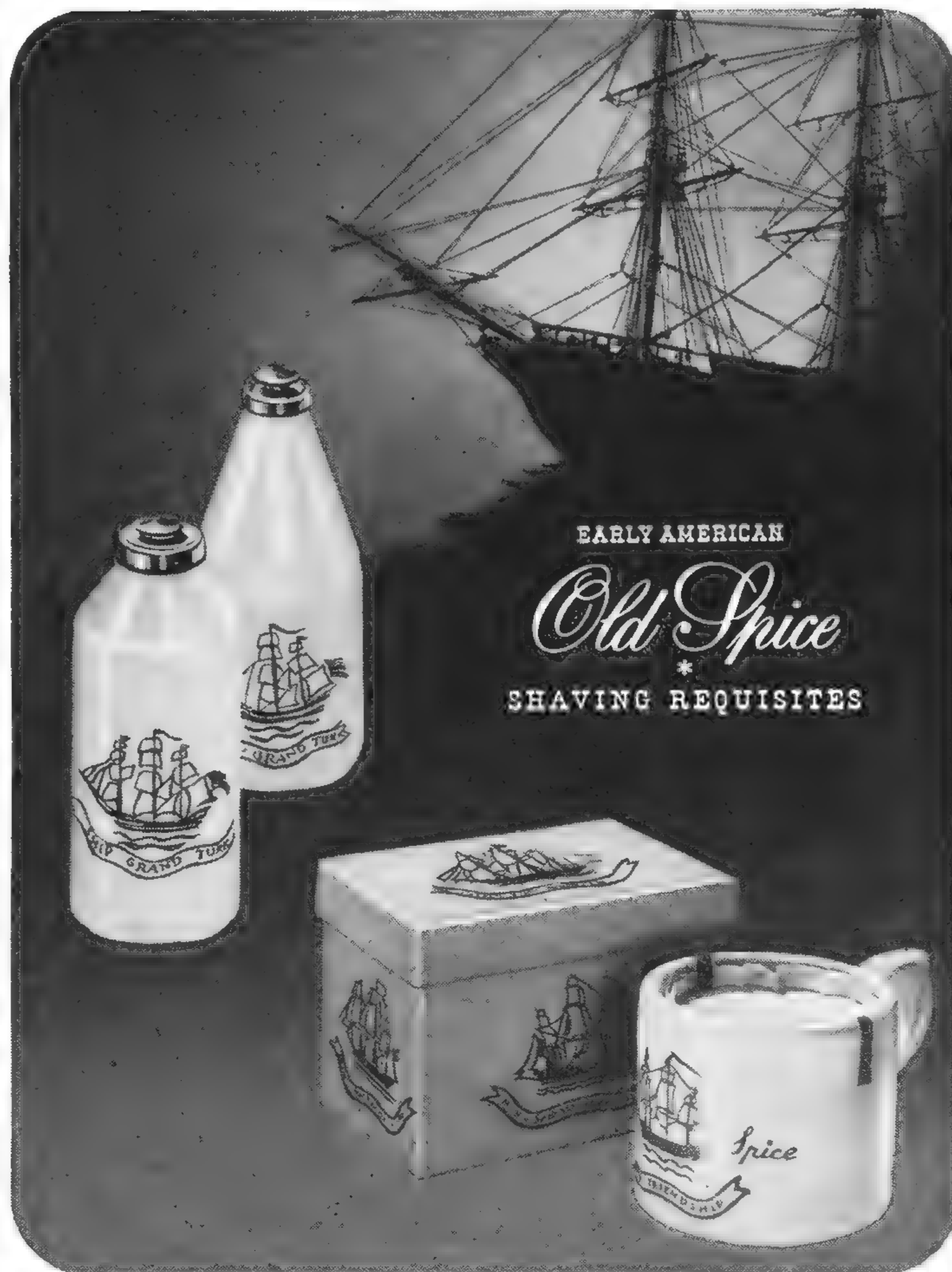
sad, disappointed look when we asked about His Royal Highness. The headwaiters bowed deeply and one said, "I wish he were here. There is a man who doesn't bother to look at the check." By that time we'd had so many drinks that none of us bothered about the prince. The general ate the candies and slid down from his seat. Soon he was fast asleep on the floor of the car. In the middle of the Charles Bridge, high above Vltava River, the motor coughed twice and stopped dead altogether. The chauffeur said he was out of gas. Ion and Polly, who were in the rear, didn't care. Mircea sat next to them, snoring, his mouth wide open. The general had passed out altogether. I found myself beside an old man who kept repeating, "I am going to be Lithuania's next president." No one knew how he ever got into the car.

I think the chauffeur must have got out and called up the Legation. Of a sudden a long, black limousine bearing the sign C.D., (*Corps Diplomatique*), was parked next to us. The Romanian Minister and his military attaché, a major, jumped out. The minister, foregoing his usual diplomatic restraint, said that he wished they would shoot the general back home in Bucharest. The attaché dragged the general out of the car and, aided by the chauffeur, carried him over into the Legation car. The rest of us got in, too, except Lithuania's next president who got lost in the shuffle. We went back to the general's hotel.

The hotel lobby was dim and empty but on the first floor, where the Romanian and American hockey teams had their rooms, the lights were still on. From one room came the sound of loud voices. Mircea opened the door. The prince was sitting on the floor. He had taken off his head bandage, which didn't reveal any visible wound, his shoes, necktie and jacket. His trousers were loosened. Heaps of Romanian *lei*, Czech *koruny* and American dollar bills were spread out on the rug. The prince, Jim and two other members of the American team, named Jones and McDonald, were shooting dice. Polly exclaimed and ran away from Ion, kneeling down next to the prince, but he merely gave her a curt, preoccupied look. He shook the dice in his hand and said to us, "*Ça c'est un jeu épatant.*" He shot the dice and cried, "Come on, seven! Baby needs a new pair of shoes." He made eight. Jim whistled and the prince asked the minister to lend him some more money.

The minister looked into his wallet, which turned out to be empty. The military attaché gave all he had, four hundred *koruny*, and Polly chipped in with fifty *koruny*. Mircea and the attaché propped the sleeping figure of the general up against the wall, and all of us, the minister, the attaché, Mircea and I sat down around the crap game. ‡

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FOUR GENERATIONS OF FINE SHOEMAKING

The Odds on Golf's Next Round

Continued from page 62

our courses built two ways; one way for members' play and the other for expert competition. There already are several good examples of that sort of golf architecture, but so far the main employment of these courses has been to lengthen them for championship competition and, by replacing the tees forward for member play, allow the members and their guests to say that they scored very well on courses where the stars had trouble.

What is sure to come after the war is a group of experts who will have distance as well as accuracy. Players rarely combine the two now with any great consistency but make their below-par scores because of exceptional putting.

Big, strong men with fine muscle control and co-ordination will come along and unless the whole basis of the game is changed they'll be putting for birdies or eagles on all the holes and sinking enough of these putts to get tournament scores in the fifties.

Probably the equipment will change some. McSpaden says that shorter-shafted clubs with heavier heads have helped him so that he has shared with Byron Nelson domination of wartime tournament golf. As I mentioned previously, Jug's putter, in his hands, is a mighty good model.

McSpaden's arms are quite long so he can use short shafts logically. I'm not sure about shorter-shafted clubs for others, but I do believe that heavier clubs with stiffer shafts will come in after the war and help make the swings smoother. That very heavy practice club Sarazen had several years ago was the right idea for showing golfers how to swing without jerkiness.

I've been asked if I think there will be great changes in golf instruction after the war. I doubt it, although the war which has developed experts at certain jobs in from seven to fourteen weeks of intense instruction undoubtedly is going to show golf something about teaching just as it will have an effect, so I have read and heard, on almost every other field of instruction.

There are dozens of excellent golf instructors now. It seems to me that golf teaching is way ahead of golf learning. Unless a pupil is disposed to apply himself religiously to learning, the best golf teacher in the world can't make that pupil a sharpshooter. The golf pro doesn't have the control over his pupils that most sports instructors have. The pupil figures, I guess, that as long as the pro gets paid for the lessons the pro has no kick coming and the pro gets to thinking that the pupils' interest will go only to a limited extent.

It could be that some of the younger players who come out of the Army and Navy with the sub-



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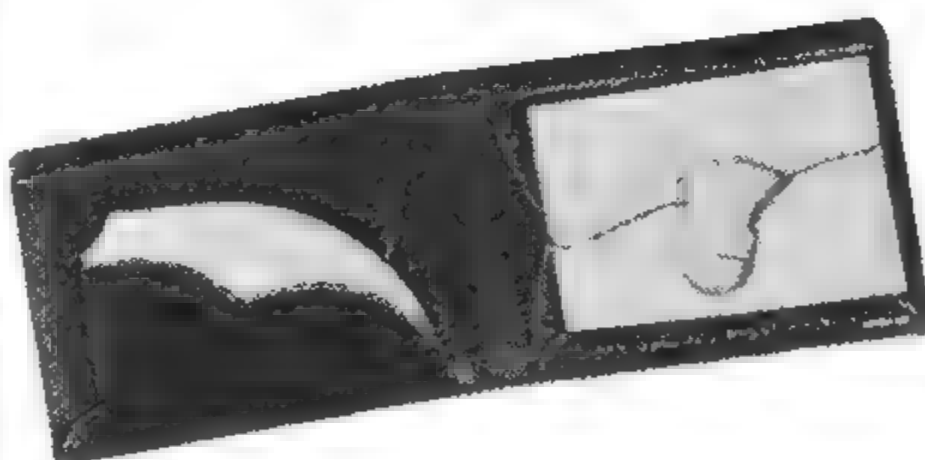


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consciously formed habit of obedience to orders and accustomed to the monotony of training may make ideal golf pupils. On the other hand, many of the fellows when they get out of uniform are going to make up for lost time by being independent and none too ready to continue saying, "Yes, Sir."

The thing I'm surest of concerning golf after the war is that there'll be much more life in amateur competition. There must be or golf won't attract new players who in military service have become accustomed to outdoor activities. The post-war competition is going to have to put more emphasis on junior events. They'll teach boys to become competitors as well as shotmakers. There's a difference. The competitor wins even though the other fellow may have better shots.

For some years there has been too much of a gap between pro and amateur golf. It would be a good thing for the pros if there would be another era of the Qui-met-Evans-Jones sort in which popular interest is aroused by the possibility of men who play amateur golf defeating those who concentrate on the game for a living. That would plant in youngsters who did not intend to take up pro golf as a career the ambition to become celebrated amateurs. It would mean more money for the pros in tournament prizes, in teaching and in equipment sales. Dramatic amateur versus pro competition would increase the conflict aspect of tournaments.

But I doubt that after the war we'll have men who stand out as Hagen, Jones, Sarazen, Evans, Armour, Nelson, Wood and McSpaden have in their times. I think that my record of being in the prize money for fifty-three consecutive tournaments will hold up for many years. After the war a big new crop of pro and amateur stars will come along and be so evenly matched that no one of them will mow down the opposition and be acknowledged the master.

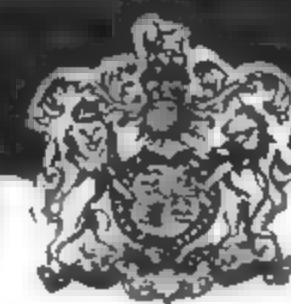
I remember that I used to discover some point about playing and apply myself to it as best I could until there was a chance to put it to the test in some amateur tournament. Then I'd hock my wrist watch to get to the competition and take an examination in what I'd been studying. Being a kid who couldn't afford to lose, I had to make good. Poor boys have fewer distractions than the wealthy kids and they have a burning desire to improve and distinguish themselves. They'll work on their golf before and after that time of the day they have to devote to earning their income.

Lack of a national boys' tournament is one of the weakest spots in golf, and I am certain that when sports are reorganized, as they are going to be to a considerable extent after the war, that gap in golf tournaments will be filled.

I look for a number of tall,

Continued on page 180

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The Odds on Golf's Next Round

Continued from pages 62-179

husky fifteen-year-olds to show us superior golf. Those who will display it will be strong kids. A fellow can't play in major competition now unless he's long off the tee. It's only common sense that some lad who is six feet or taller and weighs around 190 pounds of muscle and nicely-jointed bone, is going to be able to pass me plenty off the tee.

What his style will be I don't know. Everybody has an individual manner. I hit a ball of low trajectory and I've kept that method despite often being advised to learn to lift them so I could take advantage of favoring winds. Ralph Guldahl was going great hitting high trajectory shots and let himself get thrown off his game by listening to fellows tell him he should learn to whack his long woods and irons about quail-high.

Some determined kids with confidence in themselves, willingness to practice eight hours a day, as I have done hundreds of days, and the opportunity to pick up the basic and fine points of golf by set-tos with other eager amateur aspirants, are going to make our scores of the past seven or eight years look just as dull as the National Open scores of the 1920's.

These new headliners will draw galleries larger than we've ever seen, and those galleries are going to make the scoring easier. Golf fans don't usually realize it but large galleries do make the game easier. By looking at a crowd around a green and figuring the average height of the spectators I can determine more accurately than I can by judging from the flag alone, what club to plan. And when there's a wind blowing over the course it helps a lot to have a crowd shielding you from the gale.

Somewhere today there's the young fellow who's going to be the first man to break sixty in the U. S. National Open. He's probably too young to be in the Army or Navy where his time away from golf play would make his chances of achieving a record-breaking role in golf very slim. He has a long ordeal ahead of him. A doctor must take a premedic course, then go through medical school, then be an intern before he arrives, but the course for the tournament pro star is even longer, as schoolboy golfer and caddie, as an amateur contestant, as an assistant pro, then a tournament circuit tourist. And if the boy hasn't got the stuff in him the discouragements will stop him.

I know that route; I made it. Other fellows are going to travel it and after the war's over I'm going to be in there watching them and trying, like the rest of the returning players, to see just what these newcomers have that is better than what we have—if they have something super, and they probably will have. #

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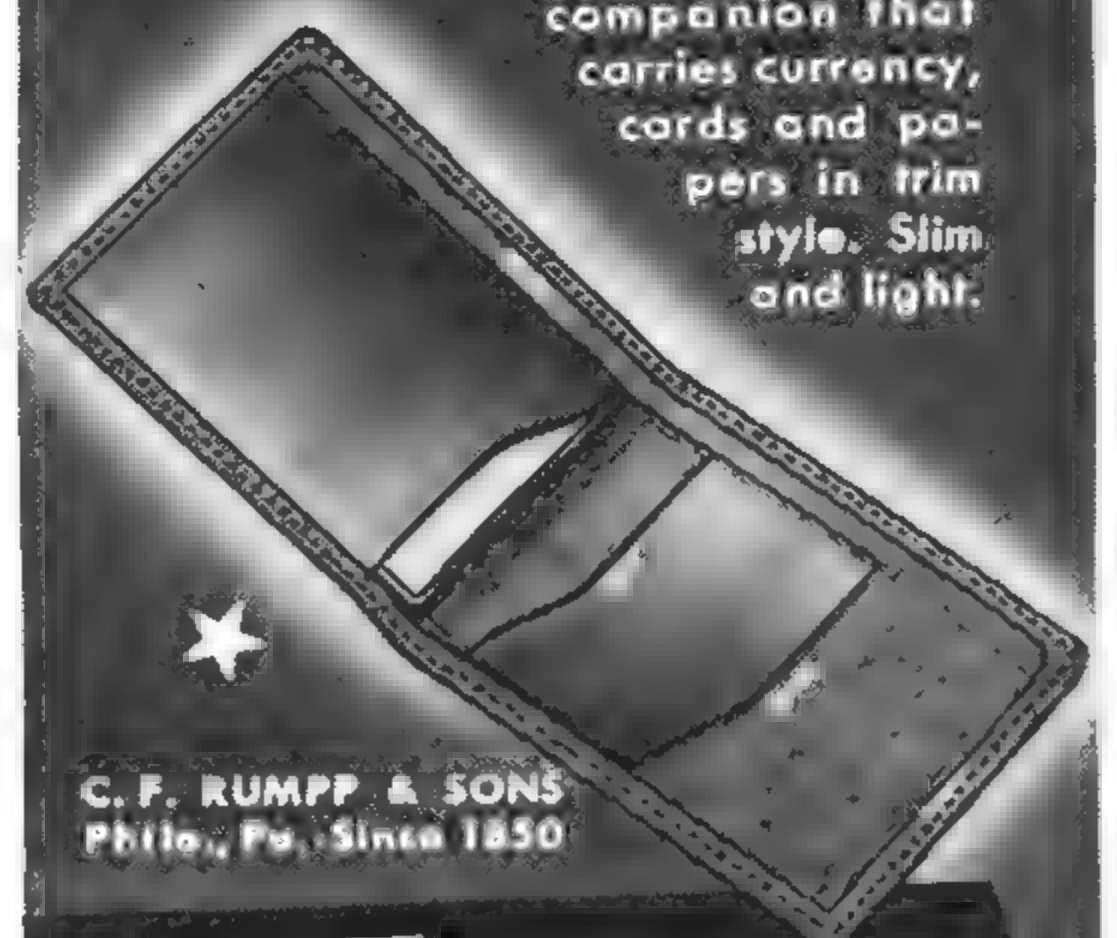


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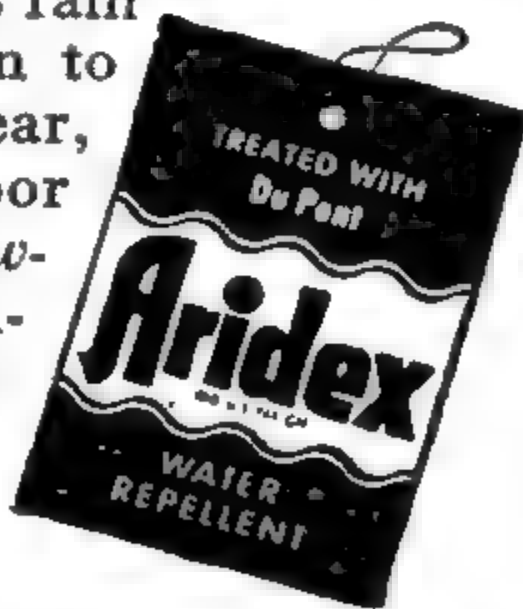


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The Ministrations of Him Joe

Continued from page 81

plied, trying to look nonchalant. "But Eddie he on duty in camp. Eddie he no can go."

Joe had the answer, of course. "Joe he bring Mary here. Joe he have much Mary Mary. Bring here." And then, by way of explanation, "She sister belong Joe."

The colonel, I imagined, wouldn't appreciate Joe's solicitude over my lonesomeness. I stalled Joe that day and for several days. But he never forgot. There would have been a crisis in our menage had not a bigger issue arisen.

Joe came to me one morning with a new gleam in his eye. This was going to be big, I knew. I steeled myself.

"Joe he want rag," he announced. I felt a letdown. Some one gave Joe an old pair of drawers. He looked hurt.

"Joe he want rag. Rag for boat."

We wondered why a pair of old drawers wouldn't serve as rag for boat. But we knew, from Joe's look, that they wouldn't. He enlightened us.

"Rag for boat," he said and raised his hands over his head. "Rag for top boat."

That was easy. Joe wanted a piece of canvas to cover his canoe. We found an old tent, but he spurned it.

"No," he said. "Rag for top boat. American rag. So plane he not think Joe Japanese. So not shoot Joe."

From somewhere out of the clouds came light. Joe wanted a flag, an American flag, to fly atop his canoe so that our aviators would know him as an ally and not a visiting Japanese. Joe was smart about things like that.

But there wasn't an American flag in camp. Marines in combat travel lightly and inconspicuously. You just don't go about waving a flag to attract snipers' attention.

I lost face with Joe because I couldn't produce our national emblem. Joe made me know I had lost face. Joe could cast a look that said more than a million words—and he threw look after look my way during the next few days. Then, one evening as I sat watching the sunset and dreaming about the world's largest sundae, garnished with beautiful blonde Marys, Joe came up to me. He knew he had me on the run.

"Joe he want soap," he said. "Joe he want big fella soap."

I walked to the tent and collected six bars of it from among our haversacks.

"Thank you," Joe said, and he walked into the jungle.

I never saw Joe again. I saw his canoe, though. An American flag flew proudly from an improvised mast.

But I never saw Joe again.

As far as I'm concerned, she all right. I never did need a house boy.

Still— I wish I'd had a flag. ‡

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Continued from page 41

by fear. But this time science disagreed. Physicians maintained that airsickness was determined by the semicircular canals of the inner ear and that only custom could inure one to the nausea evoked by sudden shifts of the fluid in those canals.

So a bright young lieutenant on the instructor school faculty decided to teach one of the dissenting physicians—a lieutenant commander, no less—how to fly. Talking fast, he pattered him through a stunt which had always made the lieutenant commander airsick as a sandbag passenger. He also instructed him to scream as loudly as possible whenever he felt the clutch of fright—and never a qualm of nausea ensued.

"So what happened to your ear canals that time?" the lieutenant asked. "You didn't get airsick. Couldn't that be because you had your mind on what I was saying, and on screaming, instead of being scared?"

The lieutenant commander decided an investigation was warranted. He prepared a questionnaire to be filled out by students who had succumbed to airsickness, stating that the papers were not to be signed so there need be no reticence in making replies. In 1,000 cases, exactly 791 students attributed their nausea to fear or nervousness.

"The student himself agrees," the medical officer thereupon reported officially, "that approximately seventy-five to eighty per cent of his trouble is due to these basic factors, the remaining twenty per cent being divided into faulty drinking or eating habits, warm weather, excessive smoking or alcoholic excess."

Certain preventive measures were then recommended; a period of relaxation between stunts, permitting a student to become thoroughly accustomed to one stunt and confident in respect to it before starting a new one. Quite a few students who insisted their trouble was physical were given "medication" in the form of bicarbonate of soda or powdered sugar in capsules.

"Seventy per cent of all cases obtained some relief from these capsules," the report continues. "After one week of this treatment, they were told the capsules contained nothing of medicinal value—and their relief persisted."

One of the worst bottlenecks along the 360-degree swivel-neck assembly line, however, was the difficulty experienced by students in hearing what their instructors said to them over the roar of motor and propeller.

In primary flight training, communication between teacher and student is not electrical, but acoustic. The standard Gosport communicator was simply a hollow tube of spirally wound metal like the familiar flexible conduits used

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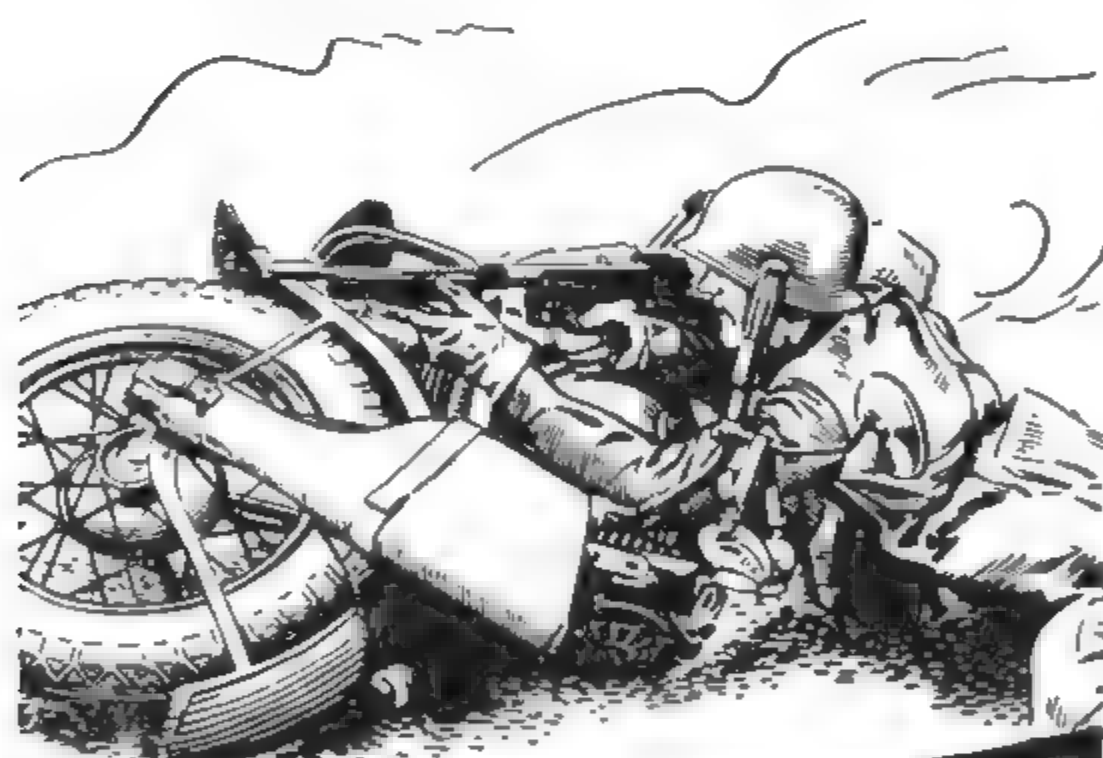
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for electric wiring, with a mouth-piece at one end and earphones at the other. In using this equipment the instructors talked without being able to hear themselves. Like deaf persons, they had no gauge of how clearly they spoke. All an instructor could do was ask a student: "Do you hear me?" The latter usually replied in the affirmative, either through a mistaken belief that he had caught the full sentence, or through eagerness not to offend an archangel in whom the power of bilging was vested. Thus it became necessary to teach instructors undergoing training how to talk more distinctly and likewise to devise more efficient equipment for speech transmission in a plane.

So Commander Jenkins secured Navy sanction to add a speech clinician to his staff, a very keen young Ph.D. from Columbia who had majored in psychoacoustics and who tackled the problem with the eagerness of a spaniel exploring a patch of underbrush. He realized that his first task was to make instructors realize what they sounded like to their students. To this end he built an apparatus which all but fills an entire room. At the flick of a switch, two loud-speaker horns fill this room with motor roar and propeller thrash to the exact degree, measured in decibels, to which these sounds envelop instructor and student in a training plane.

Wearing his own specially fitted Gosport hood, whose tube is connected to a multiple receiving set into which five trained fliers have plugged their helmets, the subject of the test is asked to read a list of one hundred words. An average of the words correctly transcribed from this dictation by the five listeners, in spite of the plane roar which fills the room, constitutes the speaker's intelligibility index.

He is then directed to deliver his own familiar patter for any desired stage of flight instruction, just as he would give this to a student in a plane. He does so, not knowing that this time another switch has been thrown and that his words are now going to a metal sound-recording track. When this is played back to him he hears his voice as his students hear it and usually is dumbfounded by the indistinctness of his own speech.

The commonest fault is not talking loudly enough to overcome plane noises. In any case, the subject can analyze his faults and correct them through conscious exercise of will. Very often half the original patter-record is preserved and a continuation is later recorded on the same track after speech correction. The difference is pretty startling.

Much of the value of even such improvements, however, might be lost through the mechanical inadequacies of what at the outset was standard Gosport equipment. But that problem is now largely whipped. New helmets which screen out much more of the mo-

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Continued on page 184

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Swivel-Neck Assembly Line

Continued from pages 41-183

tor and propeller noises than did the old ones are already in production. The Gosport tube of spirally wound metal has been replaced with one of seamless, mirror-smooth, flexible plastic. The mouthpiece has been redesigned to permit a much more unimpeded use of the lips in speaking.

Finally, a clinical study of the intelligibility of words, as such, demonstrated beyond all question that certain phrases are much more readily understood over motor noise interference than are others. Monosyllables, for example, proved far less intelligible than polysyllables. "Flat" showed up with an intelligibility of 16 per cent; "co-ordination" with 100 per cent. "Gun" had an intelligibility of 26 per cent while "throttle" had 82 per cent; "mag" scored 33 per cent as against 87 per cent for "magneto"; "prop" 18 per cent as against 85 per cent for "propeller." This has led to a tremendously helpful revision of instruction patten, with such phrases as "close the throttle" replacing "cut the gun."

The most profound change in the teaching approach itself, however, was "flying by attitude." In the early days of aviation, when planes had no instruments worth mentioning, flying necessarily had to be learned by "attitude;" that is to say, by the student's awareness of what his plane was doing, as conveyed to him by the primary senses of sight, sound and feel, in much the same way as motorists drive a straight line without consciously "aiming" a car between the curbs of the roadway.

Later, instruments were developed. But instead of regarding these as extensions of the senses, flight instruction swung to the opposite extreme. Use of the senses was banned as too variable, if not wholly fallible, and the student was literally taught to fly the dials on the panel before him. Ultimately, through constant iteration, he acquired an awareness of attitude, just as a typist who learns her craft by the pick-and-hunt method ultimately acquires sufficient skill to be able to disregard the keyboard. Obviously the surer, shorter and infinitely better method of teaching touch typing is to cover the keyboard at the outset.

Using the improved voice transmission technique and equipment, the medically endorsed precautions to insure freedom from fear and airsickness, the psychological approach of regarding a plane as an extension of the pilot's own physical body, and a syllabus of patten whose very words have been laboratory tested for intelligibility, the 360-degree swivel-neck production line is teaching Navy flight instructors in ever-increasing numbers how to impart their knowledge of flying to novices.

They are being taught, for ex-



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ample, not to be didactic, not to say to a student in teaching a wing over: "You must have an airspeed of 45 knots at the top of the maneuver and 85 knots at the bottom; you must always reverse your heading exactly 180 degrees and be in a vertical bank at the 90-degree point." On the contrary. Now it is: "Watch the nose of the plane in this maneuver. See how it's cutting half a pie out of the sky over the horizon? Cut a smooth slice, and your airspeed will be just about 45 knots at the top and just about 85 knots at the bottom. Keep that pie pattern in mind and the dials will take care of themselves."

Another such visual pattern-image has been found highly effective in teaching a boy how to make a three-point landing. Since "normal flying position" for a plane is horizontal, the almost insuperable tendency on the part of a beginner is to retain that position when coming in, whereupon the front wheels only touch the ground. The result is a hair-raising bounce. So the instructor says:

"Now look. You've been duck-hunting. Everybody has. Remember how an old mallard drake comes in to the decoys? He cocks his wings to give himself the same kind of normal gliding angle that you have when your plane's coming in. But just before he lights, he puts his fanny down so it hits the water the same time his feet do. Now go back upstairs and shoot a landing with the idea that you're a mallard drake, trying to get your feet and your fanny wet at the same time."

It sounds simple. It is simple. But it has worked wonders. And traditionally "set in its ways" as the Navy may be, its primary training stations are literally clamoring for instructors who have been trained at the New Orleans N.A.S., declaring they would rather have a teacher with only 250 flying hours and N.O.N.A.S. training than one with 3,000 hours and no such special preparation.

So marked an improvement has been wrought by the new teaching schedule that, according to Lt. Col. W. T. Scott, U.S.M.C.R., present senior member of the Navy's Flight Standardization Board, the number of men being readied in various preflight centers for eventual Navy flight training could be materially curtailed, because already the "attrition rate"—meaning the percentage of bilgings—has been so substantially reduced.

"In the brief period since its organization," Lt. Col. Scott reports officially, "the instructor school at New Orleans has improved primary flight instruction and instructional methods 1,000 per cent. This figure seems almost unbelievable, but from the Board's work in the field I know it is true. The graduate from the instructor school is many months ahead of the instructor who has not had this training. The greatest need of Naval aviation was good flight instructors. This school is filling that need in an amazing manner." #

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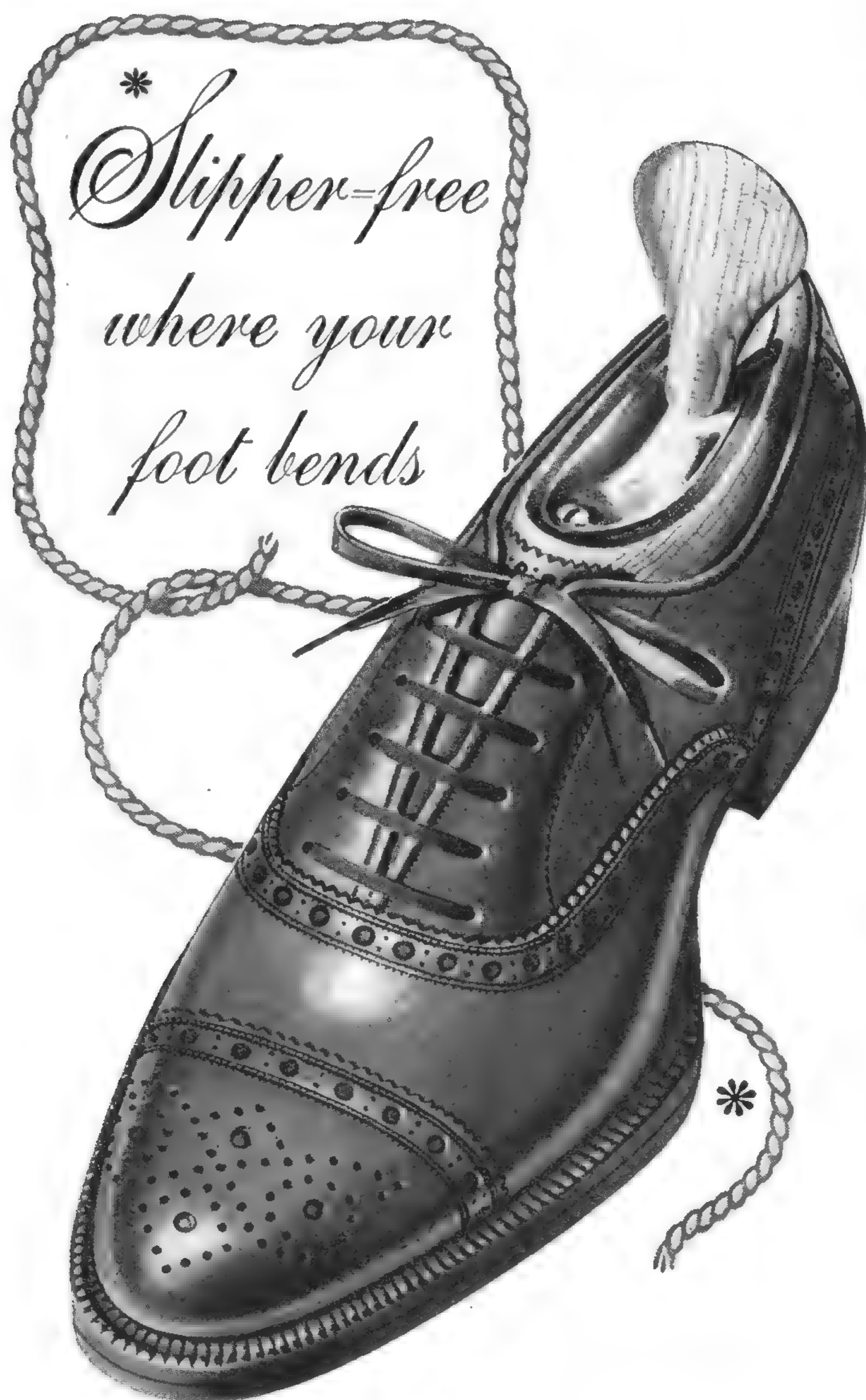


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Originals

The Slate and the Sorrow

Continued from page 84

ing, and if there's a message on it from his wife he always does what she tells him to without asking any questions. Do you believe it, Mamie? Do you?"

"If it's not true, then most of the folks in this town tell lies all day long," said Mamie. All at once she seemed annoyed at the boy and she jerked his arm roughly. "Talk! Talk!" she said. "Chatter! Chatter!... That's all boys or men, either, know how to do!"

They walked in silence after that and presently they came to the bungalow which served Dr. Eldridge both as an office and as a home. The Negro woman who kept house for him opened the door when they knocked, and they went into the reception room and sat down. To the left was the bedroom, and through the half-open door a chest of drawers, a mirror and a portion of the bed itself were visible. Grady tugged at Mamie's sleeve and pointed to the bed excitedly, but she pretended that she did not know what was in his mind.

"Sit up!" she said sternly. "Sit up on your chair; and don't give Dr. Eldridge no trouble, if you know what's good for you."

Dr. Eldridge, who had few patients these days, came out of his office a moment later. It would be difficult to imagine a less sinister figure. He was thin and not very tall. His hair was turning grey at the sides, and there was a patient, uncomprehending expression in his mild, gentle eyes. Seeing that the bedroom door had been left open, he went there first and closed it, and when he turned once more and faced his visitors he had managed somehow to bring himself back to the practical world of reality.

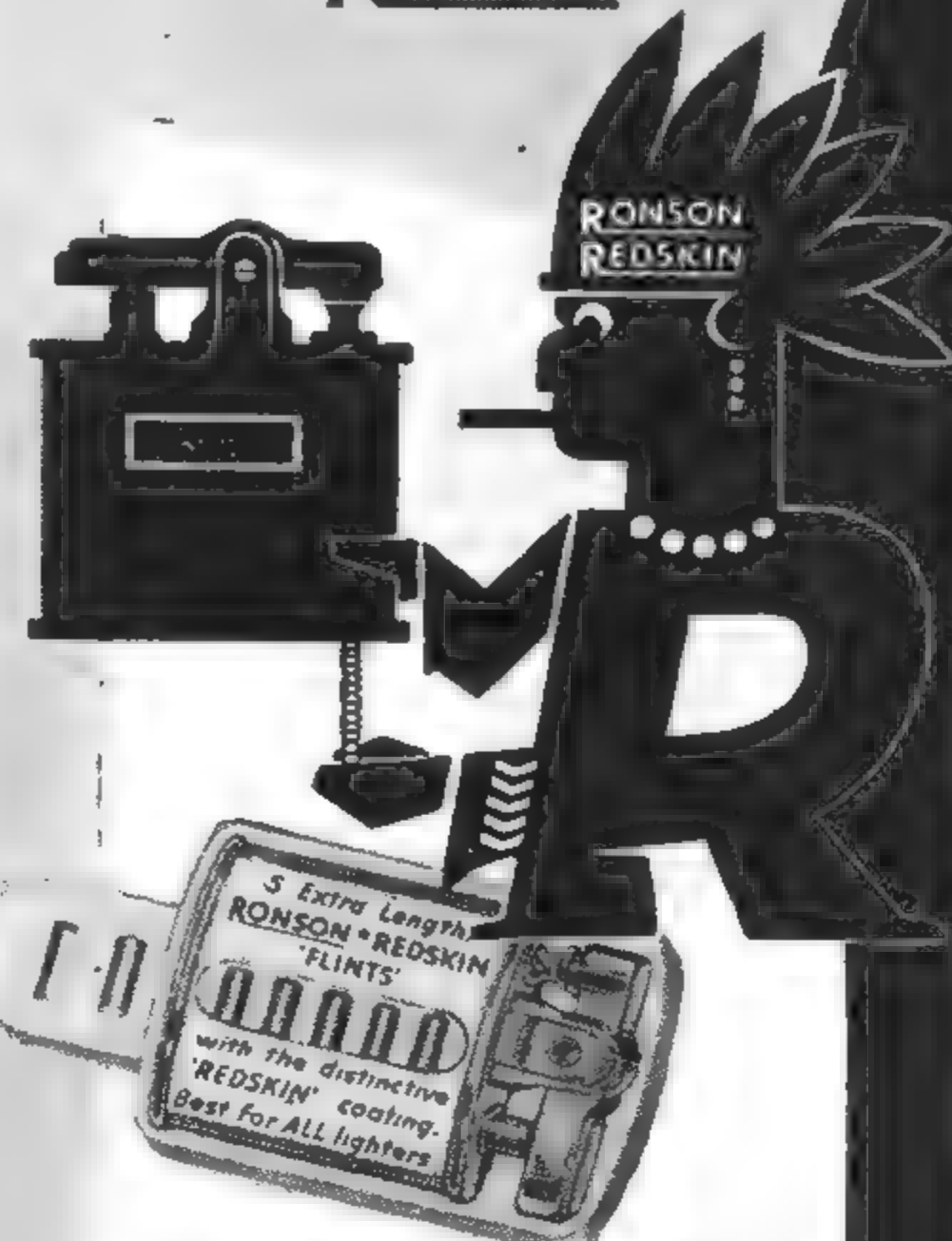
"Yes?" he asked, speaking to Mamie. "You came to consult me professionally?"

An astonishing change came over Mamie with the doctor's entrance, and Grady staring at her in surprise, his jaws relaxed a little, was of the opinion that she had suddenly lost the last of her wits. She giggled, scraped her foot across the floor and rolled her eyes alarmingly. "It's not me that needs treatment," she screamed. "It's Mrs. Dorney's little boy."

She continued to laugh shrilly and to roll her eyes, pressing her crushed handkerchief against her mouth as if the doctor's mistake were too witty to be endured. She lowered her lids and opened them rapidly, glancing sidewise and coquettishly at the doctor, but when she had recovered sufficiently she said: "Dr. Cromwell's been treating him, but he didn't do him no good at all, so I told Mrs. Dorney that she ought to send him to you. 'Dr. Eldridge is a perfectly wonderful man in every respect,' I said to her, 'and if he can't cure Grady's rash you might as well

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give up and say that *nobody* can cure it!" She spoke more softly now, looking provocatively at the doctor through half-closed eyes.

For a moment Dr. Eldridge stared thoughtfully at the girl and then he seemed to dismiss her from his mind. He came to the boy and put his arm about him. "Come in, Grady," he said. "We'll have a look at that scalp of yours in my office." He opened the door and stood aside while the boy preceded him. "There," he said. "Sit in the chair by the window where the light is better."

All his vagueness had left him now, and he seemed very efficient. He bent above the boy and whistled softly, eager to be at work again. He patted the child reassuringly and said: "It's my guess that everybody in town except me has already prescribed for that scalp of yours. Tell me: Did your mother put on it everything the neighbors suggested?"

Suddenly Grady's fears were all gone. He looked straight into the doctor's eyes and smiled. "Yes, sir," he said, as if he and Dr. Eldridge shared the ultimate riddle of women. "Yes, sir, that's what she did, all right."

"You're suffering from too much attention," said the doctor. "Your scalp will clear up of its own accord in a few days if your mother will leave it alone that long." He turned toward his desk, saying: "Here! I'll write her a note and explain the situation." He stopped, stroked his chin and pursed out his lips humorously. "No," he went on, "I'd better prescribe something after all." He winked at the boy as if they were conspirators together, and said: "The salve I'm going to give you won't help your head in the slightest degree. Its sole purpose is to keep your mother's mind occupied. Do we understand each other, Grady?"

He came closer to the child and looked down at him affectionately. "Tell your mother that she isn't to put anything else on your head while you're using my salve—particularly no more soap and water. Tell her if she does, certain obscure chemical reactions will instantly take place, and her fine-looking young son will explode before her eyes like a cannon cracker." He laughed again and touched the boy's shoulder; and turning toward the anteroom where he compounded his own prescriptions, he added: "I'll fix the ointment for you now."

Grady waited by the desk for a time, thinking about Dr. Eldridge and staring idly out of the window; then wondering what Mamie was doing, he returned to the reception room. To his surprise, she was nowhere in sight, and he wondered if she had tired of waiting and had returned home alone; but seeing that the door to the bedroom was open once more, he approached and looked inside, and there, before his eyes, was Mamie Webster standing over the doctor's bed. She had a large, cloth-bound slate in her hands and

Continued on page 188

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The Slate and the Sorrow

Continued from pages 84-187

when she heard the shocked, involuntary sound the boy made, she returned it quickly to its place beneath the pillow, smoothing out the sheet and counterpane. A moment later she closed the bedroom door, stuck out her heavy jaw and said: "You say one word to Dr. Elridge or anybody else and I'll—"

She had got out of the bedroom just in time, for the doctor returned with the ointment before she could finish her sentence. He handed the jar to Mamie, saying gravely, "The directions are written on the label. They're quite simple." Inexplicably his cheerful, professional manner had deserted him, and he looked down at the floor, the lost expression once more in his eyes.

"Mrs. Dorney didn't send no money," said Mamie nervously; "but if you'll tell her what she owes you, she'll take care of it, she says."

"The money," repeated Dr. Elridge vaguely. "Of course. I beg your pardon for forgetting." He reached absently into his pocket and put a fifty-cent piece in the boy's palm. "I'll try not to forget again," he said. "My wife usually handles these details for me but she went to Crown Point for the afternoon with some friends. If I didn't know what an expert swimmer she is, I'd be getting a little worried about her." He passed his hands over his eyes, bowed stiffly and turned away, having already forgotten Mamie Webster and the patient she had brought.

When they were on the road once more, Mamie spoke defensively: "All right, tattletale! Tell everybody in Williston what you saw! What do I care? I'll say I didn't do it, and everybody will believe me, because I'm grown up and you're not."

"He really keeps a slate under his pillow like they say," said Grady. "That part's the truth, isn't it, Mamie?"

"Yes," she said. "It's the God's truth. And what's more, there's a slate pencil tied to it with a string, if you've got to know."

"That makes it easier for his wife when she writes her messages," said Grady. "It saves her the trouble of looking for the pencil every time she comes."

Suddenly he stopped in the road, caught at Mamie's hand and pulled her around so that she faced him. He stared at her a moment, an odd, intent expression in his eyes. "Was there anything written on the slate?" he asked. "Was there, Mamie?"

Mamie, her alarm at being caught red-handed having abated somewhat, decided to compromise. "Listen!" she began. "If I swear to tell the truth, will you swear never to repeat what you hear?"

"Yes," said Grady, "I swear."

"All right, then," said Mamie: "There wasn't anything written on the slate when I took it from

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under the pillow and looked at it."

The precise phrasing of her reply puzzled the boy. He knew she was holding something back, being so familiar with her character, but he could not decide what it was; then, remembering that she had had the pencil in her hand when he discovered her bending above the slate, he understood in a moment of intuition precisely what she had done.

"You wrote something on it yourself!" he said. "What was it you wrote on the slate, Mamie?"

Her eyes wavered and she glanced down. She thrust her rough, manlike hands behind her and her face and neck turned red slowly. "Let me alone," she said. "Why can't people mind their own business and let me alone?"

"What did you write on the slate?" he insisted. "You better tell me, because if you don't keep your promise, I don't have to keep mine, either. I'll tell everybody in town what I saw you do, and the first one I tell will be your mother."

She turned away in confusion and hid her face in her hands. "I can't say it right out," she said after a time. "I just couldn't!... I'd be too ashamed."

"Write it on the ground," said Grady. "You can rub it out as soon as I read it."

Mamie hesitated a little longer, but squatting by the roadside at last, she picked up a twig and wrote laboriously in the dust:

When loanley or looking for
good company
comunercate right away with
Miss Mamie L. Webster
here in town.

For a time the boy and the gawky, unattractive girl knelt beside the road staring at each other; then Mamie rose upward on her heavy thighs, thrust out her foot and obliterated what she had written. "Now you know as much as I do," she said sullenly.

The boy said: "Do you think he'll do it, Mamie? Do you?"

"Why not?" she said reasonably. "Don't he always do what his wife tells him?"

At that moment Grady had a clear picture of how Mrs. Eldridge had looked in life: She had been gay and provocative and gentle, and half the men in Williston had been in love with her at the time she married the doctor. She had been soft and gracious and lovely—the very opposite of Mamie Webster in everything. It was then he knew that Mamie had revealed herself without purpose, that she had accomplished nothing, and with the detached brutality of children, he shook his head slowly and spoke:

"He won't do it, not even if he does think his wife asked him to... You're too big and greasy-looking."

But Mamie seized his hand more firmly, jerking him along so rapidly that he was running every few steps to keep abreast of her. "Talk! Talk!" she said bitterly. "Chatter! Chatter! It's all boys or men know how to do!"

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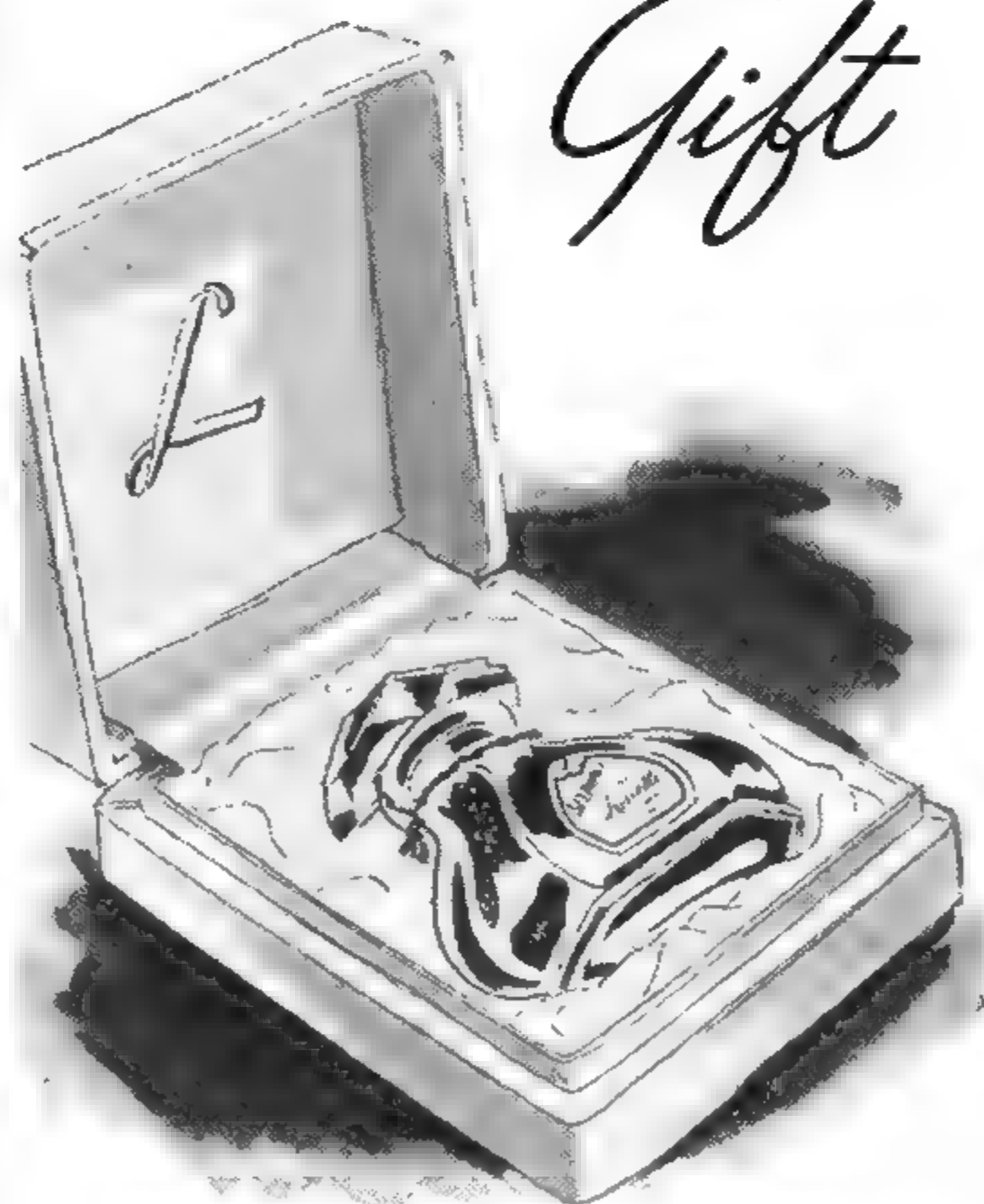


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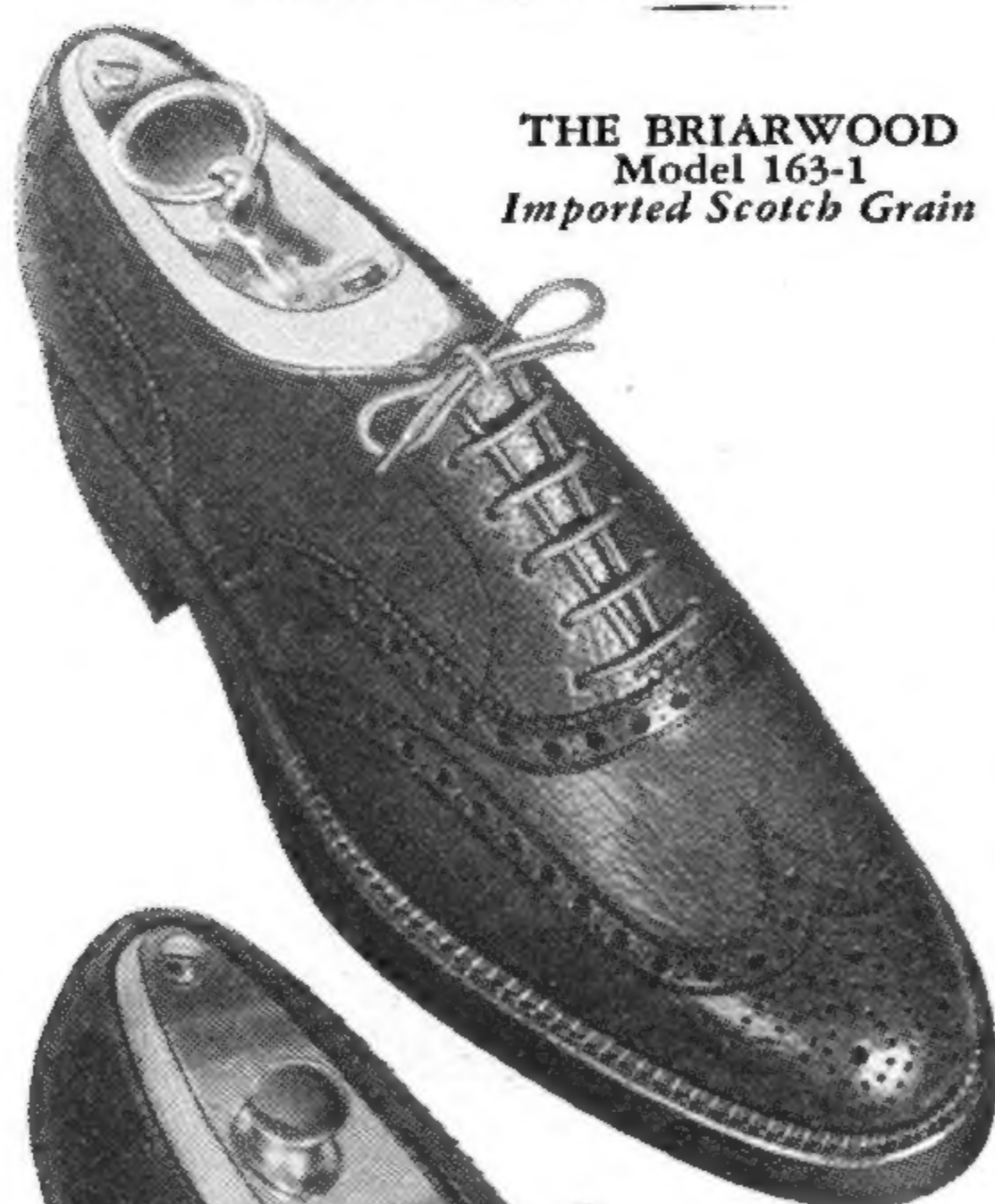
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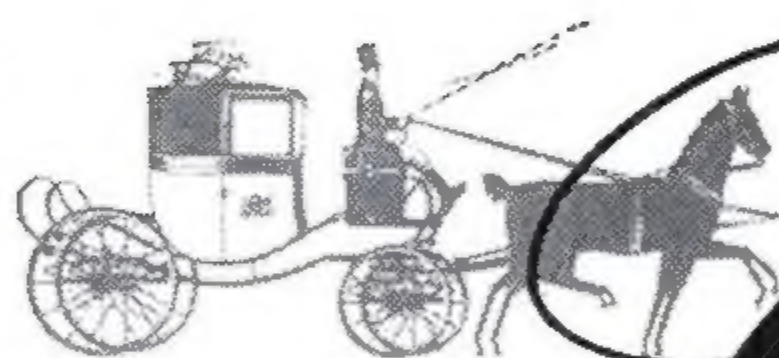
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